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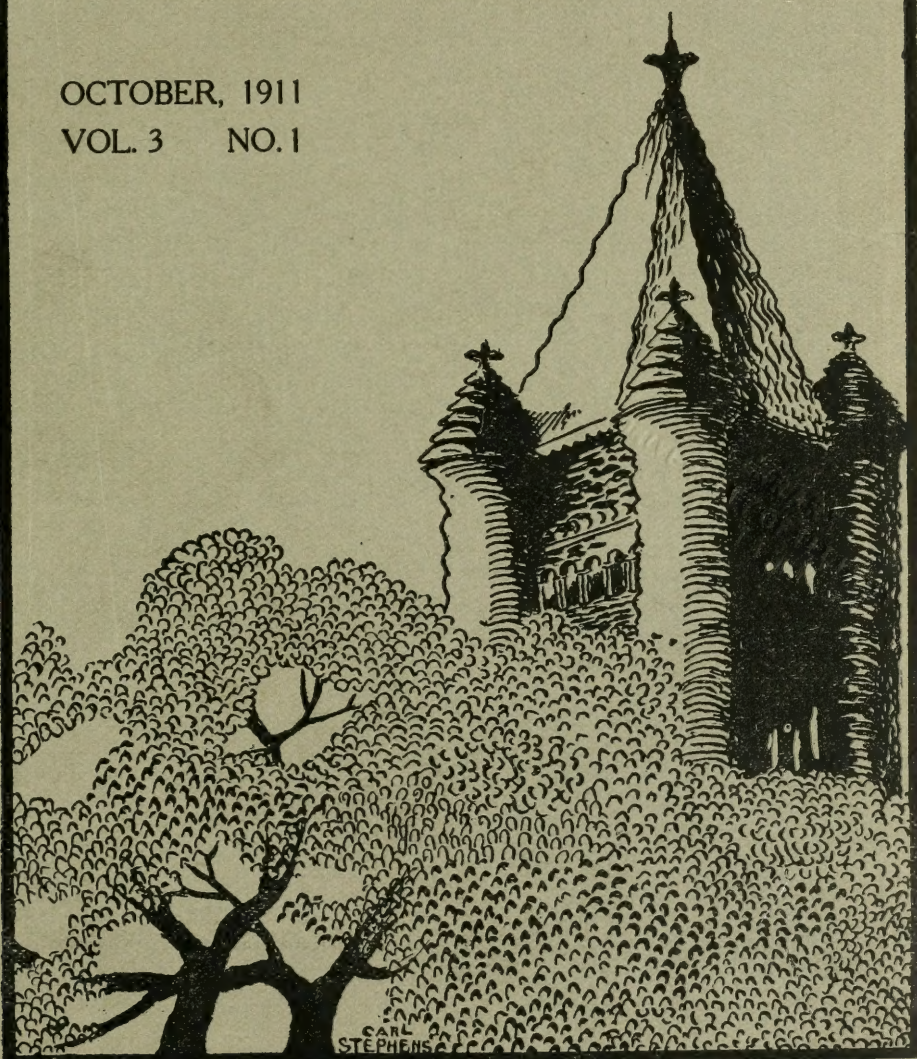
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THE ILLINOIS MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1911

VOL. 3 NO. 1



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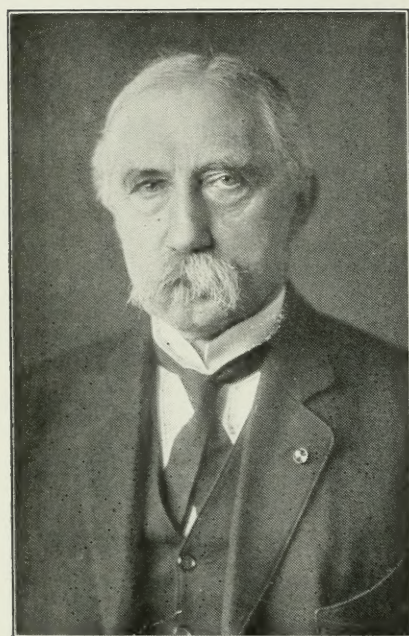
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THE ILLINOIS

VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1911

NO. 1

WAR AS AN EDUCATION

By STEPHEN A. FORBES



IN these "piping times of peace," when the pipe of peace has, indeed, become a trumpet and is sounding through the civilized world its note of triumph over the grave of war, the educational value of war may seem to be a topic of no practical interest for either the present or any future generation; but it may be, nevertheless, that it has at least a historical bearing, and that a discussion of it is a legitimate and even desirable part of that general scrutiny of the character and consequences of war which is now going on. It is possible, indeed, that war is even now not really dead, but only sleeping, and that the time may again come in America when the young men of the country will have to make, each for himself, the choice which was forced upon thousands of us in 1861.

The civil war between the states, called in more outspoken days "the war of the Rebellion," was, as has often been remarked, a young man's war, and by far the greater part of the northern army was made up of youths of high school and college age. Although the minimum age of enlistment was eighteen years, the popular enthusiasm for military service was such as to draw in thousands of well grown boys not more than sixteen or seventeen years old; and a mustering officer was little likely to turn back, because of his youth, any well-built recruit who seemed to have the physical strength to endure the hardships of a campaign. To many hundreds of these young men, enlistment consequently meant the substitution of the training and life of a soldier for that of a student, and their subsequent experience of civil life was a significant test of the practical value of their training—of the personal and general consequences of this choice. It is because I was a member of the class of '61 that I

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am writing this sketch, which, although it must be autobiographical in form, and, it is to be feared, unpleasantly egotistical in substance, is meant to be read as a sample fragment of the history of that class.

I had prepared for college, and was "studying ahead" on the college course of the time as well as I could on a farm and under the tuition of an older brother, when the echo of the cannon in Charleston harbor drove all such ideas out of my mind. To remain quietly at home, busy with books and teachers while my comrades were thronging to the front to fight for *my country*, was simply impossible, and the mere thought of it intolerable. Indeed, I think, that most of us were secretly glad that we had been born in a time when it was possible for a boy to do anything so wildly and gloriously different from what had been planned for him as to go to war. It was not to us a dilemma, a sacrifice; it was a privilege, an intoxicating opportunity; we could not be made to stay at home. And this was not by any means the result of our training. It was because of something born in us; it was in our blood—and it is in the blood of young Americans yet, peace gospels and Carnegie foundations to the contrary notwithstanding. The longing for adventure, the youthful spirit rising to the challenge of danger, the thrill of responsive feeling to the "call of the country," all merging in that irresistible swell of patriotic emotion which lifted a whole people on its mighty bosom—these were the influences within us and without us which made us feel for the time that war was the only thing in the world worth while.

And yet, within it all, we remained, of course, substantially the same. Those of us who really had been students were students still; and we looked forward to going on at the end of the war in the ways we had already marked out for ourselves. I, for example, had resolved to be a college professor—a fantastic idea enough, in view of all the circumstances—and was to teach the languages; and so, when I was taken prisoner all by myself early in 1862, and thus had some four months of most unwelcome leisure suddenly forced upon me, I bought a Greek grammar at Mobile with a little money that I happened to have when captured, and

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studied my daily lessons all summer long as industriously as if I had been a college freshman, and, I have no doubt, a good deal more thoroughly. And later when, returning to the front after "veteran furlough" in 1864, my regiment lay in camp for some weeks, idle for want of horses, I bought a set of Spanish books at Memphis, and learned to read them fairly well before we got our remount. Then, too, it was as easy to carry a little book in one's saddle bags as a pack of cards, and to read, or even study, by the camp-fire while one smoked was a profitable recreation which I still remember with delight; and excellent books were to be "found a-spoiling" almost anywhere that a planter's house had been ransacked by our foragers.

But such things as these were merely artificial accessories to our real education, and were of use mainly in keeping alive the ideas and tastes which were to lead us easily back into "paths of peace" when the war was over. The real thing was the life itself; and the real things in that were the knowledge of the world and especially of men which we gained, the groundwork of prepossessions we acquired, and the kind of characters we formed under the continuous play of the dominant motives of a soldier's life in time of war.

The world of men lay before us in the army as an open book, which any one with eyes in his head could readily learn to read; for men were there their native selves, outspoken, free, and unashamed. In prison especially, whatever a man had in him came to the surface without the slightest disguise, and we were a group of as definitely different individuals as could well have been brought together. When a mere messmate, whom I had never known before, fairly forced his money upon me and took his chances for himself, because he found me shaking with malarial chills and without medicine or means of buying it, I knew that it was because it hurt his kind heart to see me suffer without help; and when a comrade of another type made friends by corrupting the guards, bought food outside with their aid, and sold it again at a hundred percent profit to such of us as could still buy, I knew that a born millionaire had got caught by some accident in the rush for the front, and felt sure that he would get away again at

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the earliest moment possible. There was a devoted little group who gave their days and their nights to desperate and melancholy service in the wretched, vermin-haunted hospital; and there were those who lived solitary and self-centered in the midst of the suffering multitude. There were some who made a jest of everything, and grew fat with good humor although half starved for food; and there were others who mourned their fate and longed for home, lost strength and courage, fell off in flesh, and presently were dead. Our guards cared nothing for us, did nothing for us; but as long as we kept away from the "dead line", they left us to ourselves—even if we fought and stabbed each other, as some of us sometimes did. We had no news from anywhere; we had no idea whether we should live or die; we were an isolated band of lost men—gentlemen, ruffians; saints, villains; scholars, fools, and a much larger number who were none of these things, but just average young Americans,—all, however, on a perfectly equal footing of uniform misery, and each one thoroughly well known to any of the rest who cared enough for him to find him out. It was in this hard place that some of us youngsters "found ourselves"—to use a modern phrase; and it was here, as I was afterwards often told, that the green, reserved, silent, introspective, and unobservant country boy became a man, and here that he learned to understand and appreciate other men, until that time a riddle to him.

This was not the end of his education, however, it was merely the preparatory course; and when I was first exchanged, and later dismissed from the hospital, I took no furlough but went to the front by the shortest route, ready at last to fight, and my first considerable service thereafter was that on the Grierson Raid, of which I have written in another place.

From that time on, for two years and a half, the soldier's life was no longer strange or especially trying to me, but was only one of the normal ways of living—the most natural and reasonable way for us that we knew of. We met its experiences without question, submitted to its restraints without resistance, and learned its lessons as a matter of course. To do the duty of a soldier, each in his place, whatever that might be, was our simple and

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sufficient code; and to this we were held so strictly and so steadily, both by inward motive and by outward authority, that other things came to be relatively indifferent to us. The fear, dismay, and sufferings of the citizens among whom we moved; the illness, wounds, and even the death of our comrades; the hardships we endured and the dangers we encountered on the raid or the field of battle, were unavoidable incidents of the day's work, which we might regret but for which we were not responsible.

We knew that we were in the grip of relentless powers; but we had become, as disciplined and experienced soldiers, so well shaped to their control that we obeyed them not only willingly but loyally, feeling that anything less would be criminal and disgraceful. And this fervent loyalty to our superiors, to our armies, to our cause and calling—the sense that all we valued most was involved in our personal and cooperant fidelity, relieved us from any feeling of humiliation at our subject state. We knew that we were bound, but we felt that we were free; and we were, indeed, much freer in some respects than we should have been at home. The military standards were exacting to the limit in all that went to make a dependable fighting man; but they were lax and indifferent with respect to many of the characteristic qualities and duties of the citizen. This personal freedom in some directions, combined with the kaleidoscopic vicissitudes and intensely interesting issues of a life of adventure, made our army service thoroughly fascinating to many of us. We were always eager for action, and orders for a scout or news of an impending campaign were received with cheers. We could not understand the pity of our friends at home for the life of hardship and deprivation which they supposed we were leading. War was, to us cavalry soldiers at least, not the murderous trade which the stay-at-home pictured it, but a thrilling and absorbing game—the greatest game in the world, in fact, played for the largest stakes, and with the nations of the earth on the side-lines.

The effect of all these things upon our characters and ideals was simply tremendous. The youngest and most impressible of us were like lumps of hot iron between jaws of cold steel, and nothing that has

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happened to us since—nothing that can ever happen to us—can possibly obliterate some of the impressions then made. This has been fortunate in some ways and unfortunate in others; for some of the more or less permanent prepossessions derived from our military experience were helpful to us in our later life, and some were serious hindrances. We had obtained in the army a strictly vocational education, according to the modern method of “learning to do by doing,” but with the serious defect that we were prepared for the wrong vocation; and we consequently found ourselves in 1866 even more out of place, in some respects, than does the classical graduate who begins practical life by doing up bundles in the basement of a city store. He at least knows what a dry-goods store is, and what its uses are in the order of business; but to me the very structure and operation of civil society were more or less a puzzle and a mystery. Compared with an army, organized, controlled, and provided for, the kind of a community in and through which I was henceforth to live seemed little better than a mob—incoherent, ungoverned, and irresponsible. I remember my surprise at seeing valuable property left on a city street without a guard; and I did not understand why theft, revenge, and robbery should not run riot in Chicago, as I had seen them do in the south in the intervals of a military occupation. Furthermore, the motives of ordinary civil life as I understood them seemed to me selfish and trivial, and the business struggle for existence and for personal success was positively repulsive to me. A “citizen’s suit” had, in fact, long been to me the mark of an inferior class; a soldier’s uniform was the only proper clothing for a man; war was the main interest and the normal calling of mankind, and farms and shops and factories were chiefly useful for the maintenance of armies in the field.

These peculiar prepossessions were, it is true, more or less unconscious and altogether unexpressed, but they were all the more powerful for that; and their confusing effects may be readily enough imagined. They and the like of them were the cause of much uncertainty and delay in our getting started under the new conditions; but the change once made and the new relations mastered, we were the better off, I think, for this readjustment of

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our ideas and reconstruction of our standards. We had two widely different kinds of life to draw upon for the materials and motives of our final scheme, where otherwise we should have had but one.

Another cluster of more or less embarrassing prepossessions were those proceeding from the thoroughly aristocratic organization of army life. A superior officer was in effect a superior being, endowed with both the privilege and the power of a rank which no one thought of questioning, or which, if challenged, was amply able to defend itself and to punish the challenger as a mutineer. To step suddenly from such a system, under which we had worked until it seemed the natural order of life, into the indiscriminating confusion of a practical democracy, was at first a bewildering and, indeed, a rather disgusting experience; and yet, this also in the long run had its advantages, for one had a chance, at least, to preserve for himself an ingrained respect for properly constituted authority, and a habitual readiness to subordinate individual interests to the general good.

On the whole, I am sure that the young volunteer soldier of '61-'65 came out of the army, notwithstanding his various handicaps, better prepared even for civil life, if he had been fairly fortunate, than he was when he left his home—far better prepared for the life of a man anywhere than he could have been if, under the conditions and incitements of the time, he had deliberately elected to stay at home and look out for himself—and what he made of himself in the long run depended, as it depends indeed with the college graduate, more on what there was in him by birth than on what had happened to him by accident.


In one respect particularly, our experience was a hopeful prophecy, if not itself a cause, of subsequent success. Any one who had kept the solitary flame of his separate intellectual life steadily burning through all the blasts and storms of war, might reasonably believe that nothing that should happen to him thereafter could possibly extinguish it; and this, as we all know, is more than can be inferred from the completion of an ordinary college course. The eager hunger with which the students among us attacked the full tables at home, after four years or more of semi-starvation on a few husks and

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scraps ; and the enthusiastic appreciation with which we embraced such long deferred opportunities as still remained to us, made it certain that no artificial graduation-day would put an end to our studies ; and this, after all, is the best outcome of an education. So far, consequently, as this paper may be supposed to have any practical point of present or of future application, it is to this effect : That those of us who survived the Civil War in good health and strength, with morals unstained and minds still alert, have had no final cause to regret what seemed at the time the complete wreckage of our plans of life. To us war was not hell, but at the worst a kind of purgatory, from whose flames we emerged with much of the dross burned out of our characters, and with a fair chance still left to each of us to win his proper place in the life of the world.

THE DISPENSER OF LOVE TO HOUSES

By MARGARET DUPUY

OSEPHINE DEVON was still, after graduation, a typical college girl, interested equally in philosophy and foot-ball games. The spring before, she had sometimes felt that to stay at home would be a blessed relief from the busy life of a school girl. But after a few months spent in the routine of suburban life near Chicago, a restlessness had taken possession of her active mind,—a restlessness not eased by the cures she had attempted. The social life of the community had welcomed her heartily, for Jody, straight and slender, with her gloriously brown eyes and her soft light mass of hair, was a charming figure when she chose to be. For a time she did choose to be, but before long the novelty wore off, and she looked around for other interests. But these in their turn wearied her; a feverish interest in household tasks, a passion for practicing, and spasmodic attempts at story-writing.

To be sure, Danny told her that what she needed was to decide that she was in love with him and to get ready to marry him. For Daniel North, attorney-at-law,—a title acquired only last June—was tremendously in love with the girl. He had told her so, the summer before, adding gently that he hoped for nothing better than offering her his future. Now, of course, Danny was the very dearest person on earth, and Josephine was proud of every inch of his capable, handsome, upstanding young-manhood. Perhaps what she did need was his dark curly head and crinkly smile across the breakfast table every morning; yet the idea was somehow too new, and she kept it from her wistfully.

So there the matter stood as Jody was tramping one afternoon in January, westward thru the snow-covered streets, seeking peace in the winter afternoon's sunshine. Her walk took her into a recently opened subdivision, where groups of monotonous houses showed that the land was being exploited by real-estate companies. The long lines of side-walk, the newly-paved streets with

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their dreary borders of leafless young trees, the little stores huddled together along the dormant street-car routes, all checkered with vacant lots—these, with the new houses, comprised “Willowbrook Gardens. For terms apply to Barlow and Co.,” so Jody was informed by a blatant sign across the street.

The unrelieved harshness of the scene, especially the sameness of the houses, jarred on her. Walking along, she fell to studying these, planning how, with a bigger porch here, or a smaller dormer there, or a gentler slope to the roof, they might put on something of dignity and charm. For years, in her ramblings, it had been one of her pastimes, this critical observation of houses, and it had developed in her considerable faculty. One of her chums at college was the daughter of an architect, and the two had spent eager hours talking over with Marion’s father various house-plans the girls had worked out. The man had pulled to pieces many of their most cherished schemes, ruthlessly insisting on usable stairways and practical roofs. So Josephine had a really helpful background of knowledge for the mental notes she was taking.

“Why anyone should call this bare place ‘Willowbrook Gardens’ is beyond me,” she was saying to herself emphatically, when suddenly she found herself opposite the offices of Barlow and Company. With an impulse thereafter to be blessed as the inspiration of her life, she crossed the slippery street, hesitated for a moment with her hand on the knob, then resolutely entered the real-estate office.

A well-dressed man of perhaps forty-five rose from a desk, asking courteously what he could do for her. His air was so well-bred and his serious face so kind that Josephine recovered from her momentary bashfulness.

“Why, I wondered—Does your firm build some of the houses in this neighborhood?” she asked bravely.

The man motioned her to a chair and sat down himself before he answered, with an interested glance at the girl’s red turban and huge muff.

“Yes, a great many of them. Why?”

“It seems to me that—of course I don’t know which ones are yours—but don’t you think yourself that,” she

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ended with a rush, leaning forward, "lots of them are perfectly hideous?"

Greatly to Jody's relief, Mr. Barlow threw back his head and laughed, not at all offended. Looking into his friendly eyes, her courage rose, so that she plunged into her ideas with increasing enthusiasm.

Still, at first she found it difficult to express her ideas as she wished, especially because of her favorite theory that the only excuse for houses is the love people have toward each other, and that no houses should be built which do not show the appreciation of the home idea on somebody's part. It was a beautiful theory, but naturally a bit hard to explain to a man one had never seen before.

"Store buildings and factories are different," she told him. "It's all right to build them according to cold-blooded plans, but—do you see what I mean about houses?"

Mr. Barlow had sat quiet while she talked, staring thru a window, but now he turned toward her seriously.

"I think I understand," he answered, meeting her eyes squarely, "though to be sure I've never thought of such a thing before. But now," he added, with a friendly smile, "tell me just what you wish to do about it."

At the question Jody laughed. "Well, that's—the nervy part of my coming here, because I thought maybe—I hoped that you could let me help draw your plans. I have a pretty good idea about what the work would be, and I wish I could work with your contractor, and perhaps help him put more beauty and individuality into the houses. Then, you see, the people who live in them could love them and make real homes of them."

"By Jove, you're right," Mr. Barlow responded, completely absorbed by the new idea. "I think they'd sell better, too. Tell me more about it."

"Well, it isn't only that the houses are so much alike. Lots of them would be pretty if only the chimneys or the gables or the porches were a little different. Perhaps we can get the proportions better, and then so much can be done with a few shrubs and a tree or two that isn't in line with all the rest on the block."

"Well, we'll try, at any rate. Now let's arrange

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for your hours of work, Oh Dispenser of Love to Houses."

Thus it came about that Josephine Devon fell into what her father called, "a bad attack of the bungalow fever". Each morning she spent three hours at Mr. Barlow's office, talking over with him the sketches and plans she worked upon during the afternoon and at home. The days were very happy and full, for the elaborating of her "inspirations" and the search for fresh ones occupied a great deal of time. Danny began to feel neglected, but he went his patient, gentle way, biding his time for the change he felt sure would come over the restless girl. He was glad to see her cheerful and animated again,—glad that she was so happily occupied.

No more considerate employer could have been found than Mr. Barlow proved himself. All the vagaries of Josephine's active imagination interested him. He never tired of studying her drawings in his genial way, pointing out their impracticabilities, cutting down their extravagances, correcting the occasional mistakes in plumbing and staircases, laughing with her over her pet schemes, altogether throwing himself into the game with a boyish sympathy. The contractor, too, proved a willing assistant, complaining at none of the new ideas as long as Mr. Barlow cared to pay the bills.

As time passed, Jody came to feel, perhaps because of his eager interest in her work, that there was a secret, and a sad one, in the man's life. For in spite of the hearty friendliness between them, there was often a preoccupation upon him, when his eyes were wistful, and his face old and tired. And Jody, romancer that she was, painted a beautiful and haughty woman into the background of the man's seriousness, weaving a story about the two during the weeks that passed, before she found out that her theory was in part a true one. One afternoon in April, the man broke a silence abruptly.

"Miss Devon," he began, striking his foot with his cane as they walked along, "your enthusiasm and your ideas about people's loving houses has made me want to tell you a little about myself. Six years ago I was married, but three years ago my wife went to California. Well, she hasn't come back. I've been wondering since you came to the office if she had any house-loving ten-

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dencies which I have failed to recognize or care about at that time. We both felt that something was lacking, and I've wondered if that could be it."

For a while they walked on in silence, each busy with the woman out west. At last he went on, "We lived in a fashionable family hotel on the South Side. I insisted upon that, to save her trouble. Now, well, yesterday I wrote to my wife, telling her the things I had learned, asking her—but I'll tell you more about it when I hear from her."

"She surely will answer, won't she?" Jody burst out. "Oh, Mr. Barlow, I do hope you can fix it up!"

The spring brought with it the actual carrying-out in wood and mortar and brick of the dear, many-times-erased plans. Such a wonderful day as that on which ground was broken for her first house had never come to the girl before.

"College commencement was a pretty big thing, dad," she announced at dinner that night in breathless recital, "but, oh, when that perfectly hideous Dago turned up the first scraper-full of dirt, I almost cried—I felt like Caesar when he had crossed the Alps at last!"

The days following were glorious, and Dan's evening visits were always enlivened by a spirited account of this absorbing game.

"Oh, Dan," she told him one night, "that nice young man is going to take the four-room bungalow. He's to be married in July, and everything's to be ready for the little bride. When he told me that I just put in an extra two feet at the side of the bedroom for a wardrobe for her pretty new dresses. He said he'd tell her it is my wedding present to her. Wasn't that nice?"

"Very," he answered, watching her with the tender smile her enthusiasm always brought to his face. "But doesn't Mr. Barlow object when you get these generous streaks?" for Danny, being extremely new in the business world, still counted his dollars by pennies.

"No; that's the best part of it. I actually think he enjoys being nice to other people to make up for the attention he didn't pay to his wife. Oh, smile if you want to! I know I'm romantic, but," she shook her saucy head at him, "you know you'd like to have me more so."

Then Danny forgot his rôle, and burst out, "Ah,

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sweetheart——!" But Jody stopped him with a mocking, "Mr. North, you're forgetting yourself!" Then she leaned toward him seriously. "Danny, please! Don't you see I'm not ready yet? A girl has to play at life a long time before she's ready to be a part of it herself."

All Josephine's talks with prospective customers were not, however, pleasant, so that one night later when Danny went to take her to the theater, she came flying downstairs, calling out from the bottom step,

"Oh Dan, the dreadfulest thing happened to-day."

"Jody, what?" he exclaimed, springing forward.

At his anxious face, the girl began to laugh.

"Oh, well, it isn't that bad. But it nearly broke my heart. You know we've been building a seven room house that's a beauty. I had such fun planning it for a family I made up, Jack and Molly and two youngsters. I put in a lovely nursery upstairs, and down off the kitchen I put my best inspiration,—a little room where the babies could play while Molly was doing her house work. Well, now guess what happened."

"I'm afraid I can't, unless their names are Mehitabel and Zachariah," the man smiled back.

"Oh, it's worse than that," Jody protested, as she pushed her arms into the coat Danny was patiently holding for her. "A couple of smarty young bachelors have bought the place. 'It's just the right size,' she mimicked, "'and Annie, the housekeeper, a most estimable, but very cross old dame, is to have the play room, and that attractive nursery will make a peach of a smoking and billiard room, haw, haw, haw.' My, I was mad!"

Unfortunately for him, Danny's response was such a hearty burst of laughter that it took him half of the evening to pacify the girl. Only a solemn promise never to laugh at her ideas again, satisfied her, but this proved hard to keep, for a week later she announced, perching on the head of the lounge, that she was trying to make life easy for prospective lovers as well as married ones.

"You see, she explained," a man who has four daughters decided on some plans today, and I made him take a house with two living-rooms downstairs, and a sitting-room upstairs, so that the girls can entertain their

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callers in peace and comfort. He admitted that Lillian's young man is beginning to look serious."

Danny laughed with the girl, his fine face crinkling up as she loved to see it. But in his eyes she recognized a longing which made her get down from the lounge hastily and cross to the piano, where she strummed absently for a while.

This preoccupied mood was hanging over her the next day when Mr. Barlow came into her cubby-hole of a draughting room. He looked so happy that Jody sprang up impulsively.

"Here are some plans," he began, spreading the papers out before her on the desk. "Mrs. Barlow sent them back to me to-day, with a lot of suggestions of her own."

"Oh, she's coming back, then!" Jody cried, looking up at him joyfully.

"Yes, and I'm going to build this house on my half block down by the lake. She certainly has a lot of ideas about the place. I guess your theory is all right."

"Of course it is," Jody answered smiling. So during all the spring and summer the "Dispenser of Love to Houses" earned her title. Now it was a dear old man wanting a pretty home and grounds for an invalid wife, now a young mechanic and his wife, saving out of their twenty dollars a week the payments for a five-room cottage, now a father desiring room for his children to grow healthy in.

And Jody did her best to help them all. Mr. Barlow, fascinated by the fertility of her ideas, complained very little at the conveniences she slipped in.

"To be honest," he admitted, "artistic houses cost very little more than ugly ones, except for the porches. But we can sell the houses for more, so it's all right, anyway."

"You're marvelous, amazing!" he exclaimed one day, putting shelves with a prodigal hand into the barn-like room she had suggested for the son of one family.

In the subdivision, work went on rapidly, and it seemed to the girl that the population of the city was turning into young married couples, looking for homes. She threw herself into their plans with increasingly frequent pangs of jealousy. To make matters worse, Mr.

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Barlow left in August for the coast, and Danny was sent East on a business trip, so that the last weeks of the summer were lonely ones for the girl.

One afternoon near the end of September, she dropped her work where it was, and went home. She was tired and cross, and besides, Danny had sent her only a letter or two and some cards, and she hated picture post cards above everything. As she walked past the attractive houses and struggling lawns and gardens she had helped put there, she felt that she never wanted to see the place again.

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"Jo, dear," he said, "something's bothering you today. Won't you please tell me what it is?"

For a moment she stood silent, with her head thrown back. Then, drawing a deep breath, she slipped behind his chair. Putting one hand on each of the man's cheeks, and leaning toward him, she whispered,

"Danny, you stupid, can't you see that I'm ready, now?"

THE DISPENSER OF LOVE TO HOUSES

By MARGARET DUPUY

JOSEPHINE DEVON was still, after graduation, a typical college girl, interested equally in philosophy and foot-ball games. The spring before, she had sometimes felt that to stay at home would be a blessed relief from the busy life of a school girl. But after a few months spent in the routine of suburban life near Chicago, a restlessness had taken possession of her active mind,—a restlessness not eased by the cures she had attempted. The social life of the community had welcomed her heartily, for Jody, straight and slender, with her gloriously brown eyes and her soft light mass of hair, was a charming figure when she chose to be. For a time she did choose to be, but before long the novelty wore off, and she looked around for other interests. But these in their turn wearied her; a feverish interest in household tasks, a passion for practicing, and spasmodic attempts at story-writing.

To be sure, Danny told her that what she needed was to decide that she was in love with him and to get ready to marry him. For Daniel North, attorney-at-law,—a title acquired only last June—was tremendously in love with the girl. He had told her so, the summer before, adding gently that he hoped for nothing better than offering her his future. Now, of course, Danny was the very dearest person on earth, and Josephine was proud of every inch of his capable, handsome, upstanding young-manhood. Perhaps what she did need was his dark curly head and crinkly smile across the breakfast table every morning; yet the idea was somehow too new, and she kept it from her wistfully.

So there the matter stood as Jody was tramping one afternoon in January, westward thru the snow-covered streets, seeking peace in the winter afternoon's sunshine. Her walk took her into a recently opened subdivision, where groups of monotonous houses showed that the land was being exploited by real-estate companies. The long lines of side-walk, the newly-paved streets with

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their dreary borders of leafless young trees, the little stores huddled together along the dormant street-car routes, all checkered with vacant lots—these, with the new houses, comprised “Willowbrook Gardens. For terms apply to Barlow and Co.,” so Jody was informed by a blatant sign across the street.

The unrelieved harshness of the scene, especially the sameness of the houses, jarred on her. Walking along, she fell to studying these, planning how, with a bigger porch here, or a smaller dormer there, or a gentler slope to the roof, they might put on something of dignity and charm. For years, in her ramblings, it had been one of her pastimes, this critical observation of houses, and it had developed in her considerable faculty. One of her chums at college was the daughter of an architect, and the two had spent eager hours talking over with Marion’s father various house-plans the girls had worked out. The man had pulled to pieces many of their most cherished schemes, ruthlessly insisting on usable stairways and practical roofs. So Josephine had a really helpful background of knowledge for the mental notes she was taking.

“Why anyone should call this bare place ‘Willowbrook Gardens’ is beyond me,” she was saying to herself emphatically, when suddenly she found herself opposite the offices of Barlow and Company. With an impulse thereafter to be blessed as the inspiration of her life, she crossed the slippery street, hesitated for a moment with her hand on the knob, then resolutely entered the real-estate office.

A well-dressed man of perhaps forty-five rose from a desk, asking courteously what he could do for her. His air was so well-bred and his serious face so kind that Josephine recovered from her momentary bashfulness.

“Why, I wondered—Does your firm build some of the houses in this neighborhood?” she asked bravely.

The man motioned her to a chair and sat down himself before he answered, with an interested glance at the girl’s red turban and huge muff.

“Yes, a great many of them. Why?”

“It seems to me that—of course I don’t know which ones are yours—but don’t you think yourself that,” she

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ended with a rush, leaning forward, "lots of them are perfectly hideous?"

Greatly to Jody's relief, Mr. Barlow threw back his head and laughed, not at all offended. Looking into his friendly eyes, her courage rose, so that she plunged into her ideas with increasing enthusiasm.

Still, at first she found it difficult to express her ideas as she wished, especially because of her favorite theory that the only excuse for houses is the love people have toward each other, and that no houses should be built which do not show the appreciation of the home idea on somebody's part. It was a beautiful theory, but naturally a bit hard to explain to a man one had never seen before.

"Store buildings and factories are different," she told him. "It's all right to build them according to cold-blooded plans, but—do you see what I mean about houses?"

Mr. Barlow had sat quiet while she talked, staring thru a window, but now he turned toward her seriously.

"I think I understand," he answered, meeting her eyes squarely, "though to be sure I've never thought of such a thing before. But now," he added, with a friendly smile, "tell me just what you wish to do about it."

At the question Jody laughed. "Well, that's—the nervy part of my coming here, because I thought maybe—I hoped that you could let me help draw your plans. I have a pretty good idea about what the work would be, and I wish I could work with your contractor, and perhaps help him put more beauty and individuality into the houses. Then, you see, the people who live in them could love them and make real homes of them."

"By Jove, you're right," Mr. Barlow responded, completely absorbed by the new idea. "I think they'd sell better, too. Tell me more about it."

"Well, it isn't only that the houses are so much alike. Lots of them would be pretty if only the chimneys or the gables or the porches were a little different. Perhaps we can get the proportions better, and then so much can be done with a few shrubs and a tree or two that isn't in line with all the rest on the block."

"Well, we'll try, at any rate. Now let's arrange

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for your hours of work, Oh Dispenser of Love to Houses."

Thus it came about that Josephine Devon fell into what her father called, "a bad attack of the bungalow fever". Each morning she spent three hours at Mr. Barlow's office, talking over with him the sketches and plans she worked upon during the afternoon and at home. The days were very happy and full, for the elaborating of her "inspirations" and the search for fresh ones occupied a great deal of time. Danny began to feel neglected, but he went his patient, gentle way, biding his time for the change he felt sure would come over the restless girl. He was glad to see her cheerful and animated again,—glad that she was so happily occupied.

No more considerate employer could have been found than Mr. Barlow proved himself. All the vagaries of Josephine's active imagination interested him. He never tired of studying her drawings in his genial way, pointing out their impracticabilities, cutting down their extravagances, correcting the occasional mistakes in plumbing and staircases, laughing with her over her pet schemes, altogether throwing himself into the game with a boyish sympathy. The contractor, too, proved a willing assistant, complaining at none of the new ideas as long as Mr. Barlow cared to pay the bills.

As time passed, Jody came to feel, perhaps because of his eager interest in her work, that there was a secret, and a sad one, in the man's life. For in spite of the hearty friendliness between them, there was often a preoccupation upon him, when his eyes were wistful, and his face old and tired. And Jody, romancer that she was, painted a beautiful and haughty woman into the background of the man's seriousness, weaving a story about the two during the weeks that passed, before she found out that her theory was in part a true one. One afternoon in April, the man broke a silence abruptly.

"Miss Devon," he began, striking his foot with his cane as they walked along, "your enthusiasm and your ideas about people's loving houses has made me want to tell you a little about myself. Six years ago I was married, but three years ago my wife went to California. Well, she hasn't come back. I've been wondering since you came to the office if she had any house-loving ten-

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dencies which I have failed to recognize or care about at that time. We both felt that something was lacking, and I've wondered if that could be it."

For a while they walked on in silence, each busy with the woman out west. At last he went on, "We lived in a fashionable family hotel on the South Side. I insisted upon that, to save her trouble. Now, well, yesterday I wrote to my wife, telling her the things I had learned, asking her—but I'll tell you more about it when I hear from her."

"She surely will answer, won't she?" Jody burst out. "Oh, Mr. Barlow, I do hope you can fix it up!"

The spring brought with it the actual carrying-out in wood and mortar and brick of the dear, many-times-erased plans. Such a wonderful day as that on which ground was broken for her first house had never come to the girl before.

"College commencement was a pretty big thing, dad," she announced at dinner that night in breathless recital, "but, oh, when that perfectly hideous Dago turned up the first scraper-full of dirt, I almost cried—I felt like Caesar when he had crossed the Alps at last!"

The days following were glorious, and Dan's evening visits were always enlivened by a spirited account of this absorbing game.

"Oh, Dan," she told him one night, "that nice young man is going to take the four-room bungalow. He's to be married in July, and everything's to be ready for the little bride. When he told me that I just put in an extra two feet at the side of the bedroom for a wardrobe for her pretty new dresses. He said he'd tell her it is my wedding present to her. Wasn't that nice?"

"Very," he answered, watching her with the tender smile her enthusiasm always brought to his face. "But doesn't Mr. Barlow object when you get these generous streaks?" for Danny, being extremely new in the business world, still counted his dollars by pennies.

"No; that's the best part of it. I actually think he enjoys being nice to other people to make up for the attention he didn't pay to his wife. Oh, smile if you want to! I know I'm romantic, but," she shook her saucy head at him, "you know you'd like to have me more so."

Then Danny forgot his rôle, and burst out, "Ah,

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sweetheart——!" But Jody stopped him with a mocking, "Mr. North, you're forgetting yourself!" Then she leaned toward him seriously. "Danny, please! Don't you see I'm not ready yet? A girl has to play at life a long time before she's ready to be a part of it herself."

All Josephine's talks with prospective customers were not, however, pleasant, so that one night later when Danny went to take her to the theater, she came flying downstairs, calling out from the bottom step,

"Oh Dan, the dreadfulest thing happened to-day."

"Jody, what?" he exclaimed, springing forward.

At his anxious face, the girl began to laugh.

"Oh, well, it isn't that bad. But it nearly broke my heart. You know we've been building a seven room house that's a beauty. I had such fun planning it for a family I made up, Jack and Molly and two youngsters. I put in a lovely nursery upstairs, and down off the kitchen I put my best inspiration,—a little room where the babies could play while Molly was doing her house work. Well, now guess what happened."

"I'm afraid I can't, unless their names are Mehitable and Zachariah," the man smiled back.

"Oh, it's worse than that," Jody protested, as she pushed her arms into the coat Danny was patiently holding for her. "A couple of smarty young bachelors have bought the place. 'It's just the right size,'" she mimicked, "'and Annie, the housekeeper, a most estimable, but very cross old dame, is to have the play room, and that attractive nursery will make a peach of a smoking and billiard room, haw, haw, haw.' My, I was mad!"

Unfortunately for him, Danny's response was such a hearty burst of laughter that it took him half of the evening to pacify the girl. Only a solemn promise never to laugh at her ideas again, satisfied her, but this proved hard to keep, for a week later she announced, perching on the head of the lounge, that she was trying to make life easy for prospective lovers as well as married ones.

"You see, she explained," a man who has four daughters decided on some plans today, and I made him take a house with two living-rooms downstairs, and a sitting-room upstairs, so that the girls can entertain their

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callers in peace and comfort. He admitted that Lillian's young man is beginning to look serious."

Danny laughed with the girl, his fine face crinkling up as she loved to see it. But in his eyes she recognized a longing which made her get down from the lounge hastily and cross to the piano, where she strummed absently for a while.

This preoccupied mood was hanging over her the next day when Mr. Barlow came into her cubby-hole of a draughting room. He looked so happy that Jody sprang up impulsively.

"Here are some plans," he began, spreading the papers out before her on the desk. "Mrs. Barlow sent them back to me to-day, with a lot of suggestions of her own."

"Oh, she's coming back, then!" Jody cried, looking up at him joyfully.

"Yes, and I'm going to build this house on my half block down by the lake. She certainly has a lot of ideas about the place. I guess your theory is all right."

"Of course it is," Jody answered smiling. So during all the spring and summer the "Dispenser of Love to Houses" earned her title. Now it was a dear old man wanting a pretty home and grounds for an invalid wife, now a young mechanic and his wife, saving out of their twenty dollars a week the payments for a five-room cottage, now a father desiring room for his children to grow healthy in.

And Jody did her best to help them all. Mr. Barlow, fascinated by the fertility of her ideas, complained very little at the conveniences she slipped in.

"To be honest," he admitted, "artistic houses cost very little more than ugly ones, except for the porches. But we can sell the houses for more, so it's all right, anyway."

"You're marvelous, amazing!" he exclaimed one day, putting shelves with a prodigal hand into the barn-like room she had suggested for the son of one family.

In the subdivision, work went on rapidly, and it seemed to the girl that the population of the city was turning into young married couples, looking for homes. She threw herself into their plans with increasingly frequent pangs of jealousy. To make matters worse, Mr.

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PREPARATION FOR STUDENT OFFICES, AND STUDENT HONORS AT ILLINOIS

By OTTO E. SEILER



AN article such as the above title suggests must be built upon a constructive rather than a destructive basis. It must be fair in its criticisms, and it must not tear down where it does not rebuild. In considering such a matter, however, as student office holding, it is absolutely necessary to criticise some of the features which have existed here at Illinois for several years. Criticisms in such a regard may seem to the writer to be perfectly fair, and may, in his mind, reveal in a vivid way some of the weaker points in our college system of office holding and of dealing out honors, and the suggestions which are made to remedy conditions now in vogue may seem "just the thing needed" at this institution.

But we have no criterion here at Illinois by which we may judge on the merits of a revised form of office holding. At present writing we cannot prove that something new will be successful, while at the same time we do know that the existing system at Illinois has served its purpose, although accompanied by many defects and weaknesses which we should like to have seen corrected a long time ago. And if we should build up an entirely new plan we must expect that it would be nothing more or less than an experiment, which might work out in the manner in which it was planned, and which might also be a flat failure.

A great many students argue that certain schemes of a reformative nature have been successfully carried out at other institutions, and therefore should succeed here at Illinois. But this is no argument. What has succeeded at other colleges proves little for us here. At Yale and at Illinois the graduating coaching system in football has worked out in an admirable manner, but this does not signify that at other institutions it has not failed in a most discouraging way. We wish, then, to consider in this article only that which is good for conditions as they

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exist here, and in the treatment to try to be as fair, logical, and suggestive as possible. We may find, after some experiments are made, that our present manner of handling such matters at Illinois is the best, but a series of such articles as this one is meant to be might arouse sentiment and agitation which would finally give to us the fairest, broadest and most practical plans for Illinois. And criticisms or suggestions in this wise are valuable only in so far as they are constructive toward the best final scheme.

One of the big questions which has usually presented itself to those who have an interest in the student political situation is the propriety of the athletes cornering, as they usually do, all offices except those of a journalistic nature, for which they (the athletes) as a whole are unfitted. When we stop to look up some statistics on this matter, we find that the criticism of athletes "hogging" the offices is true to a great extent, for the men of the varsity teams succeed in landing over fifty per cent of the elective offices.

It is interesting to note that in three years past the senior class presidency for the second semester has been twice held by an athlete, and that in the same number of years the junior class presidency for the first semester was also voted to an athlete on two occasions. These two above mentioned offices are, it is generally conceded, the two most desirable of all elective offices.

In the three years that have elapsed into Student Union history, we find that about forty per cent of the men who have helped direct the course of that organization have been athletes, and in one instance the president, vice-president, and secretary were all athletes. The above figures have been cited merely to show that some of the preceding statements are true, and that it is fair to estimate that athletes "grab", if so some wish to call it, about fifty per cent of the elective offices. This has not been the case in regard to the Illio in the past two years, but the Illio managers for the 1909 and 1910 books were both athletes. Before leaving the statistical side of this matter it is important to note that cases are not at all rare where one athlete has held one or more elective honors besides those afforded him by his varsity team.

The following are a few of such combina-

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tions of honor which have been held by one man:

1. Captain of track team and manager of the Illio.
2. Football or baseball captain and president of the senior class during second semester.
3. Track captain and Illinois Union president.
4. Captain of some team and member of union council or interscholastic manager.
5. President of Students Union and Y. M. C. A. at same time.

The above combinations have been cited from conditions which have existed here at Illinois since 1909.

Now, the writer does not believe that these figures are significant of a single thing, or that they lend one bit of proof toward a change in our system unless some other matters are taken into consideration. Figures alone very seldom have any value.

We must ask ourselves as we look over the offices which have been held by athletes whether these respective positions would have been filled with a greater degree of satisfaction and merit if they had been occupied by non-athletes. Are the athletes because of free advertisement actually pushing into the background the men of the University who are the leaders in thought and action? We must admit that the athlete is not responsible for his advertisement, for it would be preposterous to say that a man seeks a place on a team for this purpose only. He is giving his best services to his college, and the advertisement which he receives, he is entitled to. From a purely political standpoint the fact that the varsity man is well known is a great factor toward his success in political campaigns. With these facts in view, then, we have the following results. (1) The athlete is only human, with a natural man's ambitions, and he very often makes up his mind to run for a certain office. We may not, however, blame him for this desire. (2) Because of preceding prominence he very often wins an election over a worthy or even superior rival. But, again, we cannot blame the athlete for his prominence, and so far as the writer is able to discern no one is actually to blame for these results under *present conditions*. We might say that it is the political duty of each voter to learn to know the candidate personally as far as is possible, and then vote for that man at the polls whom he considers the one with the

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most merits for the office in question, irrespective of other conditions concerning the candidates. But to be able to perfect such a system would be the dawn of a new, and a much desired regime in politics, which is not probable at the University of Illinois.

Every man's ability and power to do things is limited. University men on the whole, however, do not seem to realize this, and herein lies one of the greatest arguments against the athletes securing so many offices. I wish to cite just one example where athletes have been a hindrance. For two years the Student Union Council has been crowded with athletic members. The Union meetings were held at four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the various teams were generally practicing. A quorum was the exception, rather than the rule at the council meetings, and the result is obvious. The Students' Union, it must be admitted, has not accomplished a great deal of real worth. This lack of genuine activity is a result of the fact that the athletes had more than they were able to attend to. This year the time of the council meetings has been changed and definite results are looked for.

The above is but one example of many instances of the same sort where athletes have accepted too many responsibilities, and have been unable to attend to any of them properly. This is not true of athletes alone, however, for a spirit seems to pervade our office holding system here which advocates "Get the office, and then, well, no one can get the office away from me." This has been especially true of a great many team managers, but the Athletic Board of Control has voted to put the managerships on a merit basis, which should help greatly to correct this fault. The writer believes firmly that honors and offices should be distributed and will admit that many athletes are elected to office merely because they are athletes. It is evident, to, that many capable men will not put themselves into the field of competition against an athlete because chances of election are not probable in the average case.

All of the above would be idle talk if, as we said in the beginning, we did not attempt to make the article of a constructive rather than a destructive character. What system would be best to work out no one can tell, but the

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writer would suggest a credit system. By this scheme a man would be allowed a certain number of honor credits, and he would be held within definite bounds which could be described when the system is elaborated. By this plan the football captaincy should count so many credits, the attainment of an "I" so many credits, membership on the Glee Club so many credits, etc. The value of each position or honor could be differentiated when the system is elaborated. To make this scheme worth while it should be very inclusive in its scope. If a man is working his way through college, or working part of his way, he should be limited to a certain degree in the offices he could hold on the theory that a man's ability is limited, and that he can do only a few things at a time, and do them well. The membership in a fraternity, in an honor society, in a literary society, on a debating team, in the band, etc., should all have their respective bearing to that degree in which a man's time is occupied by these various things. When a candidate comes up for an office all of these features should be noted, and a student board of control in conjunction with the faculty should decide on the case and declare the man eligible or ineligible for the position. This is just a rough sketch of a system, in the way of suggestion, which might be adopted to hold students within bounds. Many students sacrifice all scholastic duties for outside matters, but this system could be so arranged that a man would not be allowed to become one-sided in his university activities at least. It is believed that some such plan as this would bring about the desired results, would create more fairness in politics, would demand a greater field of activity for more men, and would develop all the men who entered the university activities seriously in a better way, and finally would give active men more time for that study which is their real business at a university.

Such a plan as this, however, is not formally and artificially to be grafted upon our present system of choosing men for office; it must come as a natural outgrowth from a healthy and vigorous student conviction. Indeed, some such solution seems already to be working itself out quite automatically. With the new "apprenticeship" system evolved by the Illini and by the Athletic Association, the man who wishes in his junior or senior year one of

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the largest political prizes must begin a single-minded preparation for it at the very commencement of his college career. He must work hard and earnestly, and if he dissipates his energies into too many other than his single main channel of activities he will defeat his own ambitions; while the presence of faculty members on the various boards of control will force all prudent candidates to keep a weather look-out upon their class-room record. We dare hazard the statement that the Board governing the student daily will never choose a "flunker" to head it. The formation of ideals of service, and of ability in service, is the only real end of student office; as mere honors, decorations, recognitions, they are the nothingness of vanity. When the best-endowed men of the University realize this they will not reach for too many offices, nor for any single office for which they are not fitted; and the most ambitious will not deviate from adherence to the real purposes of existence here,—study, recreation, and friendship.

"FRED HUGH, AGED SIXTY-FOUR"

By STUART FORBES

[Editor's Note: The incident recounted below is taken from a letter written to Dean T. A. Clark by Stuart Forbes, a graduate of the class of '98, who spent some months in Alaska during the gold craze of 1899 in that territory. It seems proper to say that it has been wholly recast, and slightly amplified by the editor, in order to suit it to the requirements of the Magazine.]

HE was an Englishman, and had been somewhat removed from the main currents of our sympathy; nevertheless, the news of his end seemed for a moment to lay an arresting hand on our hearts as we stood in the crisp Klondike dawn, watching the sun turn silver the ghostly snow on the green branches. There was something that kindled a feeling of brotherhood in the thought that that sun, then setting over the island that held all his kinship, was yet in mid-day over the almost equally distant hearts that we called our friends; for his was the first death in the valley, and it seemed doubly terrible in our distance from home. His funeral, we were told, would be held at one o'clock on Sunday,—and it was then Saturday. There were three of us to carry the information back to our cabins on Beaver Creek Bend, whence we had run down to West Beaver for supplies and mail.

On the next day our delegation gathered at Beaver proper, some three miles below. It was a rough little group, though we were in our best, and as it grew we smoked and talked about subjects differing as widely as the characters of men who in turn propounded their pet theories concerning deposits, ledges, veins, and the "prospects" in our immediate vicinity. Finally the sun had swung almost an hour past the meridian, and we turned down the trail.

I walked with Ekart, whose hair alone in all Beaver could rival mine for length, along the little snow-beaten path to a darkened cabin. We lingered as we neared it, to chat again of the hard luck of the Eclipse camp, standing on the little strip of frozen ground between the door and the bank of the creek; but as I leaned against the tangled roots of a upturned spruce and talked to Judy

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of the trips to Weare, the bit of crêpe that fluttered from the wooden latch of the rough old door reminded me of my errand.

The cabin was half full when I entered, and "Cooney" went away for more stools, for the benches about the low table in the center were already filled. For myself the bare-armed cook extracted a bread-box from beneath the table, and proffered a slab of stove-wood with which to cover it. I crowded as near the stove as a few misplaced pork-barrels would admit, stood a moment turning down the collar of my coat and stowing away in its capacious pockets my fur cap and heavy mittens, and then sat down to study a picture that will never fade away.

The furniture of the interior was simple. Across the back end of the cabin, and opposite the door, stretched a double tier of bunks, to which the long table ran parallel in the middle of the space of floor remaining. It was built around the two vertical posts, one at each end, that supported the ridge log upon which the roof poles were laid; while to each of these posts also, above the table, were nailed three shelves, almost hidden from view by a varied assortment of cans, pepper-boxes, vinegar bottles, and a miscellaneous collection of home-made table ware. A thick-spread dust noticeably hid the fancy lettering of some cans, while its absence proclaimed of others a more favored contents. But to me the greatest interest lay in the men who crowded the cabin. Something in the enforced solemnity of the atmosphere made me strangely alive to the utter grotesqueness of my environment, and almost eagerly I noted the details of the scene. Every face was grim and silent; and yet, expressive of widely differing masculine characters as the rough countenances usually were, they for once seemed strangely homogenous and sympathetic. One saw these prospectors under a novel aspect, and gained a revelation as to the existence of their emotions and the depth of their hidden gentleness. Their very awkwardness, their ill-at-ease air in the silent room, marked a new side of their outspoken temper. How very still it was! We heard no sound beyond our own deep inspirations and expirations in the close, warm atmosphere of the room, except when someone gave a few quiet words of instruction. The cook even pushed the coffee-pot back on the stove to

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quiet its drowsy little refrain, and let the fire die down without replenishment. Those who stood looked uneasily past each other, while those who sat seemed never to glance at anyone else or at any one thing in particular.

Old man Neeley, a red-headed miner of angular appearance, finally broke the silence, saying in a low, quavering monotone occasioned by an attempt to be subdued, that "he'd go see why Jim didn't come down; they was all here but 'im." Soon the old fellow, famous in the camp as a square dancer, returned with "Jim", a victim of scurvy who painfully raised his stiffened legs to cross the threshold; and "Cooney" simultaneously entered with the stools, which he placed along the floor.

The remains, apparently unobserved by all, had been wrapped in a gray woolen blanket and placed upon the upturned pork-barrels. Above the body upon the wall was hung the only attempt at decoration in the cabin, a beautiful white and black spotted skin. It seemed sufficient, and to my own mind strangely symbolical of a life just entered into the darkness of death. A few last figures entered, leaving the door slightly ajar, and causing a general shifting that broke the quiet for a few minutes. Through the crack in the door, and the single pane of glass which it contained streamed in the beams of a long lost sun, just lingering on the distant hilly horizon; they touched gently the rough-hewn floor as they crept over the door sill, and illumined like silver brocade the heavy hanging of frost along its lower edge.

So decisively as to startle everyone the Irish sheriff, a doctor about whom still clung the unmistakable air of a professional man, arose and announced that the sad ceremonies would be opened with a song. Just the few who could shamefacedly crowd about sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee", from the only hymn-book in camp, aided in the more familiar strains by uncertain, scattering voices. Then "Doc" read a passage from Romans, his voice vibrant in the solemn stillness, and we turned to "Rock of Ages". As the men sang, with less restraint than before and with something of the self-pity that the plaintive-swinging hymn contains, the tears rolled down some hard, harshly-lined faces. I recognized the little French-Canadian mail-carrier who took us into his tent one night when we were passing belated down the trail,

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now agitated by all the emotionalism of his race. Up in the top bunk lay Andy, the curly-haired sailor who, having frozen his toes early in December, had two days previously undergone an amputation. Yesterday, when I had stopped to see him, he had been swearing like a veteran; but as I noticed him now, although occasionally his frame twitched in pain and he clutched at his foot, he first rolled over against the wall, and later turned his relaxed features toward the singing while the tears fairly streamed from his eyes. We closed the service with "God be with you till we meet again."

With relief, but without revulsion and perhaps even with some deepening of feeling, the men slowly filed around behind the uncovered face of "Fred Hugh, aged sixty-four years", into the sunshine. It was like coming ourselves into the more direct presence of life, for it was a beautiful cold day, and the sun seemed voluntarily to hesitate before sinking. We looked at each other more closely outside; the occasion had drawn together many who had been hidden away through the darkest of the winter, and there were only a few whom I had known during the months of toiling and darkness. Out of the assembly of perhaps a hundred men but a dozen looked strong and well. Many were crippled with scurvy, the faces of others showed the signs of debilitating exhaustion, and practically all were pale and thin. The pinched faces exhibited resolution, however, and as they were turned to the sky it was plain that the little foretaste of summer sun we already enjoyed would kindle a new fire of hope and renew every flagging energy.

Outside the cabin two of the miners were getting the sled in order, while inside the Doctor and his assistants were stitching the blanket up around the body of the dead. In a moment the pall-bearers emerged with the swaddled form and placed it upon the long, low sled in front of the door, fastening it with the old familiar hitches we used in hauling. The Doctor also came out; and with him at the head of the little cortege, the muffled and silent groups slowly wound along the crooked pathway to the creek. Up the ice we went, half-way round the first bend, and thence to the left through a small patch of heavy timber to a new trail newly improvised from saplings and moss, that wound gradually to the top of a fifty-foot

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embankment of gravel bordering the creek. A large fire had been kindled near the grave, and by it we warmed for a moment.

Strong hands lowered the stranger to that last long sleep, while we gathered in moved ranks near the upturned clay. The last lingering hue of purple was fading from the sky above as the pall-bearers finished their task. There was no coffin, beyond a little enclosure with a moss bottom and some spruce poles for a cover. The Doctor read a psalm, and repeated the Lord's Prayer; as he finished the bright gleaming glory of the sunset far down the west was reflected from the tear-stained faces of that little band of wanderers in a benediction upon the form below.

We all lingered reverently while the grave was filled, in that spot of open sky and snowy woods, whose mighty aisles seemed suddenly more fitting for the service than any cathedral. Nature, all-comforting and all-embracing, was instinct there, and it was as if we had just consigned a child to the heart of its mother. There had been revelation to me in the ease with which the universal sorrow of mankind before Death had touched strings that had long since ceased to vibrate in these hearts; and now I saw the real closeness of their attunement with the world. The sun had long since set, and its after-glow, momentarily so glorious, quickly darkened from the sky, in which the stars were coming out upon a new and lonely grave. We turned to go. As the lightly rising north wind stirred the neighboring pines their low, soothing moan seemed like the unconscious sighing of some hidden God of Sympathy.

STUDENT LIFE AT OXFORD

By JAY W. WOODROW



THE first question invariably asked of an American who has studied at Oxford is, "How does it compare with our American Universities?" But it is impossible to make any comparison; the differences in method and purpose are too great and too numerous. Oxford must be described as it is, unlike any other institution of learning with the single exception of the sister University on the Cam. A few of our own universities are now copying some of the most prominent characteristics of the great English University; but they cannot adopt those traditions and customs which make Oxford so unique. The University claims Alfred the Great as its founder, and large numbers of England's greatest men have been students within those old, gray, dingy walls. However democratic one may be, there must be a feeling of something akin to awe or reverence to that student who lives in the apartments once occupied by Dr. Johnson or strolls out along Addison's favorite walk or sits down to the same table where Edward the Black Prince dined when a student in the University. Although the lower classes are excluded, the plain country gentlemen are "commoners" together with Dukes, Counts, or Princes, while all alike must give place to the "scholars". Oxford is the most aristocratic little democracy in existence.

The average American tourist is greatly surprised on his arrival in this old, historic place to learn that nobody seems to know where "the University" is. After a fruitless effort to find the campus or Main Hall, he will probably end up by visiting the "Examination Schools" and the Sheldonian Theatre without entering one of the Colleges of which the University is really composed. There are twenty-one of these Colleges and five small halls which combine to form the University proper. The student's daily life, his conduct, his athletics, his educational preparation are all governed by the College. In fact, he hardly realizes the existence of the University until he "goes in for Schools" (i.e. takes the examinations). The University gives the examinations

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and grants the degrees, but everything else is under the control of the Colleges.

The College is not unlike our Fraternities in some respects. It is a club, dormitory, and College combined. The buildings are erected about quadrangles from which open stairways lead up to the suites of rooms. Student and faculty apartments will be on the same staircase with lecture rooms. Of course it is a "bally nuisance" to be located near the Dean—familiarly called "Doggins"—as such an arrangement has a decided tendency to increase the number of fines inflicted upon the unfortunate student. Each man has a suite of rooms consisting of a main room (called a "sittah"), a bed-room (a "beddah"), and another room (a "thirdah"). The "sittah" is the general living room where the student does his reading and entertains his guests and where all his meals, with the exception of dinner, are served. It makes an ideal place for entertaining, and the men are thrown so much together that the social life becomes one of the most prominent features of the undergraduate's stay up at Oxford. There are small clubs and societies within the College, but they are always considered by their own members of far less importance, even in a social way, than the College, which is indeed spoken of in the University Calendar as a "Society".

A famous English writer has said that a student's first day at Oxford is like a cold plunge. The Freshman is not generally hazed—he is merely snubbed and is made to feel that he is beneath notice. Of course the upper-classmen take their turns in inviting the beginner around to breakfast; but the host of the morning will meet this same "Fresher" on the street in the afternoon without even a nod of recognition. However, the College Servant is always watching his first year charges and is ready with good advice intermingled with stories of the years gone by when he "had three Freshahs who mide the Eight", or "foah jolly useful chaps who plied in the Ruggah pack" until they forget that they are a "meah boah" to those who are so fortunate as to have entered Oxford the year before themselves. And as the talkative servant repeats his tales of Freshman conquests while clearing away the tea dishes, one pretends not to notice that instead of returning the choicest cakes to their

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proper place, his "trusty" has carefully put them aside to take home to "the kiddies". But the College servant or "scout", as he is called, is a real help to the new arrival, for he will enumerate various rules that should never be obeyed (and will mention a few—a very few that ought to be considered more seriously); he will tell how to address the tutor, what kind of clothes to wear, where to buy the table linen (and to buy the cheapest, as that is the kind the wash-woman will send back), when and how much to study, and "all that silly sort of rot". He will agree to furnish all the dishes that will be needed for a small fee of a few "bob" (shillings). Of course he borrows them of some more fortunate student, but that is immaterial, as he always has them ready at the proper time.

But the general procedure for the day is alike for Fresher and for Senior. He is awakened by the scout who calls out "arf parst seving sah" as he noisily slams down the old tin bath-tub without which existence would be impossible for the Englishman. Although several of the Colleges are now equipped with shower baths, one of these rusty bath-tubs will be found in every bed-room. If the sleepy student drops off to sleep again, he is rudely awakened by the clanging of the Chapel bell, which reminds him that it is time for him to hurry into a rain-coat and rush down "to do a rollah". "Doing a roller" may be substituted for Chapel attendance by those who are not members of the Church of England. It consists in going to the dining-hall some ten or fifteen minutes before Chapel time (8 A. M.) and answering to roll call. If one fails to "keep four (in some Colleges five) rollers or Chapels" each week, he is "gated" for as many nights as he fell short of that number. To be "gated" is to be forbidden the privilege of leaving College after seven in the evening. And during the term; every student must be credited with at least thirty "rollers" in order that it will count as one of the twelve terms necessary for graduation.

In the meantime the scout has been preparing "brekah", which he has ready to serve about eight-thirty. As this is a favorite hour for entertaining, the student will usually have visitors. "Brekah" consists of porridge, a fish course, and a steak followed by plenty of toast and

orange marmalade. An English breakfast is never quite complete without the latter. After disposing of this hearty repast, the fellows gather about the fire-place and discuss in a very critical way the latest news from the athletic fields, while the host keeps all well supplied with pipes and cigarettes. As the Magdalen chimes strike the hour of ten some chap, more energetic than the rest, will rise and suggest with profuse apologies that he is due at a "leckah". This is a signal for all who are left to repair to the Junior Common Room, where the next half-hour is passed in the perusal of "The Times" and "The Sportsman". But finally the others depart to "do a Raddah" (read in the Radcliffe Camera or Library) or to meet their tutors, or perhaps to attend a "leckah".

One o'clock is the popular hour for luncheon, which consists merely of cold meat with bread, cheese, and the omnipresent jam and marmalade. After this light meal, the men don their athletic "togs" and hasten out to the various games, for there is a sport for everybody. And then again some two hours later crowds of students attired in gay blazers and shorts, some walking, others on bicycles, and still others in carriages may be seen returning from the different fields back to their rooms for a cold bath and the inevitable cup of tea. Here again is the College "Togger" or "Soccer" team criticised most ruthlessly, although the conversation is sure to drift into the realm of philosophy and religion. For the Englishman becomes very argumentative and critical over his cup of tea and the conversation is not allowed to lag for a moment. The man who is not "giving a tea" himself and has not been invited out, does not hesitate to drop into some other fellow's room and possess himself of the most comfortable chair with the remark, "Oh, I say, old chap, I think I shall be taking tea with you to-day; that is, I mean to say, it is such a beastly boah when youah bloomin' scout fo'gets the fiah, and I say old chap, you *do* have the jolliest cakes". The host will very probably retaliate a moment later with, "Oh, bothah, I fo'got my sugah", and will step over to the room of his uninvited guest and procure whatever may be at hand in the way of sugar, cream, and biscuits. If the fire isn't as brisk as it should be, a lively discussion is started over the reason why water will never boil while one

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is watching it. Even this subject affords an opportunity for numerous quotations from Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, and even so modern a man as Shakespeare, until somebody hits upon the brilliant idea of stirring the fire a bit. But the tea is finally ready, and then everybody talks about the weather until some incident or suggestion changes the topic. And indeed one is fortunate if he can manage to get away in time to do an hour's reading before dinner.

Dinner is served in the College Hall and is, of course, the big meal of the day. The students are summoned "to Hall" by the ringing of the Chapel bell. (At Queen's College the old custom of announcing dinner by the bugle-call is still retained.) As the tutors dine in Hall, the undergraduate must wear his gown—or at least some sort of a black rag that has at some time had some connection with a real gown. After entering the room, all remain standing until the Scholar appointed for that day says grace. This is an occasion for no little rivalry and the man who succeeds in repeating the Latin verses in or near record time is sure to receive a murmured applause. The dons (as members of the Faculty are called) sit at the high-table, which is situated at one end of the Hall on a platform elevated sufficiently to give a clear view of all the students in the room. The senior member at each table is "the head of the table" and he is responsible for the conduct of his little group. He it is who orders the "sconce", for which he may consider any little breach of table etiquette as sufficient provocation. When a man is sconced, he is brought a quart of College beer, which he is to down in one uninterrupted draught. If he fails in this, and he generally does, he must order beer for the whole table. Needless to say, very insignificant offenses are frequently considered as deserving punishment with a sconce. And these are not the only penalties inflicted, for a whole table often becomes involved, whereupon the Dean will send a servant down to announce to the culprits that a fine will be added to their batells (College bills) for that week. As an example take the case of the men at the training table who were all, at one and the same time, suddenly seized with an uncontrollable desire to sneeze. That sneeze cost them a "quid" (about five dollars)

apiece. But if a chap can fling a nice soggy portion of a jelly-roll at some other fellow in such a way that it will travel safely on until it strikes against some dignified old don's brilliantly white dress-shirt, and if he can then manage to escape detection, he is "a jolly decent sort" for some time to come. In spite of the formality—or perhaps on account of it, "dinner is a bit of all right, that is, one might say it was right jolly fun".

After dinner, the dons gather in the Senior Common Room ostensibly to discuss the weighty questions which concern the College, but really to repeat old, stale jokes and consume quantities of College wine; a thing which undergrads are allowed to do but once a week, and even then they have to furnish their own wine and beer. But they will not be denied their social hour and so collect in little groups and repair to the rooms of the men who confess to having a good supply of coffee, sugar, and cream in the cupboard. In fact, a fellow never enters a student's room at Oxford but he is immediately offered something to eat, no matter what time of day it may be. Some apples have just arrived from the country, or Twinings have just sent up an English fruit-cake and there is a new brand of cocoa that ought to be tested, and if he smokes he must try those cigars carefully smuggled in from Germany, et cetera, until a glance at the little desk clock reminds him that it has taken three-quarters of an hour to drop in and borrow a book.

It may seem from the preceding that the Oxonian does nothing but eat and drink; and yet he finds time to accomplish a great amount of work both on the Athletic field and in the study room. In spite of the social life, no University has as large a percentage of its undergraduates taking an active part in regular athletics as Oxford. It is true that the climate is such that one must get a certain amount of "eckah" (exercise), but the way in which this condition has been met only reveals that stubborn determination which has made it possible to build one of the greatest Universities in one of the most unhealthy spots in all England. It has become a recognized custom that every afternoon at all seasons of the year should be given over to athletics. A little College of one hundred and fifty students will have two or three crews on the river, rugger and soccer foot-ball teams, a

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field-hockey team, and a track team all competing at the same time, in addition to the many men who are on the Varsity teams, such as polo, swimming, water-polo, boxing and fencing, gymnastics, tennis, et cetera.

There is only one way to become acquainted with an Oxford undergraduate in any reasonably short period of time and that is by competing on the same athletic team with him. And when once acquainted, he becomes as staunch a friend as one could desire. On the field, Freshman and third-year man mingle with the greatest freedom, and even the dons join in the sport at times. It is quite amusing to watch the short, fat Chaplain and the tall, ungainly Dean as they run side by side along the tow-path, the former blowing an old six-penny tin horn and the latter wildly brandishing an enormous pistol which he fires off with a reckless abandon that would be disastrous to other enthusiasts if he were a foot or so shorter.

Whatever may be said concerning English sportsmanship, it is certainly true that the Oxford undergrad is a real sportsman in the best sense of the word. He loves to win—but prefers a good game in which he has been defeated to a victory poorly won, and he never offers excuses for defeat. The rivalry between the Colleges is very keen, especially in foot-ball, but it is not uncommon in a game which is becoming one-sided, for the two captains to exchange men with one another so as to make the game more interesting. A better example of this spirit was recently given by a Freshman in the annual Freshman Sports. In this meet, the prize for first place has a cash value of about fifteen dollars, while that for second place is valued at seven dollars; and as the new men for the Varsity are picked largely from the winners in this contest, the competition is very keen, especially when the leaders are from different "Public Schools". In the case just mentioned, the two chief contenders in the four-forty dash were from Rugby and Eton respectively. They raced neck and neck up to within about fifty yards of the finish, when the Eton man began to pull away from his rival. But he mistook the finish line of the hundred yard dash for that of the quarter-mile and stopped a few yards short of the tape, giving the other fellow plenty of time to pass him. How-

ever, the latter saw the mistake and allowed the chap who had really shown his superiority to win. This spirit may be the result of an absolute freedom from any element of professionalism; for Oxford does not even have paid coaches or trainers: all their duties are performed by the captains of the several teams. Taking this into consideration, together with a comparison of the number of students, it is really surprising that Oxford and Cambridge should do so well in their competitions with Yale and Harvard.

But it is the standard of scholarship which has made Oxford famous the world over. The method of instruction is too complicated to be taken up in detail in this short article. There is no class-room work, and a great number of the lectures are given more for the benefit of the lecturer's pocket-book than for the intellectual development of the student's mind. Perhaps a fund was left centuries ago to pay for certain lectures on a certain subject about which students have long since ceased caring to know anything—and although the only listeners are occasional tourists who drop in by mistake, those lectures are given as regularly as ever they were in the time of Charles I. The real work, however, is accomplished in the private hours with the tutor. The latter assigns the books for his charges to read and helps them in picking out the most important sections. After some ground has been covered in this way, the student will be required to write out trial examinations. Everything is directed toward schools (final examinations) for upon these and these alone does the B. A. degree depend. There are no general courses; every student must specialize in in his particular branch of study. In this respect, the work is very much like that in our own graduate schools. However there are two sets of schools at Oxford, those leading to the pass degree and the much more popular honour schools. The former are taken only by men who prefer to do as little work as possible—generally gentlemen of the nobility class. This pass degree carries very little weight with it in England, and in fact is held in contempt by the educated classes.

As a tutor's ability as an instructor is judged from the number of "firsts" and "seconds" his pupils "take in schools", it behooves him to use every possible means to

lead those given into his charge to success in the examinations. To bring about this result, he tries to win the good-will of the pupil and at the same time make himself appear a sort of god on earth in everything that pertains to scholarship. The first is accomplished by frequent invitations to breakfasts, luncheons, teas, et cetera, while his young charge is becoming acquainted with the customs and traditions of Oxford. But then at his first meeting as a teacher, he will spend the whole hour in making his pupil feel as insignificant as possible. The following little epigram, quite familiar in Oxford, is a very applicable satire on the ordinary type of don:

"Here I am, my name is Jowett;
I am the master of Balliol College.
All there is to know, I know it.
What I know not, is not knowledge".

The student's life at Oxford is certainly a pleasant one, and likewise a profitable one if he wishes to make it so. In an admirable little book, "An American at Oxford," John Corbin summarizes the good and bad features of the English college system in the following sentences. "In all social aspects the colleges are as nearly perfect as human institutions are capable of becoming, and they are the foundation of an unequaled athletic life. Educationally, their qualities are mixed. For the purpose of common or garden English gentlemen, nothing could be better than a happy combination of tutorial instruction and university examining. For the purposes of scholarly instruction in general, and of instruction in the modern sciences and mechanic arts in particular, few things could be worse than the system as at present construed.

"To exult over the superiority of American institutions in so many of the things that make up a modern university would not be a very profitable proceeding. Let us neglect the imperfections of Oxford. It is of much greater profit to consider the extraordinary social advantages that arise from the division of the university into colleges, and the educational advantages of the honor schools. These are points with regard to which we are as poor as Oxford is poor in the shape of university instruction".

THE TWO MISTRESSES

By ALLAN NEVINS



IT was afternoon tea with Miss *Jemima White*. That lady, having received her visitors in a body, the minister at their head, some minutes before, now stood in the center of her little reception parlor, erect beside the table that was to receive the tray. Her figure had a stiff little grace; her cheeks were flushed, partly through pleasure, partly through self-consciousness. She had been bidding those about her welcome, performing small attentions for their comfort, or starting the current of conversation; and now, ready to seat herself, she still stood to put in a word here and there. From time to time she looked beyond the immediate circle to a corner, and smiled faintly. Her guests did not need to follow the direction of her eyes to gather that it was the Captain to whom she nodded,—Captain Harve, the sailor, to whom she was soon to be married. The company about Miss *Jemima* held a greater sprinkling of awkward black coats than was usual, and from this fact might have been inferred a recognition of the entrance of a masculine element into her home. But the good villagers were little curious about the matter, and the room already presented an animated scene.

The Captain, who should in some ways have been a central figure, had good reason for sitting apart. He had torn himself away from his boat to come, and his troubled state of mind welcomed the bustle that gave him privacy. A grizzled, sea-changed man, above forty, but redolent in an air of rude keenness and fresh vigor of the atmosphere of salt breeze and tar, he was now in no mood for his usual bluff talk with the other men present. Upon this afternoon it had first struck him that his formation of domestic ties had meant supremely the renunciation of the sea; a vast regret for all that had been most enjoyable in life to him was slowly darkening his mind. His courtship had been brief, and today he had left his quarters in his coasting-smack with a new realization of his abandonment of the old adventurous existence. He had lingered and looked

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from the shingle at the slowly lifting and falling black hull of his home, from the town on whose outskirts stood Miss White's home at its well-proportioned body and spars, from the sand-dunes beyond at its vague, cob-webby form.

He became suddenly conscious, in the reverie against which he fought, of the approach through the company of the niece, her expression evidence that she wished to speak to him. It was she who had chided him for his late arrival, and he knew why she was seeking him out. She was, for all the breeziness she had brought from the Central West, for she had come but to aid in the consummation of her aunt's marriage, an observant young woman. He felt that she had noticed the settled melancholy that he exhibited whenever left to his own devices, and that she had misunderstood it; and so he made place for her beside him.

"I've never seen the sea so beautiful as this morning," she began, "have you?" She laid her hand on his shoulder and donned her coaxing look. The captain assented. She rambled on through a brief prologue of apology for her action in scolding him, and then, to the captain's surprise, divulged the real object of her speaking. First, however, she sat very close to him, ostensibly that she might speak without raising her voice too high, really to entrap his attention. Her confidential tone—and her voice was naturally caressing,—was another trick. She smoothed her skirts with a delightfully feminine gesture, and looked straight into his eyes as she began. She guessed how much he liked her daughterly air; she did not guess that he listened with some apprehensiveness.

"Captain," she began, "I want to ask you, not to do a favor, but *about* a favor, a possible favor. You know I walked down to the village yesterday and saw your ship, the 'Copral Queen'."

"Ship!" The Captain chuckled.

"Boat, then. But O, it was lovely! Now, I want to know if you would have the—the ceremony—it isn't so far off now—performed in that little cabin? Just imagine how fresh, how unconventional, in that beautiful little place!"

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"Imagine, indeed!" The Captain's voice was almost a growl.

"O, Captain! Don't be discouraging. We could moor it up here away from the town, and decorate it so nicely,—the gang-plank and railing and all; and how it would do to tell my sisters back home! The idea is simply exquisite; and think what it might symbolize, too!" She gave a slight jounce of delight in her chair. "No, I haven't told auntie, for she doesn't like the—the ships, you know, But we could persuade her—couldn't we, Mr. Howe?" She broke off to appeal to a young man who had not long since entered.

The Captain had in deep perplexity been wondering how he could dash the niece's enthusiastic freak, and now, looking up to see Charley Howe's smiling face bent over them, he breathed relievedly. He saw that the topic could be easily averted. No matter how awkwardly he might excuse himself, he trusted that the niece would scarce notice that she had not received an answer. He waited for Charley to speak.

Howe had but imperfectly caught the niece's request. "Ah, but Captain," said he, "it would be a shame to do such a thing and then sell the 'Copral Queen'." His tone was only half jocular. During the summer and busy season upon the sea he served as mate and assistant to the Captain; in the winter he employed himself in the village store. He was one of the few young men of the better sort in the neighborhood who had been content to live past his majority there. It was part of the action of his environment upon him that he drew opportunities from apparently barren sources, and it was plain to less blunt minds than the Captain's that he must now see one such in the selling of the "Copral Queen".

But the Captain had been stirred to grimness by the mere mention of the sale of his boat. For a few seconds he allowed Howe and the niece to talk together, and was far from being able to share their light tone. At last he might have risen, thinking to leave them together; but Howe, divining his intention, recurred for reasons of his own to the topic.

"But, Captain Howe", there was respectful affection in his intonation, "what do you think we *can* do with the 'Copral Queen' "?

The captain looked at him curiously. He saw to what goal the young man was moving, and a strange irritation seized him.

"You mean who do I think'll get her?" he demanded. "I'm sure I don't know. It'll take a good deal to buy her outright, you know."

"Would you consent to selling her on time?" ventured Howe. "I know——"

"She's got to go", the captain was saying to himself. "Nonsense, of course. We'll have to fix up a bit here." Then, replying; "No," he said, shortly. "I won't sell her on time. I hope somebody miles away gets her. I wish I could see her broken up."

There was a silence, awed and defiant, between the three, surrounded by the chattering company. The young man was half-frightened and half-angry, and the girl instinctively partook of his feelings. The Captain knew that he had shattered Howe's dream of owning the little vessel; that he had thrown back an advance made only too gently, over good ground. Even while far back in his conscience was gathering regret that he had done this thing, that he had done it in the presence of the niece, he still felt a hot emotion. It was his boat, his "Copral Queen", and he was losing her! More, in losing her he was losing all that for which she stood.

The very strain of the moment forced words to Howe's tongue.

"I wish to heaven you might keep her; why—why—" he blurted out what rose in his mind—"could I not run her as your agent?"

"Nonsense!" growled the Captain. "No! That is,—I wish you might, my boy, but——. Well, we'll see!" He rose as if to leave them, but reseated himself. "O, we'll not talk of such things today," he said, with an assumption of genialty that was only too painfully an assumption.

A group of three children, all that were present, were playing on the floor with a set of architectural block whose presence seemed incongruous in Miss Jemima's home. He reached forward and touched the head of one, a fat, black-haired boy. "Let's see you make a Chinese pagoda, bub," he suggested.

In truth, while the Captain feared that he had too far opened his mind to the one man who knew him best, he

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"No," said Howe, smiling firmly, "she doesn't, any more." But she has no objection to arranging such things there."

The niece was gazing rapturously at the gleaming line of the shore. "Isn't that—isn't *everything*—perfectly lovely?" she asked.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

BY M. B.

Can you tell me, Mr. Freshman
If the boneyard still is wet?
Will you please explain the reason
That your hair is not long yet?

Who knows why the doughty Sophie
Goes a prowling after dark?
Who can tell why he's avoiding
Mister Tommy Arkle Clark?

Tut! tut! tut! oh, naughty Sophie!
How much prettier 'twould be
If you'd entertain the Freshies
Some nice day at a pink tea!

GOLDENROD

By LUCILE NEEDHAM



WHILE the brisk, chill, autumn breeze made a jacket comfortable, blonde petite Mrs. Yarden had merrily tramped out from town on the country road. But the tang had soon melted into languorous Indian Summer. And five o'clock found her sitting very straight and stiff at the junction of a farmhouse path and the road. Everything, including her hot, disgusted self, was powdered with white dust. Heavily it lay on the hedge-leaves by her side; hot, white, and three inches deep in the road; half-submerging the road-fringe of tangled autumn weeds. Far to the west, where the road bumped into the sky, the sun was setting in metallic, yellow splendor. The dust on her eyelashes reflected the light like needles into her eyeballs. Her every pore was choked with dirt. Her eyes fell on her grimy, ungloved hands and the few draggled stalks of golden-rod beside them in her lap. All afternoon, facing the blazing sun, she had trudged in search of them. And why? Just because she had *fancied*—a fierce little curl of the lip—that the fresh, dewy, graceful sprays would be lovely for Warren's birthday-dinner table tomorrow. Fresh! Dewy! Bah! *These* hateful, scrawny weeds! She grabbed and twisted them recklessly and flung them into the road, where they fell with a soft plump, splashing up a cloud of dust. She compressed her dry lips, planted her mannish walking-boots more firmly. She had tustled with those tough, scraggly stalks until her hands smarted; and then they had wilted.

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The building is a commendable thing. Every Union member wants to see the day, and see it soon, when it may make its appearance on or near the campus. As we stop to think it over, though, the building is really not so essential as we may fancy. The structure is no more necessary to the organization than costly garments are to the well-being of mankind. It is the spirit of the thing and not the trappings that need concern us. I know a curious old insurance agent in my home county, who, in

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"No," said Howe, smiling firmly, "she doesn't, any more. But she has no objection to arranging such things there."

The niece was gazing rapturously at the gleaming line of the shore. "Isn't that—isn't *everything*—perfectly lovely?" she asked.

CAN YOU TELL ME?

BY M. B.

Can you tell me, Mr. Freshman
If the boneyard still is wet?
Will you please explain the reason
That your hair is not long yet?

Who knows why the doughty Sophie
Goes a prowling after dark?
Who can tell why he's avoiding
Mister Tommy Arkle Clark?

Tut! tut! tut! oh, naughty Sophie!
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his dingy little office behind a two dollar table, does more business than all his competitors combined, with their fine offices and mahogany desks. So let us not waste a tear on the lack of a Union building. The Union can do business just the same, and do plenty of it. There is an unlimited number of opportunities for this organization, and best of all there is no competition. The Council of Administration has given its hearty approval to the organization by granting it power to direct the Homecoming and make of it an annual event if it sees fit. The University stands aside and says, "Go ahead", and the student body, although seemingly ultra-conservative at times, is ready to give its support. It seems that there is no valid reason whatever that the Union should not this year actually do more things than it ever has before.

F. W. D.

THE SARGASSO SEA

Crew of the good ship *Gurglhcimer*, cruising about
in the literary sargassum of the Sargasso Sea:

Carl Stevens.....	Skipper
C. K. White.....	Bo'sn
H. B. Parker.....	Purser
E. H. Morrissey.....	Cook
H. H. Egan.....	Before the Mast

FOREWORD

The good ship *Gurgleheimer* in her peaceful meandering in the debris-laden confines of the Sargasso Sea hopes to encounter a considerable amount of literary sargassum which, when renovated and put in order by the "Gurgleheim" Crew, will be shipped to the nearest available mart. May our flag sweep serene skies, and our dredge-lines bring rich salvage to light!

THE GRIND

BY P. E. G.

Who is it will scribble in praise of the grind
Who keeps up his class work, is never behind,
Who is it will honor his name?
He toils through his task with his nose in his book,
He buries himself in a studious nook,
On sweet modest co-eds refuses to look,
Nor ever is seen at a game.

Who is it will give him the praise he has won?
Who is it can honor his cutting out fun
For the studies we *claim* to pursue?
I cannot. I know not the joys—yea, the rage—
Of those who in strenuous study engage,
I pass the task on to the editors' page
They know of these thrills not a few.

A RURAL IDYLL

*One day while up on the cross-trees the Cook saw a
barrel bobbling on the waves. Instructing the pilot to*

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heave to, the Gurgleheimer was soon alongside, and the barrel was brought up on deck. Stoving the head in with a sledge, the Cook found inside this manuscript:—

BUTCHERING DAY

He who has lived through his twenty-one winters without knowing the thrills of butchering-day on the farm has slipped a cog in the whirligig of life. No professor who claims to strut legitimately, no student who practices the horizon stare, or no papa who throws out his chest when Archie takes him to the Orpheum on a pass, has the faintest right to consider himself a cultured, broad-minded gentleman, unless he can tell you about what the farmer does on butchering day. I refer to butchering hogs, of course.

The doomed shoats, whose fates we are to follow, are driven at day-break into a pen by themselves. It would seem that the condemned animals would suspect that all was not well, but they usually do nothing, except to root complacently among the corn-cobs. Perhaps, however, an old sow, fattened along with the shoats, is also to be slaughtered. She recalls dimly the scenes of last year's butchering, and knows now that her grunts are numbered. Her beady eyes take in everything; she wastes no time in aimless rooting.

The hog-killing proper now takes place. Considerately I draw the veil of mercy over this part of the procedure. Suffice it to say that the swine are shot with divers kinds of heavy musket, and then are stabbed with big knives in a way that makes a first-degree murder look like a jab with a hat-pin.

The first thing to be done after the deceased have stopped kicking is to scrape off the hair. To shave each individual with a razor would be impractical. So each carcass is slid into a barrel of scalding water, which loosens up the follicles so that the bristles come out easily, when scraped vigorously with corn knives and blunt butcher-knives. Five minutes' brisk work changes the hair-covered beasts into things of whiteness; while the farmer, and the neighbors who have volunteered to

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help, pant from the exertion of yanking around the scraped animals.

A recuperative lull in operations now ensues. The fire beneath the scalding kettle is stirred up, and the shivering executioners get up close enough to melt the icicles out of their whiskers. Pipes are lighted, and the silence is unbroken for a time, except for the ice-bound chug of the wind-mill.

Then the hogs are "dressed." "Gambrel sticks" are stretched between the hind-legs of each corpse, so that the derrick-hook will have something to which to fasten. A few turns of the winch elevates the row of white bodies a foot or so above the ground, so that necessary dissections may be more easily performed. Butcher-knives are whetted, and each suspended hog becomes the subject of a complicated surgical operation. The head is first removed by a cutting and twisting process, not much attention being paid to delicate manipulation of the scalp; the fundamental idea being to decapitate, even though the heavens fall.

The next thing to do is to hollow out the carcasses a little more. Therefore, a longitudinal incision is made from neck to tail, and on the under side—the side next to the earth, when the animal stood up to root. The interior accessories are removed so that, figuratively, the hollow body would make a good cannon, if sewed tight, and a pair of cultivator wheels mounted under the muzzle.

However, let us inspect a little further the cutting-up process. The hams and shoulders are cut out, the spare-ribs and back bone are chopped loose with an ax and a corn knife, and a meat saw is used to sever certain stubborn ligaments around the fore-legs. Sausage-meat and lard-fat are cut from the sides; the tail is removed and rigged with a bent pin, so that quick attachment to coat-tails at the district school is made practicable. The liver and heart are laid aside with the head, to be ground up later into that fearful and wonderful dish called "head cheese."

Meanwhile, supposing that our deceased have all been cut up, and that the neighbors who have been helping have gone home to shuck a jag of corn or two before sun-down, let us view the feminine side of butchering

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day. Simply because the women have not been out knocking down shoats with the men, do not get the idea that the gentlemen do it all. In the kitchen, mother is feeding the sausage mill with one hand and dusting pepper around with the other. Sister Caroline is turning the mill, Sarah and Eliza are operating the sausage stuffer, and grandma is peeling onions for the "head cheese". Even the old shepherd dog is sneezing desperately behind the stove.

The head of the house, however, whose help has gone home now, has his hard work to do, though the zenith of the day's activities has passed. Fires must be kept going under the lard kettles; the broken fences, resulting from the stampede of the "red-hogs" in the west pasture, must be repaired at once; and the broken boards scattered around have to be picked up, lest the horses step on the bent nails. Usually, too, the dogs on the place are bad-natured on butchering day, and are likely to chase a calf or two into the row of beehives, the drowsy inhabitants of which would have precipitated a crisis indeed if bothered earlier in the fall. Unlooked for accidents are always to be coped with, unpleasant as they are.

But the hour after supper comes as a time of delicious relief. The farmer stretches out on the "lounge" in the sitting-room and listens to Bill's laborious rendition of "The Irish Washerwoman" on a banjo, while Silas sits in the wood-box keeping time with a set of rattle-bones. The big maltese cat purrs in gustatory satisfaction behind the oak stove, and the howling restlessness of a snow-storm is growing more and more audible. The farmer's eyes droop—he dimly sees Bill's hand picking at the banjo strings—he knows that the year's butchering is done.

Real Estate Agene (apologetically)—There's only one trouble with this house—there's no bath.

Cohen (prospective tenant)—Oh, dots all right, mein friendt—der lease is only for three years, aindt it?

"That," said the stude, as he launched a heavy volume at his room-mate's head, "is a coming book; it's bound to make a hit."

THE ILLINOIS

EVEN SO

"Say, I heard Smith has the rabies."

"How so?"

"He put too much horseradish on his bologna and it bit his tongue."

THE CLASSIC TOUCH

"Now," said Sentimental Sue, the kitchen scullion, as she separated the ingredients of the egg, "now, Sir White, I will release thee from the tyrannous yolk."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I am going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.

"At whom will you sneeze, my pretty maid?"

"At-choo!! At-choo!!! kind sir," she said.

Villian—"Hist! we are seen.

Comedian—"Yes, a lady in the front row has just removed her hat."

I stood upon the mountain
And looked upon the plain;
I saw a lot of green stuff
That looked like waving grain.
I took another look,—
I thought it must be grass;
But, goodness! to my horror
It was that freshman class!

A wee little girl from Bahamas
Saw some curious Chinaman farmers;
"They're the laziest men!"
She observed, "for it's ten
And they've all still got on their pajamas."

"How's work, Casey?"

"Rotten. I've been trying to get me wife a job for three weeks, an' can't do it. I'll starve soon."



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S. A. Bullard, '78

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

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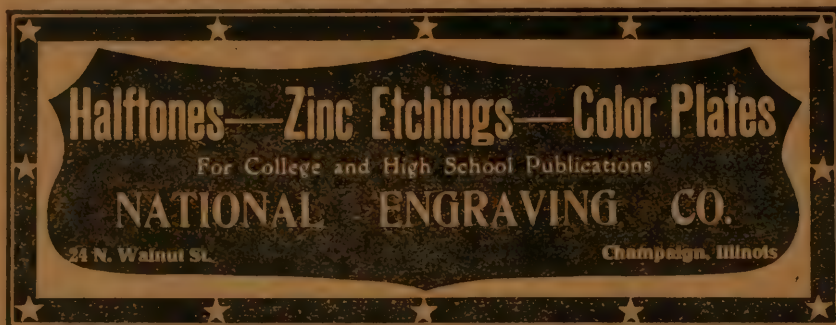
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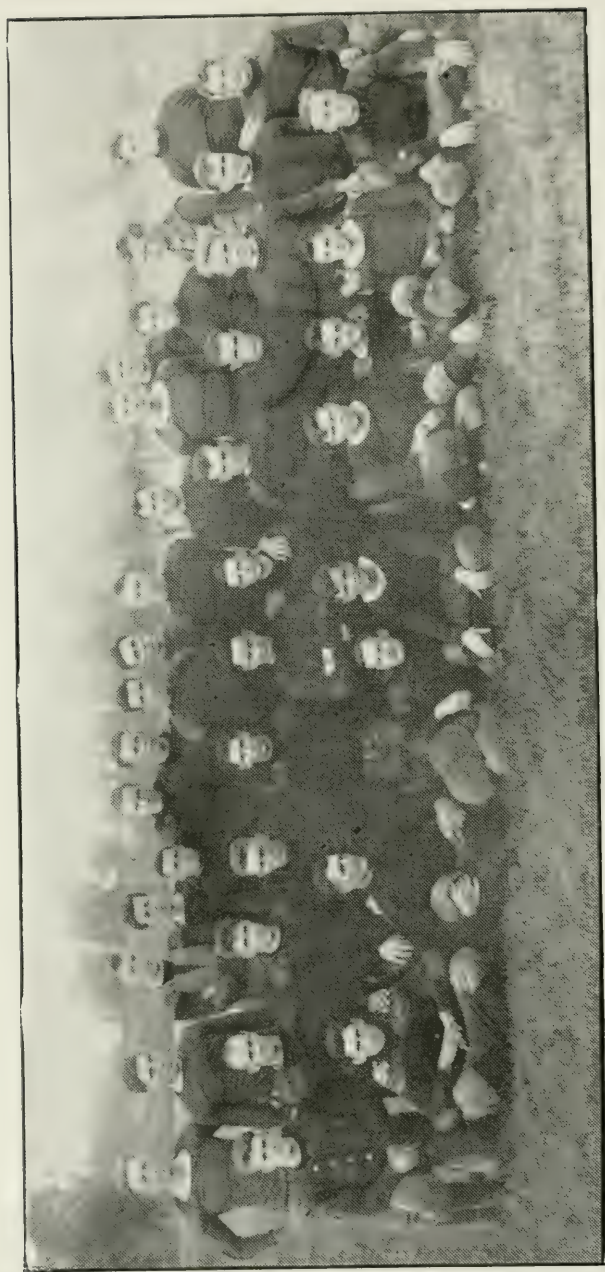
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THE 1912 FOOTBALL SQUAD

THE ILLINOIS

VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1911

NO. 2

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS; ITS MERITS AND ABUSES

By PRESIDENT EDMUND J. JAMES



HOW to secure a definite and sympathetic understanding between age and youth is a world old difficulty. Fathers find it no easy matter to keep in close touch and companionship with their sons, and the boys are often troubled to know how to maintain intercourse with their parents upon a thoroughly confidential and satisfactory footing. That which is difficult for fathers and sons, and mothers and daughters, is still more difficult, of course, for pupils and teachers; and if the frequent opportunities of the school room through a series of years do not always lead to a solution of this difficulty, it is no wonder that it still remains no easy matter for students and professors in the colleges and universities to secure this common and hearty understanding out of which grows the fullest appreciation, on the side of each, of the merits and services of the other.

Some college professors are very much inclined to look upon the student as a person who is trying by every means in his power to get out of some disagreeable task. Many a college student, on the other hand, looks upon the professor as a man who is aiming to give the least possible attention and thought to the needs of the student, while he follows his own way in search of new truth in science, or possibly an easy life in which there are no students to trouble.

The situation, as suggested above, is as old as civilization, and it is the duty of every generation and every group of old and young to solve it to the best of their ability.

I think sometimes that students are apt to look at

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the faculty as a whole as a body which is really not interested in any vital way in the welfare and effort of the student body.

I have associated on terms of considerable intimacy with the faculties of four great universities, and know some of the members of forty or fifty different faculties, and I believe it is true of our University faculties in the United States, at any rate, that there is no one topic which fixes their interest so immediately, or secures attention from so nearly every member of the faculty, as any topic concerning student welfare; and I believe that it is the earnest desire of so large a proportion of the college professors who administer the institutions entrusted to their care to do it in such a way as to work out the highest and best result for the student, that the individual professors who do not belong in this category are practically a negligible quantity. It is none the less true that it is not always easy to create an impression upon the student body corresponding to the real desire and ambition of the faculty, and this is true not only of the students in the institution, but to some extent of the students after they have left, and have themselves become men and women of maturity and experience.

I received a letter the other day from one of the alumni of the University, who had come to the alumni meeting in June, as he expressed it, "for the purpose of learning what the University was doing for the student." It seems that he expected to get this information from the after dinner speeches at the alumni banquet. In this he was naturally greatly disappointed, for, as he said, these speeches, beginning with that of the president of the University, had to do primarily with what might be called the material side of the institution, the increased resources, the multiplication of buildings, the addition to our equipment, the increase in the number of instructors, —though this perhaps ought not to be counted as a material item—rather than with the real work which the University was doing and with the real improvement in the real work which may have been marked during the past year. This particular alumnus was so disgusted that he, after hearing a few eulogistic remarks upon our local representatives who had as-

sisted in getting our appropriation from the legislature, left the banquet and refused to wait until the completion of the commencement exercises.

I appreciate fully the attitude of this man. He was a father of sons whom he was thinking of sending to the University of Illinois, and he was concerned not so much about how much money the University was getting, as about what it was doing with the money it had; what the ideals of the student body are, and what the ambitions and thoughts of the University professors might be.

We cannot, of course, in a brief article like this, undertake to answer the question which was in the mind of this alumnus. We may perhaps, however, take up one subject and discuss it with some degree of fullness, and this subject, which I propose to discuss in this article, is the physical welfare of our student body.

All teachers in all countries, and one may say in all ages, have recognized the necessity of having a sound body, speaking in the large and of the masses of people, if we are to have a sound mind; and that while this or that genius might render great service to the race in a puny, weak, deformed, sickly, physical body, no race of people ever accomplished very much in which the majority of the members had distinctly weak or feeble bodies.

In spite of the recognition of this fact, few nations have given adequate attention to this particular side of college and university life. The Greeks, of course, are the classic example of a nation which laid great stress upon harmonious and beautiful physical development. But there have been few instances in modern times at any rate, among the great educational institutions of the world, of a systematic and persistent effort to improve the physical condition of their students.

When Germany was bracing herself for the final struggle with Napoleon, her leaders recognized that one of the necessary things was a stronger and more vigorous physical basis for the life of the nation, and a great movement sprang up for the introduction of gymnastics and sports into the training and life of the children and youth. Today the German relies chiefly for the physical development of the young man upon the gymnastic work made compulsory in the schools from the lowest to

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the highest, at one end of the period of the training, and the military life at the other; for military service, as it is conducted in Germany, is a strenuous affair, and affords a most excellent physical training.

In this country our gymnastics, until recently, have amounted to little or nothing, and it is only within a comparatively few years that the colleges and universities have become awake to the necessity of looking after the physical condition of their students by some kind of systematic and regular physical exercises.

Some of us, and I am among the number, have always rather felt that, everything considered, the physical training afforded by participation in manly out-of-door sports was on the whole better than that brought about by systematic training in the gymnasium, though the latter is very far superior to no systematic training at all.

It has been a recognition of this fact that has led college faculties to favor the development of sports in general and because of their function of stimulation, of intercollegiate sports in particular. This is naturally a consideration which appeals to the student with less force than the consideration of sport itself, and the fun and entertainment afforded by participation therein, either upon the field or on the bleachers.

No one, however, can really study the present situation in our American universities without being convinced that we haven't accomplished by any means as much as we ought to accomplish in this particular department.

I asked Mr. Huff recently, how many of the men students in the University of Illinois secured adequate physical exercise through their participation in one or another of the numerous forms of sport which are cultivated here at the University. I was not surprised to find him express it as his opinion that not more than twenty per cent, or at the outside twenty-five per cent, of the student body, were really getting any efficient physical exercise through their participation in sport. If this is the case, and I presume Mr. Huff comes as near knowing the actual facts as anybody, it leaves seventy-five to eighty per cent of the student body practically without any systematic exercise, except that which is prescribed in the freshman and sophomore years, or that

which may be incident to the exercise of those students who are earning their way through college largely by physical exertion.

This is certainly not a desirable situation. I have been now nearly ten years a university president. I have given special attention to this problem of developing interest in a variety of sports, and have urged upon the athletic directors in both institutions where I have been, the desirability of introducing and cultivating any and every kind of manly sport which would get hold of another group of students who up to that time had not been reached by any of the forms of sport previously adopted. I have found the men in charge of this department, both at Northwestern, where I was first, and then at Illinois, exceedingly cordial in their reception of this idea, and Mr. Huff has certainly given thought and attention and effort to the furtherance of this policy, and yet after all his efforts and the efforts of other members of the faculty, we find that only from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the students take any part in any form of regular physical exercise which is not prescribed either by college rules or the necessity of their earning their living. This would seem to show that the average American student has not that thirst for sport which we sometimes ascribe to him.

A study of this situation reveals moreover some interesting additional facts. Many parents and many teachers and professors insist that the whole system of intercollegiate sports is a bad one, and they advance certain arguments which are currently known to everyone interested in this subject. We were discussing this topic at the Association of State University Presidents held in Minneapolis last October, and I found that fully half of the men present expressed it as their sober judgment that the system of intercollegiate athletics was on the whole not merely not beneficial, but positively injurious to the interests of the young men in our colleges and universities.

If this is so, of course intercollegiate athletics ought to be abolished. I have never been able to take that view myself, though it has certainly been a hard and long task to get rid of some of the definite abuses in connection with this system of sport, and it will require

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eternal vigilance to diminish still further these abuses and to prevent them from cropping out again. In this discussion I urged upon my colleagues the fact that while comparatively few students took part in the intercollegiate sports themselves, the interest which these intercollegiate sports developed in the student body led many students to try for membership on the varsity teams, and still further, many students were led to take part in these sports by the example of their fellow students, even though they had no hope or even desire of getting upon the varsity teams. And I maintained the proposition that intercollegiate sports were a necessary element in the development of sports upon the home field, at least for the present, and perhaps as long as the American student continues to be what he is, and the conditions remain what they are. The English boy seems to have a pleasure in sport itself, which leads the average collegian to take an active part in some kind of sport. In fact, a boy who at Oxford or Cambridge takes no part in sport is looked upon as a rather abnormal creature, the exception rather than the rule. But until the time comes when the average American boy takes the same attitude as the average English boy, it would seem as if the stimulus of intercollegiate athletics might be helpful in developing the general participation in such sports on the part of the student body as a whole.

I noticed in the Illini the other day a statement which, if true, is very significant, and has a bearing upon this particular proposition, namely, that the boys here at the University who have been playing the soccer game suddenly vanished, the organization disintegrated, and the soccer game disappeared like snow before an April sun, as soon as it was known that there was no chance for a game with Indiana or Chicago or Purdue or some other similar institution. In other words, as soon as the element of intercollegiate contest disappeared from the sport, the sport died. Some people would say, of course, that a sport which has such an extremely slight hold upon life as that ought to disappear. It certainly is, however, a grave question whether, if the English game could be so easily abolished altogether, football and baseball and track and tennis, would not tend to go the same way un-

der the same conditions. If, with all the stimulus of the intercollegiate contests, not more than twenty-five per cent of the student body take part in sport at all, it is possible that the number might shrink to twenty, fifteen, ten or even five per cent.

There is no doubt, however, that there is a growing opposition on the part of many thoughtful men in educational circles throughout the country to intercollegiate contests. And if we cannot, by co-operation of students and professors, gradually reduce and finally abolish the abuses connected with this form of sport, I think there is no doubt whatever that it is destined to go, and the problem will then be acute enough, of interest alike to professors and students, what can be done to take its place.

I am very glad to put this matter up on the occasion of this Home Coming, to the alumni, who will be shortly be in our midst, and I earnestly hope that the students and alumni both will make this the subject of serious thought and discussion. The alumni have at certain critical periods saved the form of sport known as intercollegiate contests. If they still believe in it, they must help to emphasize its good qualities and diminish its evil qualities, and if they are losing their faith in it as an efficient instrumentality of student life, they should be ready to make their contribution toward the solution of the question of what should take its place.

REALITY.

By G.

Out from the enfolding lull of student days
Struggles the yearning boy; and, pausing mute,
Upon the brink—abysmal and chaotic—
Of the world's great work he stands; the thund'rous
 clash
Of God and Nature and the Mind of Man
Breaks on his fine-strung senses, and in pain
He flings a warding arm across his eyes,
Stretches beseeching fingers towards the Past,—
And in the instant Time has flung him on.

THE AMENDMENT OF GIDEON

By CARL STEPHENS



HE affrighted howls of Gideon Hausman decreased steadily in volume as the Deacon's biceps wearied, until the strained silence behind the cob-house was interrupted only by Gideon's injured snuffles, by his father's whistling breathing, and by the raucous, many-toned squawking of an old hen, who paced around in an ever-widening circle, and tried with comical spasms of elocution to crow.

The occasion for all this commotion lay in the fact that Gideon, who had been commissioned by the Deacon to watch for weasels around the chicken house, had decided to let his automatic electric trap do the work. As is generally the case with mechanical substitutes for human duty, numerous unforeseen developments arose, and before Gideon could recall his wits, an old hen was so badly shocked that her reason appeared to have left her entirely. Now she stretched her ruffled neck, flapped her stubby wings, and crowed with such a ghastly contralto that all the roosters tumbled from their perches in consternation, and the Deacon came striding inquiringly around the corner.

"Now you git!" he wheezed, after he had finished the fatherly application of force. "Git that churnin' done before dark, too."

The Deacon gazed sadly at the addled hen still flapping a mad course about the yard, and sighed deeply. Thrusting his bony hands into the pockets of his shiny black trousers, he wondered for the hundredth time "what was ever goin' to become of Gid." Regularly and fervently the Deacon prayed that his good-natured but thoughtless son would sober down some time and take things more seriously. If sent on an errand to the store he would spend a couple of hours harnessing up the goat, just to have the satisfaction of seeing Willis pull home the package of yeast, or the lamp-chimney, or whatever else the Deacon's household required. On one occasion Gideon had electrified the village watering trough, so that when Hosea Gribbins stopped there one day with his mowing machine to water his team, the terrified horses,

after one taste of the water, galloped up one street and down another until the village was strewn with hardware and horse hair.

Not that Gideon was vicious. On the contrary, his intentions were good, as the Deacon had to admit. Even the watering trough catastrophe was a harvest from the seed of good intentions. Gideon had heard that electricity would purify water, and the village water certainly needed purification—even his Sunday school teacher had said so.

Meanwhile Gideon, as he morosely drove the goat into the tread-power and locked the door, felt rather miserable. He did not mind this last whipping so much as he did the disastrous culmination of the electric weasel-extermination plan. But in his boyish heart he was tired of being forever whipped for what he considered trifling offenses.

Willis, the goat, who now began lazily to walk the platform of the tread-power that ran the churn, was one of Gideon's companions with whom he had something in common. Willis was constantly harassed by the odious attention of Jehu, the frowsled, authoritative shepherd dog, whose cockle-burr-spangled tail waved loftily and superciliously as he even now surveyed the toiling Willis. Gideon, who was whipped on the average twice a week, could sympathize with Willis, who was chased unmercifully by Jehu on even more frequent occasions.

Until twilight Gideon sat moodily on an upturned tub near the clacking tread-power, and indulged in all kinds of romantic fancies about "running off" and dying forsaken in some dismal swamp, where the bull frogs would croak heart-brokenly over his boyish remains. Then the Deacon would come and cry over him, and there would be a funeral at the church, and——

Seen there by the light of a wan October moon, Gideon's face was almost pathetic in its honest eagerness. Now he imagined that the funeral services were over, and that he was being lowered into the grave. How he could hear them cry! He in particular heard his mother's voice—louder and more insistent it grew, until the romanticism of it all suddenly faded, and the spasmodic weeping ended abruptly in an inquiring call:

"Gi-i-id?"

"Gid!"

Stiffly he rose to his feet, and rubbed his sleepy eyes. The butter had "come," for the churn had slowed down and finally stopped. Willis stood philosophically chewing his modest cud, his long prophetic-looking beard wagging passively in the moonlight.

"Gi-i-id?" called his mother again.

"Yup."

"Ain't you goin' to bring in that butter tonight? Rinse it down on th' dasher, an' bring it in, churn an' all."

Uncoupling the dasher, Gideon lifted the wet, unwieldy churn and staggered with it into the kitchen and thence down the steps into the cellar. Carefully he dipped out the yellow mass of butter and set it in the wooden bowl back in the old cupboard.

Back through the dim kitchen he walked, and on into the "sitting room," where the Deacon sat with an open Bible on his knees, waiting for his son to come in. Precisely at eight o'clock every evening the Deacon always read from the Scriptures, and followed the reading with prayer. On this particular evening he looked significantly over his glasses at Gideon, as he began solemnly to read marked passages from Proverbs:

"A foolish son is the calamity of his father. . . ."

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

"He that wasteth his father. . . . is a son that causeth shame, and bringeth reproach."

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

A long and fervent prayer followed these readings—a prayer heartfelt and strong, and quivering with emotion. Big tears gathered in the boy's eyes as he knelt, gazing through the cane chair seat at the saffron blue and red stripes in the rag carpet. Long after he had crept up the back stairs to bed, his emotional little brain throbbed with conflicting emotions. The Deacon's exhortations, artificial as they had so often seemed; had possibly come to Gideon at the psychological moment. His sullen thoughts, so much to the fore earlier in the evening, had been replaced by feelings of remorse, and he tossed uneasily in bed as he thought of the spasmodic agony of the old hen in the weasel trap.

Finally the boy slept. Restlessly he turned from side to side, as he dreamed in terrifying snatches of all sorts of frightful things. Then he seemed to be hearing again the prayer of the old Deacon, thundering afar off in the distance, and suddenly awoke to hear the first sullen mutterings of a rising thunder storm.

He could not sleep now ; in his boyish fear he never had been able to rest while an electrical storm prowled anywhere near. He listened uneasily as the indistinct booming around the western horizon took on a more insistent note, and steadily came nearer and nearer. Suddenly he heard another sound—a plaintive, resentful, and long-drawn out “b-a-a-a; and then a more emphasized “eh-eh-eh-eh.” There he had left poor old Willis locked in the tread-power! Crawling nervously into his clothes, and resolutely facing the flashing lightning—although it took his last ounce of courage, so he imagined—he stole fearfully downstairs, out on the porch and across the yard to the tread-power.

Old Jehu’s shaggy, cockle-bur-loaded tail brushed familiarly against the boy’s overalls, as he fumbled at the latch of Willis’ cage. Willis himself was desperately hungry, and he “ba-a-a-ed” eagerly as Gideon stroked his frosty beard, and opened the door for him to go. Then Jehu immediately took an interest in affairs. With a supercilious growl, he nipped the terrified Willis on the haunch, and did it so energetically that the startled goat collided with a loose shelf of tin milk-pans, and butted over a galvanized iron washing-machine before Gideon could understand what had happened.

Around the kitchen went the goat, with Jehu doggedly at his heels. Just one thought burned in the jolting cerebrum of Willis. *If* he could get into the hen-house before Jehu’s white teeth gripped that haunch he was safe. He tore on, faster and faster. Yes, there was the henhouse—and the door open, too! Shutting his eyes he bolted through with a velocity that surprised himself, and also a man with a sack, who went over with a crash, just as Gideon reached the door. A brilliant flash of lightning showed him the thief lying in a heap in the straw. Trembling all over, the nervous boy, with his last iota of courage leaving, bolted the door on the outside and, with his fingers in his ears, turned to go

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back to the house,—just as the Deacon came hurrying up.

“Wh-hy what are you doin’ out here, Gid?” ejaculated the old man in astonishment. “Are you hurt?” He braced his hands on his knees, and looked keenly into the boy’s face. “What—?”

“Th’ thief, pap, th’ t-thief—” The over-wrought emotions of the boy were more than he could stand. He ran blindly to the house, and did not stop until he had clambered feebly up the stairs, and into his bed. There the Deacon found him half an hour later.

“Gideon,” said the Deacon solemnly, as he turned up the lamp and sat down, with his open Bible ready, “my prayer of entreaty for your salvation has been answered. You got the thief, Gid, and became a credit to yourself, because my prayer that you would reform has been answered. Praise the Lord!”

A wan smile flickered for a moment on the boy’s pale face; but he said nothing. He was too happy for utterance.

LIFE’S GARDENS

By G.

There’s many a crass Diogenes and disappointed cynic
Who sees life as a crowded jail or as a surgeon’s clinic;
But still the airs of spring blow sweet, and violets nod
to greet us,
And when we seek the quiet paths, Love ever waits to
meet us.

So while the hard and bitter hearts drift on in shadows
glooming,
Close by, in sunny garden-spots, rare lovely lives are
blooming;
And on their way refreshed in soul and heartened for
life’s traces,
Go all whom fortune grants a glimpse of life’s fair gar-
den-places.

COLLEGE SPIRIT

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK



WE hear a good deal at one time or another from the undergraduate concerning college spirit, but the term is a somewhat difficult one specifically to define. It is a commendable feeling or attitude of mind apparently, but I have never yet been able to get from any undergraduate student whom I have asked an adequate definition of the term, though I have sought such information persistently. From the various scattered opinions which I have gathered, college spirit seems usually to be connected with an athletic contest, and is most violent in its manifestations at a class row. In the opinion of the average undergraduate, the man who makes the loudest noise and who stirs up the greatest riot is indisputably showing the most intense college spirit.



The vast majority of maimed and injured underclassmen whom I, as a disciplinary officer, have interviewed within the last ten years have excused their condition on the ground that it was induced by a feeling of college spirit. If Brown's lessons are unlearned it is because he had to go to the Chicago game with the team, for "It's a fellow's duty to stir up a little college spirit," you know. If Jones is caught hazing a freshman or pasting illiterate and vulgar proclamations on every residence in town, it is purely an unselfish recognition on his part of a sophomore's duty to keep college spirit alive. If Smith comes home half tipsy, it is still another case of spirit. If after an athletic victory a crowd of students smashes into the opera house, and leaves the properties in splinters, throws a street car off the track, after having knocked out the

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windows to improve the ventilation, or paints exaggerated class numerals in the most public and sacred places, these are simply quite innocent methods of showing college spirit. And the thing about it all hardest to understand is that the young fellows who offer this excuse as an explanation of their depredations do so with the utmost seriousness, and seemingly with perfect confidence that it will be taken by intelligent, sensible people as a legitimate reason for making night hideous and the day to be dreaded.

It is true that most of the people with whom I have discussed the subject of college spirit have been young people in college whose judgments have not been fully developed, and who have been filled with a youthful enthusiasm which may sometimes have overbalanced their more deliberate conclusions, but not all the people who seem to hold such opinions as I have suggested are young. Some of them are sedate heads of families, and otherwise sensible business men. Most of the evidences of so-called college spirit which the young fellow not yet out of high school sees in his elders consist of just such manifestations as I have indicated. It is no wonder then that the freshman just entering college should come with the impression that college spirit consists largely of noise.

I make no objection to these methods of showing a feeling of loyalty to one's alma mater. Loud cries have always been an indication of certain sorts of emotional feeling, though I am not sure that it has been the deepest or the most lasting sorts. I remember being told when I was a young boy that the child who cried the loudest forgot his pain the most quickly, so, though I know that analogy is often the weakest form of argument, it may be true that the fellow who yells the most boisterously at the game is the quickest to forget his allegiance to the college when the opera house is being stormed.

The development of real and genuine feeling for one's alma mater must be gradual. The freshman who comes to college, in the Middle-West at least, comes with very little idea of what it means. In many cases he is the first member of his family to have a college education, and his conception of what such a training implies

is summed up in a practical estimate of how much it will in future years be worth to him in dollars and cents. There is to him at the outset at least very little suggestion of obligation or of sentiment. These feelings, if they come at all, come later. College spirit suggests to him only noise and riot. He is like the young boy who feels for the first time the sentiment which he mistakes for love, and who is willing to talk blatantly about it to any one who comes along.

Two or three years ago, following a somewhat hilarious and widely advertised onslaught upon the theatrical business in the down-town district, the faculty, or the Young Men's Christian Association, or the Students' Union, or some well-intentioned organization planned on the back campus an innocuous exhibition of approval by the undergraduates following a baseball victory. Boxes and other inflammable debris were hauled to a proper place, the celebration was put in charge of a number of upper classmen, and after dinner the student body gathered in a quiet and seemly way to look on at the conflagration, and to listen to the yelling. Everything was orderly, and the enthusiasm was well under control. Standing near me was a young freshman who watched the flames of the bonfire unemotionally, and joined in the cheering mechanically. The performance was to him evidently dull. As the flames died down, the cheering ceased, and the crowd began to disintegrate, he turned to a companion, his face for the first time lighting with interest. "Now this thing's over," he said, "let's go down town and raise hell." He had caught, he imagined, an idea of real college spirit. College loyalty to him was best expressed through destruction of property, a point of view, unfortunately, in no sense unique.

The freshman perhaps may be excused for taking this attitude. At first he can be expected to have little real feeling for the college; he can hardly feel himself a part of it; it has not taken hold of him. Whatever sentiment he may feel is a superficial one which is best expressed by noise. Certain college traditions and customs are most likely to impress on him more strongly than facts warrant the importance of noise as an expression of feeling. The freshman-sophomore contest or "scrap" is usually boisterous and rough; class contests

in general are noisy and loud. More than anything else I believe that the modern custom of "rooting" under the direction and inspiration of a cheer leader is responsible for the over-estimate that is put upon noise as an indication of loyalty to the team or of college spirit in general. And this same cheer-leading is with us in the Middle-West becoming more and more freakish and spectacular. The man who can make a spectacular exhibition before the crowd is coming to feel himself a part of the show, and as a worthy stirrer up of college spirit he desires his expenses paid as is done with the regular members of the team. Omitting the fact that much of the cheering is discourteous to the opposing team, and often intended solely to confuse or disconcert them, its advantages to the players it is supposed to encourage are usually negligible, and the type of college spirit it reveals is hardly worth cultivating. The modern cheer-leader can scarcely any longer be looked upon as an interpreter and a director of the real feeling of the crowd on the bleachers; he is in small if any degree an inspirer of college spirit; he is the clown at the athletic circus who too often attracts to himself the attention which should be given to the main show. Such demonstrations have little to do with real college spirit. Nor can many of the things to which I have so far referred be seriously considered as either encouraging or revealing a love for the college; they provide means for the expression of youthful enthusiasm; they are an outlet—and sometimes a quite harmless one—for exuberant animal spirits; but they show, if at all, certainly in a very small degree, and in an extremely crude way, any real love and appreciation of the student's alma mater. There are other ways of revealing college spirit.

The man with real regard for the college will have respect for her reputation; he will come in time to recognize the fact that wherever he goes he carries with him the reputation of the institution of which he is or has been a member, and that people who meet him judge of its character by his own, just as one reflects credit or discredit upon one's father and mother by one's conduct and character when away from them. A few years ago I rode on a street car from Cambridge

to Boston with a young fellow, crude and half intoxicated, who was proclaiming loudly and persistently the merits of the west and the western university from which he had come. I sank unobtrusively into a corner, not wanting to speak lest I reveal by my dialect the locality of my birth, and thankful that my educational ancestry was not the same as his; and yet he thought he was showing college spirit.

College spirit gives one pride in the institution of which he is or has been a member. I knew a man once who came from a small country town in central Illinois. Nothing could have persuaded him that the churches, and the high school, and the water works, and the lighting system, and the city hall, and the skating rink were not the most perfectly planned and magnificently executed of any in the country. In his mind the city library was the equal of the congressional library at Washington, and the First Presbyterian Church was the rival of St. Peter's. He had loyalty to his native village; he knew what it means to have spirit. In a similar though perhaps in a less blind way the college man should look upon his alma mater. He may see her faults, but he may not publish them. He ought not to be able to hear her name without a feeling of pride. If he feels otherwise something is wrong with him.

College spirit of the right source should induce a man to do his college work. We call the athlete "yellow" who shirks, who does not do his best in the game. We think him without spirit and without loyalty if, having the ability, he refuses to come out and help win a victory for the college. How much more then does the man lack spirit who having plenty of time and a good mind neglects his studies—the main part of college life—and loses the intellectual game which he could so easily have won. The flunker and the man who does his work indifferently or in a slovenly way has no real college spirit—the feeling that permeates his system is simply an imitation of the real thing. College spirit should keep a man from doing the things which would bring discredit on the college. It should hold him to the high ideals for which the college stands; it should keep him from vulgarity and dishonesty, and if he is an athlete from discourtesy to members of other college teams with whom

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he plays. Wherever a college man goes he communicates an impression of the college from which he comes; if he has the right spirit he will want that impression to be a good one. The members of athletic teams, or of other college organizations, or the crowds of students who sometimes go with these teams, do not always realize that by their conduct quite as much as by their performance on a team, or a club, they may show themselves "yellow" and lacking the true spirit. A crowd of students wandering about the city of Chicago, or coming home on a late train, are given a more severe test as to their possession of the real Illinois spirit than are these same students shouting on Marshall Field for the encouragement of a losing football game.

Real college spirit will induce one to make sacrifices for the college. There comes to my mind now a picture of an old man isolated by the distance of half a continent from the institution which he had loved, and to which he had given the best years of his life. His health had failed; he could work no more, but his last thought concerned the college and how he could best help those who, lacking means, yet still wanted the benefits of an education; and it was this thought of Edward Snyder that made possible the Snyder Loan Fund which has helped so many scores of students who could not otherwise have had the opportunity to claim Illinois as their alma mater. He had real college spirit. The football captain who keeps his life clean and his body in training in order that he may play a better game and be a more effective leader; the fraternity man who stays in at night in order that he may set a good example to the freshman trying hard to learn how to study; the sophomore who keeps out of the escapade in which he would naturally take delight, but which would bring discredit and dishonor to the college; the graduate who is straight and honest for the sake of his college ideals; the student who by his life, and accomplishments, in and out of college reflects credit on his institution—all these show college spirit. It is very little a matter of yelling, or of spectacular demonstration, it is a matter of standing by the college, and of living up to the ideals of scholarship and character which the college sets.

"It is a small college," Daniel Webster said of his

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own alma mater, "but there are those who have learned to love it." Sometimes, on a bright morning in September, riding in on the "Central," the undergraduate returning from his summer vacation looks out of the car window as he sees the town of his destination approaching, and in the distance he catches a glimpse of the familiar sturdy towers of University Hall. He is getting back to college, and the sight of the old building gives him a thrill of joy; stirs in him an added desire—to be and to do something worth while; purges him for the moment of all that is low and sordid, and makes him want to do his best, to be and to accomplish something worthy of the college. That is college spirit—the real Illincis spirit.


A PRAYER.

Make me this day, O Lord, a Man,
With strength of heart for cheerful work,
To live as kindly as I can,
Nor, self-engrossed, in shadows lurk.

Quicken in me the inner sense
That links me with thy master-plan;
Calm in my soul, in love intense,
Make me this day, O Lord, a Man.

A BIT OF GLASS

By GERTRUDE FLEMING

“O this is our little Nora all grown up!” Stanley Reed eagerly grasped the hand of the girl who had come forward from the little group on the porch to greet him.

“And you are just the same old Stan,” she answered, enjoying the look of surprised admiration which she saw in his eyes.

“Waiting for you,” he added quickly.

Saucily she regarded him. “You have changed your mind recently. If I remember rightly, your chief delight used to be in pointing out to me the error of my ways.”

They looked at each other silently for a moment, then burst into laughter.

“Oh, Nonie, you are so long-legged! Can this be you?”

“Blarney.” She tapped him on the arm, with a touch of girlish imperiousness. “More truth than poetry.”

“Poetry——.” His voice drawled.

“Here, Stan,” called out Bob. “You and Nora can fuss it out later. Come here and see Aunt Binie at once. She has been expecting you all day, and never will forgive you for *not* flying to her arms at once.” Bob’s hearty laugh boomed out. Aunt Binie’s infatuation for Stan was a family jest.

Nora turned at her brother’s words, and led the way with a slow, sweeping grace that delighted Stanley’s heart and eyes. He followed to greet the little grey-haired woman who half rose, with a pleased sound of welcome.

“Isn’t Nora a sight for provincial eyes?” sang out Marcia, Nora’s pretty, plump sister-in-law. “Oh, Stan, I wish you appreciated French creations, and I would show you sights that would make you tear your raven locks.”

“Go slowly with your visions,” Stan declared with mock dismay. “Don’t overwhelm a man at one blow.”

“Won’t she cut a dash?” Marcia almost squealed

with girlish delight. "Just think of having in one's possession a beautiful, highly accomplished, European trained sister to lead around as an enviable curiosity."

Nora put up her hands, laughingly, to ward it off. "Oh, you blessed people. I do not recognize my humble self."

While Marcia and Aunt Binie untangled threads of family gossip, and Bob smoked contentedly, Stanley turned to Nora, who stretched back in her big chair in deep content.

"So you have come back to grace Fairview with your startling presence. Three years of Europe has not dimmed its charms?"

"Oh, I love it. You cannot imagine how dear and homely everything seems. I am so glad Bobs and Marcia fixed up the old place, so I could come back to something familiar. You know we Cartwrights love old associations and cling to them."

"And friends?"

"However small and humble," demurely.

"Same old Nora!"

"Don't rub it in, Stan," she wailed. "The name was given to me, and I am trying to live it down."

"Nora, with the Irish blue eyes, rubbed in with a smutty finger." His voice was a whisper, but his eyes were eloquent.

She was angry with herself to feel a hot blush, and to find that her ready tongue was dumb. This was not like old days. She gave an impatient little twist in her chair, and plunged into a glowing account of her sojourn, telling of places and people in her sparkling way.

"Oh, I love Europe. It has so many little cubby holes and interesting hidden places. Poor Aunt Binie!" She giggled. "The blessed lamb was worn to a frazzle, and would beg with tears to go more slowly. She little thought when she took me in charge that I would turn on her so shamelessly. And the music! My soul almost floated away."

"Do not follow it bodily." He picked a rose from the vine near him and threw it across to her.

As she sat, idly swinging the flower, she was conscious of his ardent gaze on her face, so on the pretext of screening her eyes from the light which flooded

from the open windows, she moved back into the deeper shadows, so as more closely to study his own. He was the same old Stan, handsome, debonair, man of the world. There was nothing indefinite or blurred in his face. The old fascination for him was upon her. All thru her lanky, harum scarum, big-eyed girlhood she had worshipped dumbly, taking gratefully the crumbs of fitful attention he and Bob had given her. Bullied, snubbed, teased, secretly adored by them because of her ready wit and half-boyish sympathy and understanding, she had passed a happy, neglected girlhood, until Aunt Binie had suddenly appeared to carry her off for the "decent care that a poor, motherless child ought to have, and hadn't."

"Play for us here in the moonlight, dearie." Aunt Minie's voice aroused her.

"Not tonight. But I will get my guitar and we will sing together."

"A gifted woman," Stan remarked, as she idly strummed the strings.

"No, this is only an accomplishment," she nodded back at him.

In the long summer days that flitted by Nora saw much of him, for he seemed extremely willing to be engrossed with her charming grown-up-ness, and his air of flattering devotion pleased her vanity. She studied him closely, and found much to admire. Yet vaguely a half-formed disappointment lurked in her mind. Things came too easily to him; he seemed too content, too sure that life would always give him the best. Friends he had everywhere. Bob adored him; Marcia always included him in the family circle; Aunt Binie brightened visibly at his approach, to his huge delight. "Silly," she scolded herself, impatiently "to let a foolish fancy obscure your judgment." But the feeling persisted.

Once, long ago, she and Stan had been looking over some kodak plates of Bob's, and Stan, absorbed in studying them, had accidentally dropped and broken one. Gathering up the pieces, he had carelessly flipped them out the window. Nora had pretended that she had not seen the action, and had quickly looked away, though aware of his furtive glance at her when he suddenly realized her presence. She argued with herself

that he would explain to Bob, yet later discovered that he had not done so. The look was ugly in its surprised guilt, and she had felt ashamed for him in her loyal soul. He was only a boy at the time, but the act was so characteristic of the manner in which he lightly tossed off responsibility.

"Bobs!" Nora perched herself on the arm of his chair and ran her fingers thru his hair, knowing he particularly disliked it.

"H—m." A grunt.

"Bobs, what about Stan? A gray hair in your au-burn tresses," she added irrelevantly, in order to appear nonchalant. Then in a moment she resumed. "Has Stan any definite purpose in life beside being agreeable to damsels at leisure?"

Bob took his pipe from his mouth and blew long rings into the evening air. "He seems to have at present." Meaningly.

She pulled his ear. "I am the leading lady, now?" she flippantly rejoined.

"Look, here, Nonie," Bob became serious. "Stan is a prince! Don't be too hard on him if he doesn't measure up to Sir Galahad. You always did have such top-lofty notions that all the poor devils who tried to live up to them floundered in the mire at your feet."

"Hush, Bobs. You don't believe a word of that yourself." Nora felt baffled.

"What Stan needs is a fine woman to jerk him up," muttered Bob, so low that she scarcely heard, and knowing just what he meant she carelessly asked: "What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered gaily. "I was just saying that even I was a gay youth in my day."

"What, sir?" Marcia swooped down upon him, and took possession of the other arm of the chair, and serious conversation ceased, as it usually did when her saucy face appeared.

It had always been so. Stan's winning personality drew to him loyal, tongue-tied friends, and his merry eyes held them fast. Nora shrugged her shoulders lightly, and gayly danced thru the happy summer days that slipped away.

One evening after dinner she played to them in the

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dimly lighted drawing room, moving them from laughter to sadness, for her gift was great, and as in everything, she carried them with her.

"Have mercy!" cried Marcia, with a suspicious quaver in her voice. "I am reduced to a moist pulp, and I must look presentable at Mrs. McAllister's party to-morrow."

But Nora was lost to the world. "Do you know this song?" With bow poised she turned to her little audience.

Aunt Binie laughed softly. "Nonie always has stories attached to her songs. She lives her music."

Nora's musing eyes darkened. "It always cuts my heart. The dearest little Alabama girl sang it. I met her in Paris. Her voice! It was what I will wish for when I am an angel. It is only a little lyric, pathetically simple, yet she lived every word when she sang it. It goes like this, and this." She drew her bow softly over the strings, and the exquisite sounds flooded the room.

Stan suddenly leaned forward. "You know Betty McLean from Birmingham? She used to sing that."

"Betty?" Nora ceased playing abruptly. "What a coincidence." She began to play again softly, half dreamily talking. "Dear little old Bet! Her heart was broken, yet she tried to be so brave. She reminded me of a child trying to hide a hurt finger. It was impossible."

Suddenly she caught in Stan's eyes a look she had seen before, a side-long, furtive glance. She closed her own and her heart contracted with pain. She was thankful for the dim light of the room. She saw again a huddled little figure, hands that wildly clutched the slender throat thru which the beautiful notes, chokingly, tried to come, heard again the pitiful little wail, "Oh Nonie, Nonie! My heart is broken; I thought he loved me, too." Was it Stan? She knew it was.

"He tosses a heart away as he does a bit of glass," she cried, over and over to herself fiercely, as the beautiful strains still hauntingly filled the room.

A PRIMER LESSON IN POLITICS

A Bit of Early History of the University.

By S. A. BULLARD,, Junior in 1874 and '75

THE fall term of 1874 opened Tuesday, September 15th. It took about three days to adjust classes and get the new students into the movements of school life. The old men dropped into the work easily, so these three days were spent in "looking over" the new-comers, sizing up the situation, and laying plans. The three most forceful fellows in the University had been graduated the June before. They had the reputation of being able to succeed in carrying any measure among the students which they set their minds to, if they were agreed among themselves,—and they mostly were—although each had his own method of making his influence count. These were W. M. Wharry, an L. and S. man from Sycamore, I. O. Baker, a C. E. man from Champaign, and an assistant in the faculty, and J. L. Pierce, an L. and S. man from Champaign.

The election for officers of the College Government was by law set for the second Friday after the opening of school. This year the election was to fall on September 25.

When the College Government was chartered by the Faculty four years before and put into operation by the students, it was an unusual and untried method of student control. The General Assembly—the law-making body—composed by the whole body of students, was largely occupied in the early years in amending the constitution and the laws. The General Assembly held a session regularly every alternate Friday afternoon. Adjourned meetings were held on the intermediate Fridays. The year ending June, 1873, was a busy one in the Assembly and the results attained toward the end of the year were changes in the Constitution, making a Senate—an elective body—the law-making power instead of the Assembly, the creation of a Court—called the Supreme Court—for the interpretation and application of the laws, and the creation of a full set of administrative officers. This organization was still further amended during the year ending June, 1874.

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The whole order was based upon the fundamental laws of the State and Federal Governments. The members of the Court were appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. It remained to the Assembly to nominate a ticket composed of two persons for each executive office, one to be elected, and thirty-one for the Senate, twenty-one to be elected.

This election was a great political occasion. It gave the ambitious students the opportunity to utilize their popularity. It was to be held ten days after the opening of school and no time could be wasted by those would-be "leaders" in the field of student politics; so the situation after some agitation soon crystallized into form. There were a number of fourth-year men who were strong thinkers, well versed in the machinery of government and hard hitters in debate. They had taken an active part in the years previous and shared during the last year with the class of 1874 the honors of office in the Government. These were Fred Parsons, Hec. Tyndale, M. A. Scovell, Frank Dobson, Fenn Warner, Dave Barnard, Arthur Barnes, W. S. Everhart, Jim Faulkner, J. C. McCauley, Cal Page, Will Pollock, Ralph Brown, Jim Parks and Clarence Scudder. They felt that during the first term of the new year the third year men should allow the fourth year men to enjoy the honors of elective office. However, there were some third year men who were bright, strong and aggressive and equal to any of the older men in maintaining a measure on the floor of the Assembly or Senate. Jim Mann was acknowledged the leader. He was an L. and S. man from Gilman; always with a smile, even in defeat, ready of speech, apt in wit and sarcasm, and yet showing a cordiality and friendliness withal. Others were George Shawhan, Hote Baker, Charley Kingsbury, Frank Wright, Bill Chandler, Ralph Allen, Dick Hannah, Howard Mann, Will McKay, Art Scribner and J. F. Drake. Of all the juniors the seniors cared for no one's defeat but Jim Mann's, and, since he was the leader of the younger element, if he could be beaten the political sagacity and campaigning ability of the elders would be undeniably evident. So it was agreed that Jim Mann must be defeated and they planned to do so by putting him on the ticket in several

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places, so that his vote would be divided. In making the nominations in the Assembly, therefore, Mann seemed to have many "friends," for his name was placed in nomination for each office on the ballot and when the ticket was completed it was as follows:

THE TICKET

Election on Friday, September 25th, 1874.

For President

F. A. Parsons

J. R. Mann

For Vice President

Fanny. Pierce

Maggie E. Stewart

For Secretary

C. O. Scudder

H. H. Tyndale

For Treasurer

Amanda Campbell

F. P. Dobson

For Prosecuting Attorney

L. F. Warner

J. R. Mann

For Marshall

D. E. Barnard

A. C. Scribner

Then followed the names of thirty-one senatorial candidates, of whom twenty-one were to be elected.

This successful hostility to Mann, and to the Juniors, convinced the younger "bunch" that they had been outgeneraled and with election day only seven days away they caught a vision of fleeing columns, defeat and disaster. Jim Mann had been nominated for the two most prominent offices and with the present ticket there was no hope of success. So a conference was planned on the next day, Saturday, and after a long discussion it was decided to nominate a ticket which would fairly divide the offices among all three older classes of the University, thus popularizing it with the students. In order to place the ticket properly and favorably before the voters the publishing of a paper was decided upon. This

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was called "The University Reporter." They succeeded in getting Jim Parks, a senior, to join with Hote Baker, a junior, as joint local editors, and induced a former student, John J. Crawley, who was not then in any class, but taking some advanced reading in the library, to accept the position of political editor. The first issue appeared on Monday afternoon, September 21st. This announced the ticket regularly nominated, deplored the disposition of a "clique" to attempt to thwart the public purpose and proposed that in the next issue the "Reporter" would present a ticket of "persons of undoubted ability and integrity whom the University citizens could unhesitatingly endorse." The next issue appeared on Wednesday morning, and in it was presented the following ticket:

OUR TICKET

Election on Friday, September 25th, 1874.

For President	F. A. Parsons
For Vice President	Miss Fanny Pierce
For Secretary	H. H. Tyndale
For Treasurer	Amanda Campbell
For Prosecuting Attorney	J. R. Mann
For Marshal	D. E. Barnard
And the names of twenty-one Senatorial candidates.	

The third issue appeared on Friday morning—election day—and urged the success of the "Reporter" ticket. The last issue appeared on Monday, September 28th, and with a spread eagle heading its political page it covered its chagrin by proclaiming its partial success as a great triumph, like some political editors of the then and now.

VICTORY!

DEAD-BEATS TAKE A SALT CREEK TRIP!

Reporter Ticket Elects 22 of Its Candidates.

The officers elected were as follows:

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For President—F. A. Parsons.
Vice President—Miss Fanny Pierce.
Secretary—H. H. Tyndale.
Treasurer—Miss A. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney—L. F. Warner.
Marshal—A. C. Scribner.
And eighteen of its senatorial candidates.

The failure to elect Mr. Mann was referred to as follows:

"L. F. Warner, the candidate for the office of Prosecuting Attorney on the Anti-Reporter and clique ticket, played a very nice little trick in order to favor his election. He withdrew his name as a candidate for Prosecuting Attorney, as was published in the Reporter. . . . It created a little dissatisfaction among two or three of his friends, and Mr. Warner agreed that they should throw the blame on his opponent's shoulders, and they soon spread the report that the withdrawal of Mr. Warner was announced, without his knowledge or authority, through the influence of his opponent, Mr. J. R. Mann. It was a very nice item for the Clique ticket wire pullers, and threw much discredit on Mr. Mann, whom we believe is not capable of so mean and dishonorable an action."

It was thus acknowledged again and this time in the public press that the defeat of Mr. Mann was accomplished by another political coup, which had outwitted them the second time.

This was the most exciting campaign and election ever "pulled off" at the University during the life of the old College Government.

Before closing it should be said that the defeat of Mr. Mann satisfied the older "bunch" and the next term at the election Mr. Mann was allowed to "come back," and he did come back, and to this day seems to be able to direct and control political movements scarcely less ably than any of the great leaders which our National Government has developed during the years of its existence. He now enjoys the honorable distinction of being the leader of the minority in the National House of Representatives and is in direct line for becoming the Speaker of the House.

REFLECTIONS OF A SENIOR

By J. V. STEVENSON



“DON'T let the good things rob you of the best.” No more pertinent advice could be given a student entering the University than that contained in the familiar epigram appearing yearly in the Y. M. C. A. handbook. I remember reading that short statement when I was a freshman, and I wondered long as to its meaning. But I think no one who has passed through our strenuous years at the University can fail to appreciate the sentiment there expressed. It is natural for a senior on the eve of his graduation to look back over the four years of his college course and meditate upon the things that have happened and the things that he has done. And as he so reflects and meditates, what senior is there who would not do some things differently if he had them to do over again?

A student entering the University fresh from high school is virtually entering a new world. He has come from a school where all are intimately acquainted, and every one knows the family history of everyone else, where one student's business is everybody's business. It is no wonder, then, that when he enters college, and sees hundreds and even thousands of strange faces every day, each intent upon its own business and not concerned in the affairs of any other, that the freshman feels awed and abashed. The registration days are as long to him as two ordinary weeks. The intricate mechanism of registration bewilders him. He is sent to various buildings to see various professors, and becomes lost in the maze of campus walks till he has to ask some passerby to direct him to the object of his search. His letters home are voluminous manuscripts, filled with descriptions of the minutest details of his daily experiences. If he keeps a diary, every available space is filled with the daily happenings, and the impressions formed on the campus and in the classroom.

When he begins to attend classes he finds a system entirely different from that to which he has been accustomed. He finds that he is not under the constant care and guidance of the teacher, for much of the time he

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is left to his own devices, and it is up to him alone to determine how he shall spend that time. He hears rumors of hazing experiences, and if he is wise he spends most of his spare time during the first few weeks in his room. The date for the pushball contest approaches. He has heard about that ever since he came to the University, and to him it looms up as the big event of the year. When it is over, and his feet, legs, and shoulders are black and blue from the trampling and kicking he has received, he feels like a new man. He now feels that he is a part of the University. He has participated in his first great "function," has become identified with the men of his class, has had a lot of the rough edges rubbed and battered off, and is now started on his transformation from a high school boy to a college man.

The year is full of new experiences for the freshman. Military, physical training, the athletic games and cheer leading, celebrations, semester examinations, inter-scholastic, and hundreds of lesser activities bring before his eyes a constant change of scene. And through it all he is becoming accustomed to things so that new events no longer startle him as they did at first. His letters home may not be any shorter now, but they speak of the bigger things of college life. They are no longer filled with the description of classrooms, professors and the daily routine. In his diary he now writes only half a page where at first a page would scarcely contain the thoughts he considered worth remembering. When at last June comes, bringing with it the close of his first year in the University, the freshman can look back upon a year that has brought him more new impressions and ideas than any previous year in his life, and has made a greater change in his viewpoint than any succeeding year will do.

The student enters upon his sophomore year in an entirely different frame of mind from that he held only a year before. Assurance has taken the place of uncertainty, humility has given way to arrogance, and he who so recently was timid about asking for information now gives it grudgingly and haughtily to the inquiring freshman. It has been the same old story since the beginning of time that he who groans the loudest under the yoke of oppression becomes the heaviest oppressor when

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once his neck is freed from the yoke. The student who fought hardest against being hazed and was loudest in his condemnation of the custom when he was a freshman, is often the most active and most fiendish promoter of hazing now that he is a sophomore. His every effort is directed toward making the freshmen feel their humiliation, never seeming to remember that he himself is but little removed from his freshman year and has many things yet to learn.

To my mind the sophomore year is by far the most dangerous year in the whole college course. The student as a freshman was merely awakened to the great possibilities before him. As a sophomore he feels these possibilities directly within his reach, and has not yet learned to control himself and direct his energies into the proper channels. In his freshman year every happening was entirely new to him. As he starts in his second year he finds that as far as University activities are concerned, the year is to be merely a repetition of the previous one, and as the events on the University calendar pass by him he is no longer so intensely interested in them from a spectator's view-point because the novelty in a measure has worn off. What, then, is he going to do to keep himself interested in the activities of the University? The answer is simple. He must become interested from the point of view of a participant—he must become a working part of those things which appeal to him. So it is that the sophomore commences to push himself into prominence.

His first attention is given to politics. He has heard political situations discussed by upper-classmen until in a great many instances he comes to believe that only through politics can he make a name for himself in the University. So he allies himself with some group of men who believe that they have the "inside track" on all political affairs, and feel that their influence is strong enough to bring about anything they desire. They do not have the conservatism and restraint that experience finally teaches them to use in political affairs, and they go after political jobs in much the same way that a mammoth advertising firm goes after customers. Nothing is too spectacular for the sophomore in politics. Signs

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posted in all prominent places, tags bearing catchy phrases worn by ardent supporters of the candidate, automobiles to convey the unwilling voter to the polls—all the devices known to modern “ward politics” are welcomed. The election is usually, not always, of course, won by the candidate who can make the most spectacular showing, regardless of his own personal merits. The members of the successful organization are as jubilant as though they had accomplished the greatest feat of the age, and immediately they map out a program of political campaigns for the remainder of their college days. Occasionally these organizations live beyond the sophomore year, but in most cases they die of internal parasitism within a very few months.

Of course it must not be understood that the sophomore confines his attention entirely to politics. He is a potent factor in athletics, in literary work, and in every branch of student life, for his aggressiveness and ambition usually make a place for him wherever he chooses to go. It is unfortunate that in so many cases the sophomore does not realize this fact and depends upon winning recognition through some political “pull” instead of winning a more desirable and lasting prominence through some avenue of merit. It is because of this fact that I say the dangers of the sophomore year are greater than in any other year of the college course. Fortunate indeed may the student be who listens to the advice of older brothers or friends who have been through the experience before, and know the importance of maintaining a correct attitude during this critical period. And happy may the student be who passes through his sophomore year fairly active in University affairs without having formed any alliances or entered into any relations that he will have cause to regret in the years to come.

At the beginning of the junior year the student must begin to assume some of the dignity of an upper classman.

He now looks upon the scraps between the sophomores and freshmen as an interested spectator, and he begins to regard as trivial the things that before had loomed up with such seeming importance. If he has been active in general student affairs, he continues his

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activities along the same lines, rarely "breaking in" to many new fields of work. If he has been in politics, he continues to take an interest in the outcome of elections, but his political work as a rule is a little less spectacular and a little more fundamental than that done in his sophomore year. It is now that he begins to realize the value of closer application to his school work, if he has neglected it somewhat in the two previous years. If he has applied himself well, however, and has learned the proper methods of study, he now finds that much less time is required for his work. His life as a rule has come to be a settled thing, as far as classroom and campus activities are concerned. To help occupy his time, to furnish new points of interest, and to better round out his education, he now gives more attention to social affairs, and the historical "Prom" is the result. The junior in a way holds an enviable position. He is freed from the spirit of subserviency necessarily attendant upon an underclass man, and he has not yet assumed the responsibilities that naturally fall to the lot of a senior. He has little to do but develop to the best of his ability in the lines of activity that he has undertaken previously.

Near the close of his year the junior begins to realize the fruits of his labors. If his conduct has been such that he deserves recognition he is elected to membership in honor societies of one kind or another, is given offices for the coming year, and has responsibilities of various kinds placed upon his shoulders. At first these may seem to him as mere decorations of honor, and he may accept more than he can carry out efficiently, without realizing the full import of his new responsibilities. It is probable, however, that he will find time to look after all of the affairs in which he is really interested and if he accepts no other charges will experience no serious difficulty.

The course of action of the senior is quite clearly mapped out for him. Everything that he does he assumes as a matter of course. As a rule politics do not interest him as a game. He votes at all elections because he has "caught the habit," and feels it a duty. But unless some personal friend is a candidate for office, his interest in elections is only passive. He plays foot-

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ball, he sings on the glee club, he goes out for debate, simply because it is his line of activity, and he feels that he owes it to his University to do what he can. He regards his studies in the same matter-of-fact way. He is no longer afraid of his professors, nor of his courses, but takes it for granted that he must pass in all of them. Social affairs may claim a good part of his time, but they have not the all-absorbing interest that they possessed for him a year before. In short, he feels that he is on the "last lap" of his college career, and is about ready to undertake the more serious duties of life.

It is but natural, then, that the senior should pause and reflect upon his course of action during his stay in the University. He has learned a lot of lessons in the bitter school of experience, and in almost every case there comes to his mind the wish that he had taken a different attitude at some point in his college career. It is interesting to note the attitudes taken by various seniors toward their past actions. To find the general trend of opinion the following question was put to twenty representative seniors: "If you were entering the University as a freshman, knowing the things you now know about university life, what changes, if any, would you make in your course of action?" This question was asked of men in every college, and in every student activity, and the answers should indicate pretty well the general sentiment among seniors.

Fifteen of the seniors questioned said that they would put more time on their studies if it were given to them to repeat their course. Eleven would mix more among students and become better acquainted in the early part of their course. Four would concentrate their attentions to one or two of the big things of college life, and not become engaged in so many of the lesser activities. None of the twenty seniors questioned were perfectly satisfied with the plans they had followed. These answers indicate a large majority of seniors who would lay more stress on scholarship and a slight majority who regretted that they had not come to know more students during their stay here. Nearly all of those who gave the latter answer made it plain that they did not desire such an acquaintance for any political reasons, and did not want to make it through the medium of politics, but

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merely desired a wider acquaintance for the sake of friendship and the benefits derived from associations with their fellow students.

The criticism is often made of our University men that they are engaged in so many activities that they cannot give any one of them the attention it deserves. That this fault is realized by the seniors to a slight extent is indicated by the fact that four of the answers received were aimed at this condition. However, the fact that more of the men questioned did not make this reply shows that the great majority of them would engage in as many or even more activities if they could lay their plans again. Some organizations and activities at the University suffer because the men at the head have their attention so divided that they cannot give each interest the time and energy that it merits. Are we then to discourage men from entering so many activities, and urge them to concentrate more and more upon fewer and more definite lines of work? If we do this we are urging them to forego one of the chief advantages of a university education, namely, the broadening influence it has on our lives.

It seems that all of this trouble would be obviated if men would realize when they become identified with any movement that it not only confers honor upon them, but that it also lays responsibility upon their shoulders. To accept offices and positions of prominence merely for the honor they confer, is the height of vanity, and it were better that a man should receive no recognition at all than that he should be allowed to decorate himself with honors when his only aim is to gratify the selfish ambition. Within reasonable limits, any ordinary college man will find time to take part in any activity in which he feels vitally interested. It is true that when anything must be done it is the busy man who will most likely find time to do it, and the mere fact of his being interested in many other affairs will cut no figure if his mind and heart are really set on accomplishing a certain result. But if he is doing something merely from a sense of duty, if he is filling an office merely through a feeling of obligation, that office or duty is bound to be slighted, no matter how few other interests the man has at heart.

The senior, then, must realize, as no one else can

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realize the truth of that statement "Don't let the good things rob you of the best." Don't let the feeling of exultation you have upon becoming a sophomore lead you to fling caution and reason to the four winds of heaven and become identified with interests that may later reflect to your discredit. Don't become so active in politics that you forget the fundamental object of your presence in the University, namely, to get an education. Don't become so engrossed in your work or so fixed in your routine existence that you neglect to get acquainted with your fellow students and make the most of your friendships. And lastly, don't accept positions of honor and responsibility unless you feel in your own heart that you are vitally interested in the success of the activities to which those positions belong.

CORYDON TO PHILLIDA.

BY BERTHA BOURDETT'.

The twitter of birds cuddled under the eves,
The low lullabye of the wind in the glen,
The purling of rills in the shade of the leaves,
Are lyrics, I love them; but given my choice,
I would take for my song just the sound of your voice.


The flashes of stars stealing out in the gloom,
The glisten of moonbeams that dance with the tide,
The sparkle of dewdrops that hang on the bloom,
Are all without blemish; yet nowhere there lies
Any light half so pure as the light in your eyes.

The glint of the gold on the upland at dawn,
The flash of the flower as its petals unclose,
The shimmer of blue in the fount on the lawn,
Are beauties I treasure; yet even the while
Do I think nought so rare nor so dear as your smile.

So here's to the song in your voice that is mine,
And here's to the light in those eyes I adore,
And here's to your smile that is more than divine;
Yet give me your heart and its sorrows I'll keep,
For there's nothing so sad as your tears when you weep.

A YEAR AFTER THE ACQUITTAL

By C. K. WHITE

YRUS LANGFORD was standing directly in front of his bureau mirror. Startled at sight of himself and at the same time rather strangely attracted, he noted the deep, purple rings under his tired eyes, too tired for a man of twenty-eight. He looked ruefully at the mussed hair; he smiled grimly at the cynical lips. He carefully surveyed himself from head to foot and the mirror cast back from his face a look of regret. It made him different from other men; it made his handsome face remorseful; it made him peculiarly sensitive to the opinions of others. It made him wonder at the streaks of gray in his thin brown hair, at the all too deep wrinkles in his high, imaginative forehead. It prompted him to wonder if the past year had been the entire cause of his youthful old age; for he had suffered the anguish of a decade in a twelvemonth. And the jury had freed him.

Wide-awake he sat down in an easy chair and rested his chin in his hands. Shifting strangely lady-like fingers to a delicately pointed chin, he remained tense, like one trying to recall a night-mare and to sound its significance.

Suddenly he started as if a ray of truth had burst in upon his clouded consciousness.

"Just-a-year-ago. So it is."

Clumsily he proceeded to dress; his head felt swollen and his hands thick and numb.

For many nights past—indeed, throuout May and April, he had not enjoyed an hour's sound sleep. His patients were not entirely to blame for since he had hung out his "Physician and Surgeon" in Rockville, he had not been flooded with calls. His "auto" seldom needed repairs. There was no single reason why he was not more prosperous; this spring sickness and death were just as prevalent as in previous years; neither had Dr. Langford a repelling personality. He tended his few patients assiduously. The elevator boy in the Monadnock

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Building saw him often, as he very frequently entered thru the office door, labeled,

"H. C. POWELL, Attorney at Law."

Few people knew little else about him.

Upon his visits to Mr. Powell, the remaining partner of the law firm, Henry C. Powell and Derwent Thornton—the latter had met a violent death within the past year—he engaged that half-unsympathetic, wholly business-like barrister in conversation concerning Thornton. This Monday morning after a bored greeting, Mr. Powell began:

"Still dreaming of the murder, eh? It was a strain, the trial and all. Brace up, its all over now. What if it was your penknife? No jury would convict you."

"It's not that; I know I am innocent, but who believes me?" Langford rested his chin in his hands.

"Everybody."

"No, they don't. I feel I am shadowed, suspected, convicted. It was my penknife after all."

"Don't be a fool."

"Fool?" Langford raised his head. "But he was such a boon companion; a charming fellow, sympathetic and affectionate."

"Not so much that. Silly and sentimental. He might have had a nice little wad out of that Crosby will, but the old lady burst into tears, and, well, Thornton played her accompaniment."

"No one but a Guggenheim would have robbed the heart-broken widow."

"My boy, you don't know a thing about it. You're a mere child. Get into the spirit of the age. Money, first; money, last; money, always. The end justifies the means; never saw it fail. You can't—"

"Can't call that life. That's inhuman, brutal, pagan. It means death to character; it means a dwarfed soul."

"Soul? Ah, that's for the next chapter. Just now we're in the first, which reads succinctly, 'Money, somebody; poverty, nobody.'"

"By heaven, you're wrong." Langford laboriously arose. With a look of scorn he carefully measured each word. "Powell, you're a leech; Thornton was an honest man. You would suck the blood of the helpless; he tried to make it course thru the veins with a spirit of youth."

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You succeed, grow rich, are respected; he got along, lent a helping hand, was hated, foully ambushed. Who kissed him?"

"He kissed himself goodbye, when he wouldn't accept that Crosby velvet."

Scarcely noticing the interruption Thornton went on, slightly impassioned. "Happy are they who rob and pilfer the weak, for their's is success, ease, long life, and honor. You win your case, Powell; I am convicted, sentenced, executed by my own stupidity."

Suspiciously Langford stole out of the office. A strange laugh echoed after him down the hall; it was the laugh of the successful mocking him who fails.

Leaving Powell's office he struck out for his rooming house. In the gloom of the fog and drizzle he felt as if he wanted to lose himself; he fought with himself to be swallowed up in the world.

Once in his room he shifted his eyes all about him. He reached for a blue-bound book, tenderly opened the cover, glanced at the fly-leaf, and gently placed it back on the shelf. He took from a rack on the wall a thick-caked briar pipe; he carefully surveyed it, held it up before him, put the stem in his mouth, and then slowly rehung it. Suddenly he reached for a photograph on his bureau, seized it, sank into a leather rocker and closed his eyes. With his elbow on the chair-arm he supported the picture. Dreamily he opened his eyes and stared at it. Thus he remained for nearly ten minutes with scarcely a trace of emotion. His face told nothing. At length he arose and laboredly replaced the photograph.

Half turning he seized his coat, thrust his arms into the sleeves, humped it onto his shoulders, stood erect, snatched his hat and fled thru the door. Into the street he went, walking rapidly. He hoped he would meet no one. He was disappointed, for he had gone but a short distance when just ahead of him a large form, made larger by the mist, advanced toward him.

"Howdy do, Doc. Fine day, huh? Business ought to be good this kind of weather; oof, oof."

Langford would not have known the man had it not been for the fat chuckle, which in his consciousness seemed to be separated from the present by a wide gap.

Now he started; he had heard the same, sonorous,

unfeeling voice some eight months before wheeze out the words, "The jury returns a verdict of not guilty." In a metallic voice he returned the judge's greeting, bowed his head, and continued on his way.

"One-year-ago," he murmured, as his feet from force of habit turned toward his office.

Filled with repulsion he noticed the people about him, the sloppy, filth-tracked walks, the hurrying vehicles, and the dirty, yellow cars; he heard the clanging bells, the screech of a siren, the honking auto horns, the "giddaps" and "whoas" of the teamsters; he saw grimy men and shabbily dressed women threading their way thru the crowd, and he was filled with a great loathing. Not the slightest disagreeable sound escaped him; some seemed to come from another world, and the real things seemed unreal. He saw a barking dog which seemed to have three heads; he saw little streams of muddy water which appeared to swell into a smooth-flowing river, covered with small boats, crowded with curious faces. He was buffeted this way and that, and wandered aimlessly up and down. Until three o'clock his tall, rather muscular form, in a light suit, now dark with the drizzle, was seen traversing the streets, like a man who wanted to be with the crowd.

He found relief neither in the crowd nor the gloom of the day. As he started upon his way homeward, he turned a corner and came face to face with a flashily dressed woman of about thirty-two, comely and graceful, chattering coquettishly with a young man hanging to her arm. The two, mutually engaged, did not see the doctor who stopped short. After the couple had floated by Langford followed it long with his gaze. As it disappeared, he groaned,

"By heaven, she's——" the exclamation was lost in a choke of rage.

Painfully he turned up his coat collar and lapels, then he shoved his hands deep into his pockets and faced about. Coming toward him in all the eagerness of a street gamin, darted an excited newsboy.

"Extra, mister, extra? All about the discovery of the Thornton murderer."

Quickly, yet tremulously, the doctor seized the newspaper, thrust a nickle into the boy's ready hand and

rushed past. He simply hurried on; he did not even think where he was going. His head was bursting with the single interrogation, "Shall I read it?" In his mind the arguments pro and con were at battle. He talked to himself; he reasoned; he grew angry; he cursed. Yet he could not let himself read what he knew would relieve his mind of a great burden.

He stumbled back to his room and laboriously mounted the bare stairway. No sooner had he entered than he sank exhausted in the leather chair, his hat falling to the floor. Resting his elbow on the chair arm he looked at this empty hand as at a photograph. He remained in a mishappen heap for perhaps half an hour, when he awkwardly arose, passed to his surgical specimen closet, opened the door, and began automatically to finger and to rattle the bones of a skeleton.

Among his specimens, vials and bottles, Langford toyed; he pulled out dusty drawers, raked among stray bones, examined his instruments as a child, thoughtlessly and without an interest in his play whatsoever. Frequently he would stop, look up, and listen, as if he heard familiar tunes whistled or a well-known footfall approaching. In his rambling he came upon the knife which had been used in evidence against him at the Thornton trial. He clutched it nervously, opened the blade, ran his thumb lightly along the edge. It was keen and sharp. He closed it and thrust it into his side-trousers pocket. For some time he continued to sift his instruments.

Suddenly, with an indescribable expression upon his face, he snatched his hat, hurried thru the doorway and down the stairs. Once outside he noted half-abstractedly that the sky had cleared. He turned into a road leading out of the city to the westward. After a fifteen minute walk he came to a high hedge fence, paused and surveyed the grounds. Not a hundred yards away, strutted an officer in blue, gaily swinging his leather-covered club.

Langford, seeing he could not avoid him, continued on his way. As he passed, the blue-coat greeted him with:

"Howdy, Doc. It's great after the shower, eh?"

"Yes," said Langford curtly. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he had met this same man in a strange

predicament. Far away in a sort of dreamland he heard the same frank voice, he felt the heavy hand upon his shoulder, and some one spoke to him in a curiously gentle voice; then he saw himself following blindly and the man seemed large and comforting.

At last the doctor came to a gigantic, white-barked tree, overhanging the hedge, and sat down beneath it. He stretched himself upon the soft grass, and watched the blood-red sky slowly fade into all shades of purple and blue. Darkness was fast approaching, and what had been a gloomy day was departing in a haze of lurid tints, as if making up for its late depression.

Langford's consciousness, like the sky, clouded and blackened, and over it, as his thoughts turned to happier days, shimmered flashes of light. Had anyone been near enough, he might have heard him murmur:

"A-year-ago," and something about

"Poor Thornton. Justice? A damned hoax."

Then for a long time awful silence gave every sound an echo, and the cry of a stray bird seeking a secluded roost and the plaintive call of the night hawk were repeated, softened by the murmur of the leaves overhead.

One could scarcely recognize objects a block away, when Langford reached into his side trousers pocket and pulled out the penknife. He drew back his arm to throw it. It was no good to him now, for everyone knew he was innocent; then he seemed to hear Powell laugh heartily. He was attracted by the glitter of the nickle-plated tip. He toyed with it, opened the longest blade, saw it gleam, and smiled like a child. Then he clumsily bared his breast, touched it with the sharp point, and pushed the blade gently into the soft white flesh. He felt no pain; curiously, he seemed suffused with intense happiness.

At last he felt the prick of the knife and he smiled a strange, sweet smile.

He pushed it deeper.


FRESHMAN THEMES

(Editor's Note: On these two pages will be printed, from month to month, such freshman theme work as in the opinion of the Magazine and of the English department best deserves reproduction.)

I.

ATTIC SHADOWS

By MADELINE MONTRAY

N adventurous sunbeam glided stealthily into the tiny attic chamber, tripping lightly over the white cot, the stool, the small deal table with its scant array of dishes, and the little shrine on the wall; then it rested tenderly on the slim, worn hands holding the rosary. The hands belonged to a slightly built old woman in a coarse calico dress, with a white kerchief crossed over her breast, and a muslin cap nestling among the white, softly waving hair which framed her face; a face emaciated, yet with a gently firm mouth and sad, dark eyes, full of charm. She was lying wearily back in her chair, her features strangely pale. She seemed to be gazing at the shrine, where stood a statuette of the Virgin, before which glowed a small red lamp. At each side stood glass candlesticks holding only candle ends; and just below the shrine hung a picture of a young man with frank glad eyes, belying the weak, sensous mouth. As she glanced now at the shrine, now at the picture, the beads slipped slowly, one by one, through her fingers—"Hail Mary, full of grace"—a pause and the whispered words, "Surely the letter will come soon,"—"blessed art thou among women,"—"he has never once forgotten."

The shadows began to creep silently out of the corners, and the little sunbeams fled before them. Then, with the greatest difficulty, the woman raised herself from her chair, and tremulously lighted the candle ends. "The letter must come before they have burned out!" The beads began to click again, "Holy Mary." She gazed no longer at the shrine or the picture; she was looking into the past, the bright, sunny days of youth mingling with the gray days of old age. Then, as the

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candles flickered up and out, the beads clicked for the last time:

“And the young days and the old,
With their quiet prayers did meet
When the chaplet was complete.”

The little red lamp filled the room, for a moment, and with its crimson glow, and then it, too, went out.

II.

OUR TROJAN

By LUCILLE NEEDHAM



WILD as an Indian, strong as a horse, with a face like a cherub, vim like the opposite, and a hoarse mannish voice, is Harold at six years of age. He is demonstrative to lawlessness. What though he lives next door and sees one on the average a dozen times a day? Each encounter must be accompanied by the same hearty greeting,—which is accomplished in this way: his Cupid's bow mouth expands in a seraphic smile, his big, brown eyes—so deceptively gentle—begin to dance, his yellow curls almost stand erect, and he literally throws his chubby self on one's neck, climbing up one's body as a cat grapples its way up a tree, and hanging with grip of iron on one's neck during vociferous rejoicing.

He made his debut into the scholarly world this fall. At noon on the first day he came tramping into the house with a proud, triumphant smile on his dirt-stained visage, his head high, chest inflated, hands mannishly in his pockets. One sleeve of his waist was slit far up and drooped, exposing a white, plump shoulder, his knickerbockers were crusted with mud, and one stocking was hanging miserably about his ankle; but all this would not detract from his righteous, ecstatic elation. Taking a dramatic position before the assembled family, with the air of a king bestowing a benediction, slowly he drew from his pocket the dimpled, grimy right hand, and regally extending it, displayed the scars of war—a scratch. “I licked three!” he said; and there fell upon his spirit a conqueror's peace.

"ME UND MY FIVE SCHMALL KINDER"



AMONG the iron-workers it is a not uncommon practice, because of reasons pressing or trivial, to slip on a new name as often—or perhaps oftener, than a new coat. Under old Ball's regime, so ran a story yet told the apprentices, one laborer had toiled, in the intervals of exodi far afield, under six aliases; but ever since, in the days that marked the accession of young Ball as foreman of the Vernton foundry, a much-wanted criminal had been nosed from the drying-pit, applicants' names had at least to match their appearance. So when "Johann Schmidt," nose obviously of Russian Hebrew bent, asked for work, I at once commented. I may as well explain that I am clerk in the foundry office.

"Yes," carelessly assented the boss, "he's no Dutchman. Say he's worked here before, too? All right." "Get out, now," he added to the cringing foreigner.

"I neet the yahb," humbly vouchsafed that worthy. And indeed, if a dirty straw hat and soiled gray trousers in late November be a sign, he did.

The boss swung heedlessly away through the chipping-shed door, which, as all laboring Vernton knows, leads through dirt and dust to the foundry proper. "We don't need *you*," he returned.

Schmidt, or whatever might be his birthright, was evidently no novice to our methods. Most men would have got out, then and there; the boss's boots are thick-soled, and he has been known to use them. Schmidt did, in fact, go out one door and, by a simple turn,—in another. The second led to Ed's throne of honor, a huge drill-press befitting the sub-foreman of the chippers.

"*He* say," ingratiatingly commenced the Jew, pointing with his thumb over-shoulder toward the office, "gif me yahb!"

"Yep," briefly commented Ed. Hastily wiping his hands on some waste, he took the lead into a long, cavern-like apartment. And in a few seconds Johann Schmidt, soon to be No. 433, was busily engaged in knocking away roughness from the finished castings.

Had Johann Schmidt, alias, as memory and a dogs'-eared pay-roll of six months gone convinced me, Abram Zinckowics, proved a poor worker, his farther tale would be unrecorded. We should never have heard the wails of "Me und my five Schmall Kinder" changed to laughter. But a *good* chipper, who cleaned instead of ruining brake-shoe and column,—over his mid-day pipe the boss told the joke on himself to the other foreman. And, "Art," he in the afternoon instructed me, "give Schmidt 433; guess he's no *forger*."

Heavy November skies bred December snows; January ice grew February slush. And still, though two-thirds of the chipping-shed personnel sought warmer climates (one unfortunate through the medium of a great belt), Johann Schmidt stayed and chipped. When the cold heavens deepened the natural gloom of the shed and electric bulbs shone like glow-worms, he chipped; when for a fleeting instant the sun pushed its way through the grime of the windows he chipped. Greater praise hath no chipper than that. Johann prospered, too, and saved from the daily dollar and a quarter; else how should he have worn clean overalls each Monday, and a new black slouch hat? Even his cheeks filled out beneath the shop's black, and the hook of his nose seemed less forbidding.

One noon, while the other workers were yet champing their rye bread and bologna, or sucking their banana, Schmidt happened to come first and alone to the water-faucet. Then it stood in a corner of the office.

"Hello, Zinckowicz," I greeted him. While I had kept close my discovery, I had not been without a mild curiosity.

Were this a romance, I should write "His knees sank beneath him," "He turned as if shot," or some other time-worn formula dear to the hearts of romancers. Only this is fact, and nothing of the sort resulted. Disappointing as it may be, Schmidt merely choked. Alas!

Alas, too, that on her first memorable visit I neither saw the ample bodice of "Me und my five Schmall Kinder", nor heard her wail of cruelty and desertion! That was reserved for the clerks of the great front offices; in any event, I was in the foundry, checking off the numbers of wheels. But, to change the person of Caesar's

famous message: *venit, vidit, vicit*. By the might of brawny arm, well-muscled through use of wash-tub and mop-bucket, she swept aside, "bedad and she did, like I was any fly," the timid and lazy gate-keeper; by the contempt in a hybrid vocabulary she daunted the porter who played Cerberus to President Lear's velvets and mahoganies; and by dint of multitudinous tears and much bodice-shaking she impressed even that throned personage.

"I am Mrs. Zinckowicz. Mein husbant (ach, der böse Karl) works here; I vill him." Thus, amid huge sobs, she began.

More coherently, perhaps less forcibly, her cataract of rage and grief kept falling. The tale was simple; he who has been among the iron-workers has heard it often. A brute husband—a hard-working wife—comeliness sacrificed to tub and mop—"eins, ach Himmel, fünf Kinder"—a handsome chit—desertion. "Und ach, fünf Kinder—five Schmall Kinder!"

"Ich hab'—es war ein Jahr—gearbeitet—vashed!" Thus Mrs. Zinckowicz lamented dismally. Der böse war gone. Ich weiss nichts. Gestern kommt ein Mann und sagt mein husbant here. I vill him." And ever rang the punctuating refrain: "Mein five Schmall Kinder."

The deluge showing signs of ending, Lear, motioning back the officious and scandalized porter, called to the assistant book-keeper. "Have we a Zinckowicz working here?"

"Better send to the foundry," suggested the amused vice-president. He has a Juvenalian sense of humor.

So to the foundry came Jim, the colored runabout. "Zinckowicz, Abe Zinckowicz, she says his name is. Gee, she's a whopper," he ended his tale.

"We haven't any Zinckowicz," the boss, after consulting the roll, returned. "Must be mistaken." As I have said, I who held (or thought I held) the key to all the pother, was in the wheel-foundry.

The knowledge I bore arrived too late. Heaving bodice and tear-marked cheek, she of the "five Schmall Kinder" was gone. Schmidt, too, who in consequence of a recent promotion to the place of a "helper" in the foundry, could go early, had also left.

"Never mind," commented the boss, "we'll get him to-morrow. She gave her address."

Inwardly I wondered what the Vernton powers *would* do with him "tomorrow". Could they make Schmidt love that mother of "five Schmall Kinder?" Had they even a legal right of coercion? Still, as Tom the pattern-keeper remarked, it would be "fun." "I know 'em," he sagely confided to me, "she'll tear his hair and want to scratch his eyes out, but he'll get 'round her. He ain't bad-lookin'—for a Sheeny. But after that she'll lick the mud off his feet. I know 'em, I tell you. When a Dutcher marries a Jew, look out! Whoopee!"

To-morrow, however, brought no Johann Schmidt, no Abram Zinckowicz to pass before the tiny window in the office wall, and call his number. Hair and hide, he had vanished, not only from shop, but from the berth fastened against a wall in a bed-room in Kinska's boarding-house. "Heard about it and skipped town," was Tom's laconic explanation.

Nor did "Me und my Five Schmall Kinder" return to weep and lament. Back to tub and mop, intent on the securing of bread and lard for her hungry progeny, passed Mrs. Zinckowicz. If the other hands knew anything, they hugged it close.

In June our little drama touched its final act. The iron, heaped over-head high about the long, brick walls of the foundry, cast back, as it always does upon certain late June days, a heavy heat that wearied one's eyes and could sear one's fingers. In the one-story office, level with the black dust of the streets through the shop-grounds, besides, figures that would not reconcile were tormenting us. And so, when, just after a hope of success had but led to renewed failure, across the uncarpeted floor fell a shadow, the boss looked up angrily. I think he wished the intruder to be a worker. I know I did; thunder that crashed elsewhere would spare me.

But the foreman stopped open-mouthed. I, too, stared. For the shadow was that of Zinckowicz, alias Schmidt, father of "five Schmall Kinder" and husband of one woman, no doubt at the time bending above scalding suds. A Zinckowicz, it is true, much paler and thinner, with black slouch hat showing a sickly green and trousers that seemed the soiled gray ones of dull November—yet unmistakably Zinckowicz.

"I neet the yahb!" It was the old, whining formula.

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The boss was fairly speechless. "A job—a coat of tar, you mean," he yelled. "Get to hell out of here!"

And this time Zinkowicz would have got. Of a sudden, however, the boss recalled the man's wife. "No," he amended, "we'll take you on. Ed'll put you on your old bench. 'Phone to the office, Art."

A few minutes more, and, while, with much light-heartedness, Johann Schmidt chipped away amid the familiar roar and soot, a message had flown to Mrs. Zinkowicz. In another hour, her ample self squeezed into the telephone-booth, she was awaiting, with none-may-divine-what sentiments, her recreant "husbant."

Zinkowicz, apparently, misinterpreted the summons of authority as a discharge. At the news the fond fancies of sauerkraut at Kinska's flew anxiously away. "I neet the yahb" his shabby form, as he sidled through the office-door, expressed yet more plainly than the oft-iterated appeal. The words themselves were only shaping when—

"Mein Abram, ach, mein Abram," cried Mrs. Zinkowicz, emerging Juno-like from the entry—though even Juno would have been hard pressed to preserve breath and dignity in those narrow quarters.

Zinkowicz's action was a puzzle. His face, as his eyes took in this astounding apparition threatening to engulf him in a vast embrace, displayed chiefly blankness, at most dull surprise. In shops where he had worked women, save fairies from the blessed regions of the rich, were seldom or never to be seen; but then, who knows, bosses were a law unto themselves. Meekly he turned away. "I neet," he plead before employing majesty, "the yahb!"

What the boss would or might have done I scarcely know. Probably, for he was quite purple with vicarious wrath, kicked Zinkowicz through the door. But suddenly our attention was drawn to Mrs. Zinkowicz.

After the first wail, she had quickly passed through quivering astonishment to petrified amazement. Slowly recovering,—*"But das ist nicht him—nicht him,"* she roared. *"Ach Himmel, mein Abram war gross—so gross!"* In her vehemence she signified a giant whose head must have been inconvenienced by the cobwebbed, twelve-foot ceiling. Then, screaming the old refrain of

"Me und my five Schmall Kinder" she sank to the floor and sobbed—such sobs as made her wobble jelly-like.

Between the semi-hysterical Mrs. Zinckowicz and the vacant-faced Schmidt, by degrees we gathered the story. Schmidt had not always been Zinckowicz; once, in Buffalo, until on a glorious christening-night at some friend's he had broken a chair over a "dear cousin's" head (said head going post-haste to the hospital, the while its damager fled Ohioward on a freight), he had been Isaac Karstenstein. The name of Zinckowicz? That, since his imagination was not over-agile, and he was imperatively summoned to find a new title, he had culled from the letter of an Austrian aunt, who wrote to ask news of a former acquaintance, the *true* Zinckowicz. Yet why Schmidt? That Karstenstein would not tell; only—"I liked not the name of Zinckowicz—I vas told he vas bad; vhen I a second time vorked here, I named meinself yet again."

"But," he suddenly and amazingly ejaculated, "I vill marry her. She iss goot vife—surelee! I vill mak' her happy."

Throughout Karstenstein's earlier recital "Me und my five Schmall Kinder", her head bowed on her knees, had been inattentive. Sobs and occasional muffled references to "mein Abram" were all that came from her. Now, like her upper-class sisters, at the mention of marriage, she lifted her head and looked. "Ach, nein," she immediately wailed, "mein Abram war gross—so gross!" Again before our astounded fancies the twelve-foot giant reared his bulk.

Karstenstein was undaunted. "Und ich bin klein," he valiently returned, his fascinated eyes dwelling on the ample bodice, "yet vill I lof you—ach wei himmel. Er war böse—ich soll gut sein." The remainder of his wooing was lost to our ears.

"Sure, he'll get her," replied Tom to my next day's questioning. "And it won't be long, you can bet."

"Nor was it. Two months later, as Karstenstein called his number, I marked a scientifically blackened eye. "They haf broken with silver thalers thus many, many plates, and ve haf beer—viel beer," he proudly announced. All which, Tom interprets, means that "Me und my five Schmall Kinder" has taken to her ample bosom a second spouse.



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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For the cause of humor at Illinois, heretofore championed only by meager columns in the daily and the yearbook, the appearance in the lists of a distinctively humorous monthly is now announced.

Its purpose, bold enough when we consider that it is unsupported by any organized coterie of wits previously existing in the University, is "to imitate *Life*" in the same collegiate field in which many other institutions support comic magazines. Such an enterprise richly deserves to succeed, and it would seem that enough energy and ability might be found latent among four thousand students to support it; yet no one has failed to predict for its backers a trying task. Any observer of undergraduate pleasantries at the fraternities or boarding clubs will understand the fundamental difficulties before the publication. Our students have not the impressionable and vivacious cast of mind that is frequent among the more luxuriously bred easterners; and even where we turn to the lighter view of life our wit is of a broad and homely sort almost impossible of transformation into literary form. The *Siren* must better the quality as well as the quantity of our humor

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before it can succeed; it is to be hoped that the editors will preserve some very definite ideals, and will by no personalities or vulgarity forfeit their claim upon our support.

The men's literary societies at Illinois have so long belied their name, existing merely as forensic clubs, that

The Literary Societies

it is pleasant to see the girl's societies leading the way back to a broader appreciation of the possible field of usefulness for such organizations. Why the masculine mind should confine itself to a consideration of ship-subsidies, commission government, and universal suffrage, and never roam beyond the pale of current social or political events, is hard to understand. We suspect that only a proper initiative on the part of the program committees is needed to interest them at times, as the girls are already interested, in the novel of Wilkins or the plays of Mackaye. From such considerations it is but one step further to original essay and story writing, which are surely within the province of any circle styled "literary." Such innovations would greatly enrich the color and variety of the work done by the societies.

In his book on American universities Mr. Slosson reverts to his own college days, when the warmest of all undergraduate discussions were upon Browning and Ibsen, then faint morning stars in the literary heavens; and to his teaching days, fifteen years ago, when he still found students willing to avow enthusiasms for Frank Norris and Rudyard Kipling. Today, as others beside Slosson have deplored, the focus of college men's deepest interests has shifted from subjects literary and shows few signs of returning there. When, however, societies that have named themselves "literary" never glance at a work of fiction nor concern themselves with anything related to the field of letters, it would seem high time to regard forensics not as the rival, but as the enemy, of literary work, and to attempt to bring the two into a proper relation with each other. If the department of English recognized and cultivated these societies as has the department of Public Speaking, the task would be in a fair way toward accomplishment.

Those alumni who boldly attacked the annual Home-Coming on the ground that it would diminish the attendance upon the class reunions at Commencement would probably be amazed to learn that one object—unavowed, it is true,—of its founders was to relieve the pressure of visitors upon the University at that time. The alumni having made their attack, however, the defenders of the Home-Coming have not lacked courage to join the issue with them upon their own ground. Many graduates of the College of Agriculture, they say, cannot leave their farm work, in the spring; many business men are making preparations for their summer vacation; many others require the attraction of a great athletic contest to draw them back to Champaign. These should all be given a chance to return and meet their fellows. The advantages of a fall Home-Coming to the undergraduate community, moreover, are worth consideration. The alumni are offered an opportunity to infuse their own boasted spirit of loyalty into the student body; students past and present are permitted to establish a unifying *esprit de corps* that shall extend beyond the bounds of mere campus association; and finally, the many diverting activities of the autumn are crowded into two days so as to consume a minimum of the students' time.

The Home-Coming this year, through some lack of foresight on the part of the Athletic Association or the Union, is held too late; and the vagaries of an inclement climate may mar much of its success. That it will again justify its existence, however, and finally justify the proposal that it be made an annual affair, there is little doubt. If it actually proves true that it injures the quinquennial reunions of Commencement, there seems little practical objection to the transference of the latter to the autumn date. Eastern class reunions have always been held in the spring because they were instituted at a time when both business and college life differed greatly from the present; but we need not slavishly follow Eastern custom. Enough scattered alumni would still return in June to give our graduates the necessary inspiration in starting out upon the way of life.

SEEN BY THE WAY

A COMMENTARY UPON STUDENT ACTIVITIES



HAZING has come and gone; the normal number have been marched before the Council and have been suspended or expelled; the pushball contest has yielded its usual number of life injuries; and the football season, fraught with unusual bad luck for Illinois, is coming to a close.

Home-Coming is almost with us. Thanksgiving and Christmas are just around the corner. Ushered in by a blizzard, the activities of winter will have begun. Dancing, cards, yarns, the chafing dish, voluminous communications to the Illini, and long-winded, non-convincing discussions of an evening have come to their own. Nearly everybody has begun to study, and the wheels of the educative process are, in general, working well. The thing, however, which is now engaging much of the attention of the students is the second Home-Coming, which promises to be an annual affair.

A notable feature of the Home-Coming this fall is the opposition to it by certain alumni, who think that the fall meeting will work injury to the class reunions at Commencement time. What the effect of one upon the other will be is hard to say. The fall gathering, as yet, has not offered the same sort of entertainment as the June meeting, and owing to the fact that one sort of alumni come for the purpose of a reunion proper and the other principally to see an athletic contest and the connected activities, it may be that both will be supported. This is the happiest outcome of the problem, for no one wishes to see one built up at the expense of the other.

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The advent of *The Siren* into University journalism is an attempt to fill more adequately the students' demand for humor. The editors feel that the stinted support which some of the other publications have received here is due to the fact that they do not touch fully enough the interests of the average undergraduate. Like last year's May Festival, it is not a case of parsimony but of the want a sympathetic interest. If *The Siren* can gain this interest it will never perish for lack of financial aid.

Looking at the affair from an impartial viewpoint, however, it seems a poor economy of effort that there should be a new magazine. We are already over-organized in college journalism. Whether *The Siren* succeeds in attracting support away from the other publications or not—and it cannot fulfill its purpose without doing so—each one of them will struggle on under a competition already too great.

If the *Illinois*, the *Technograph*, the *Agriculturist*, and the *Siren* were all combined they would still be smaller in volume than an ordinary popular monthly. For many reasons it is not likely that this could be done, but they could be operated with less expenditure of time and money if two or more would amalgamate, and no worthy material would be lost in the process.

Several of the student organizations this fall have made, as they do every year, optimistic promises of carrying out certain activities. Little attempt will be made to live up to some of these promises, and at the close of this year many of them, as usual, will not have been carried out. The average undergraduate soon learns to discount or wholly to discredit such insincere pledges, and their only ultimate effect is to disturb his faith in the entire organization.

For instance, in the case of a smoker, the organization often promises, in diction as bad as its faith, such things as "big feeds," "good speakers," and "good smokes." Even the freshman, however, may be morally certain that the ginger bread will be soggy, the

THE ILLINOIS

"good speakers" tedious, and the "good smokes" a cheap mixture. He does not rise up in indignation, and call the pledges untruths; he simply takes them as necessary lies and as a matter of course. Not to call to account any particular organization, but to give some idea of how little confidence the student body places in such stories, I lately asked several representative students if in their opinion, Lincoln League would carry out its promise to have a band and quartet at its most recent smoker. Most of them openly declared that there would be no band and one was willing to put up money to that effect, while only four thought that some effort to secure musicians would be made even if Merriam came. The promises were not carried out and no one seemed surprised.

If student organizations, in this connection, would for a moment believe that undergraduates are wide-awake, they would stop making indefinite and extravagant promises. If they could be made to see that definite and honest press notices are in the end more effective, they would change their policy to one which would inspire true confidence.

At the recent football excursion to Chicago many of the students living in that city entertained their fellows from the country. With **Student Democracy and Common Sense** conscious pleasure they exhibited their familiarity with metropolitan life in the same way in which the country student takes pleasure in pointing out upon the South Farm that this animal is a Holstein, that a Durham, this a Shropshire and that a Merino.

The trip afforded another opportunity for breaking down the traditional misunderstanding which has always existed between the students of rural and of urban birth. Such a visit should supplement the influence of the University in giving these two types of undergraduates a more intimate knowledge of each other's mode of life. If, through their mingling with one another, they cannot gain this more sympathetic interest for each other, they have lost a valuable bit of college training.

The force of this has just been brought out strik-

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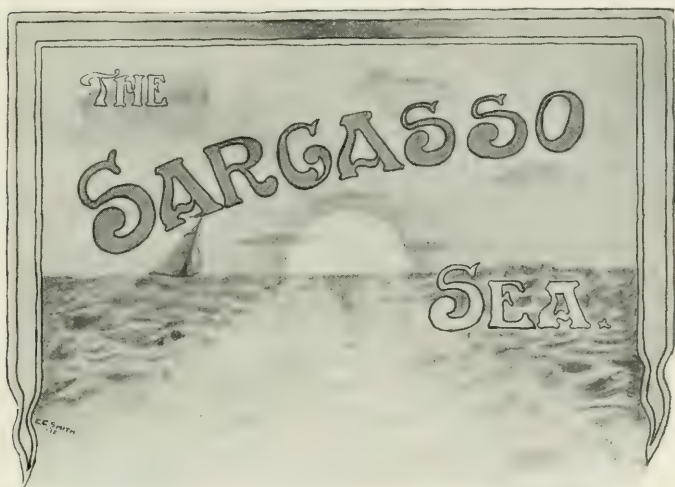
ingly twice recently when, with unmistakable sincerity, an upperclassman remarked to me: "Frank, I would as soon be a criminal as to be that sun-burnt rustic across the street." On another occasion, in maintaining that the autumn weather was not bad for everybody, the same man was heard to say contemptuously: "Fine for farmers, I suppose."

This feeling of contempt is all wrong. It is a view too narrow to be held by any University man worthy of the name. If a graduate of the Agricultural College leaves Champaign with the idea that one is seriously deficient who does not know how to hitch up a horse, and the suburbanite believing that it is better to be a criminal than to be tanned, University life has failed to instill into them common sense.

F. C. D.



ILLINOIS STARTS THE SEASON



CASEY HOMECOMING JONES

A student named B. Jerome Cumming was wild
about Autumn Home-Coming;
So he got out his pen,
Ink, paper, and then
With vigor, set this poem humming:

Come on I tell yuh' Lou uh' an' uh' take uh'-look,
Re-mem-ber th' days when you come-an' took
In-struct-ion at this-uh' good-ole school,
An' uh' busted ev-ry single undergraduate rule.

Chorus—

Home-come-un—
Oh ain't yuh' comin' back too!
Home-come-un—
Uh' she'll 'be swell I tell yuh' Lou!
Home-come-un—
Uh' sure we'll see er all through,
An' I tell yuh' old head—uh' you're uh' comin' back too!

THE ILLINOIS

"THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE."

BY RUBHARD GITLING*

A husband named Anderson Chaucer,
Whose wife was too much of a bossier,
Said once to his son:
"I'm a son of a gum,
If I don't send her back to her ma, Sir!

The fact is that Anderson Chaucer
Forgot that his wife might say "naw, sir;"
And so sure enough,
She dealt him a cuff,
And scared him to death with a saucer!

*Copyright 1911 by Rubhard Gitling and The Turtle Publishing Co.

NONSENSICAL FICTION

Black Rock—Fountain in front of Main Hall.
Somehow Good—Lincoln League.
Great Expectations—Grass in front of Lincoln Hall.
Unleavened Bread—Del Harris' mince pies.
The Return of the Native—Vic Mathis.
The Common Lot—New A. A. Field.
The Seats of the Mighty—Front row of Auditorium stage.

"LOOK UP AND NOT DOWN"

"'Look up and not down.' Um yes. I never realized how much that meant to me until my principles were put to the test."

"Yes?"

"'Twas a bright windy morning in April when—when I made my first bet."

"I see."

"I made a bet with another fellow that—that—

"Go on."

"—— That I could climb the Armory flag-pole."

THE ILLINOIS

THE COMMON-SENSE INFERENCE

"Table d'hote or a la carte?" inquired the obsequious waiter.

"I want somethin' tuh' eat first," replied the hungry boiler-maker.

SOME MODERN TINTINCANULATIONS

Hear the tingling, cheering bells,

Class bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they jingle, jingle, jingle,

In their joyous ringing might!

While we students thrill and tingle

With a whoop-hurrah delight;

For the welcome happy peal,

Warns the prof to stop his spiel!

Ah, the tintinabulation that so musically wells

And the pell-mell, pell-mell,

Pell-mell spells,

That we do indulge in at the ringing of the bells!

SPEAKING OF CARTOONS DID YOU EVER SEE

1. A skating scene without a danger sign stuck in somewhere?

2. A snoring scene without "z-z-z-z" inscribed in the vicinity of the snorer's mouth?

3. A campus scene without the "Keep off the Grass" sign?

4. A hobo scene without a tomato can?

5. An Irish scene without a clay pipe?

6. An English scene without a cane?

7. An unsigned amateur cartoon?

THE QUALIFIED EXCELLENCE

"The supreme excellency is simplicity—

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*Except clothes.

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HOW ABOUT THIS, CHARLES HENRY?

The noted speaker in the Chapel was becoming more and more eloquent as he launched himself into a bit of verse:

“Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee,
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things——”

An ear-splitting crash from the music school!
After a physician had succeeded in restoring to consciousness the noted speaker, the meeting adjourned.

OLD, ALAS, BUT STILL ABLE TO BE AROUND.

“Distance lends enchantment to the view.”
Lincoln Hall back yard.

Biblical consolation for the sea-sick:
“Cast thy bread upon the waters.”

BUT WE DO, JUST TH' SAME

There is so much ugliness in the best of us,
And so much beauty in the worst of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us,
To admire the rest of us.

THE PLUS-ULTRA CONSCIENCE

Friendship above all ties,
Doth bind the heart—
Especially if your friend
Does *hizzerher* part.

NOT SPEAKING OF DISABLED QUARTERBACKS

Farewell, oh farewell, but whenever you give
A thought to the days that are gone,
Of all the tough luck that in memory lives,
Let a thought of the Chi game be one.

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AFTER GRADUATION SKETCHES



THE DOMESTIC-SCIENCE GIRL RETURNS HOME

CALENDAR

- Oct. 13—Sophs repent; scrape off props. Main Hall bell tolls for convocation.
- Oct. 14—St. Louis shown. Juniors remember that "Every dog has its day."
- Oct. 16—Red Willmore honored; made sheriff of moot court.
- Oct. 18—Chi ticket sale, soph hat scandal, round ag-barn excitement, and Library romance.

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- Oct. 19—Sophs and freshies scrap over dummy cremation.
Oct. 20—Primer boys can't push ball far enough.
Oct. 21—Hymn No. 143, "The Night is Dark, and—"
Oct. 24—Farmer's Ball tickets going fast; dancing schools crowded to the ropes.
Oct. 25—Joel's comet with twenty-degree tail emblazons heavens.
Oct. 28—Commercial Smoker. There, there, Flossie, we should not have taken you. Those stories were too exciting for little girls.
Nov. 1—John Gossett stops wearing his crash Britisher.
Nov. 3—Shorty Webb entertains papa, and Phi Psi's, Sigma Nu's, and faculty hold annuals.
Nov. 4—Pur-doesn't it, Lincoln League smoker, Pete Cartwright explains who supported him, managers pass out the student directories, and Prexy packs valise for trip across the brine.
Nov. 6—P. T. begins. Didn't know you had so many muscles, did you?
Nov. 8—Doc Buck tests bombs at Carlinville. Distance lends enchantment, etc.
-



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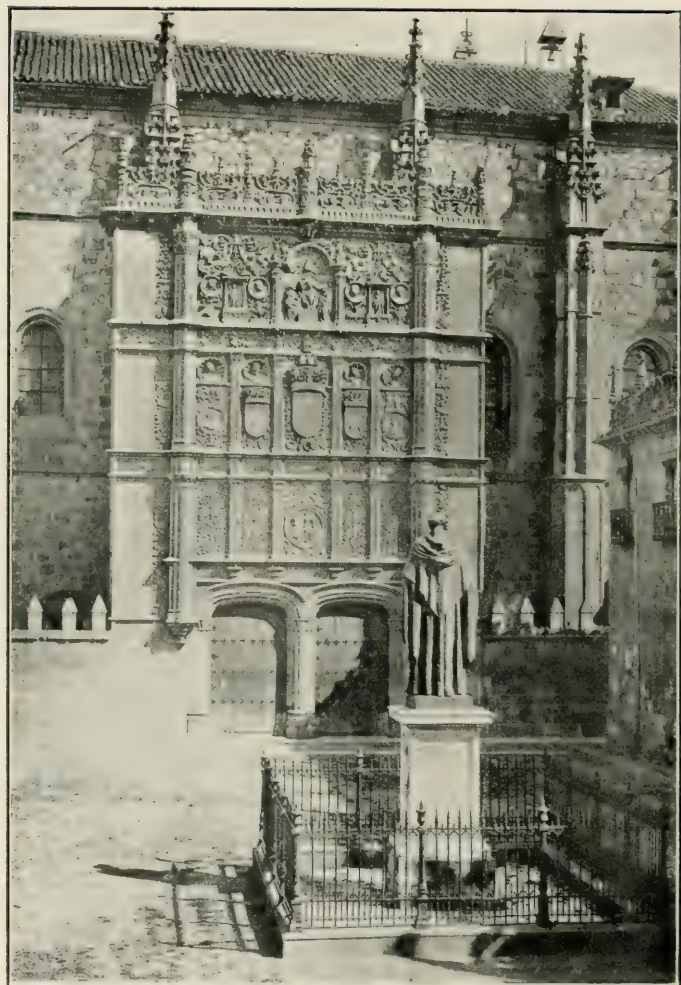
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CASH STORES

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PORTAL OF UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA
BACK OF STATUE OF FRAY LUIS DE LEON
Photographer not known.

THE ILLINOIS

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THE COLLEGE GRADUATE IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

By H. M. BEARDSLEY

Ex-Mayor of Kansas City

THE college man is a trained man. He should be able to see where untrained men overlook; to reason to a right conclusion better than any other men. He should have all his abilities better in hand. For all this, he may be a selfish man. The superior ability to see the way and to accomplish results may be used by him for his personal gain.



H. M. BEARDSLEY

But this ought not to be. Every college man is debtor beyond other men to all these sources from which his training comes—owes a debt which can be paid only in service rendered to his time. He ought also to rejoice above other men in having part in the accomplishment of public good, for he should see clearer than others that such use for his faculties is their highest use. And when men have seen the highest, no meaner good should tempt them.

The public service has need of trained men. If we speak of men specially trained, the fact is recognized by all. We cannot have any sort of thing well done except by trained men. Furthermore, the accomplishment of the common good is not to be attained alone by persistent effort urged on by a noble purpose. There is no place where intelligence is more needed. We have

found that in our effort to help men, we may be undermining their powers for self help; that in all lines of work for public good we need the scholarly methods; those of the laboratory, the finding of the facts, and then determination by careful experiment of the results which can be attained.

There are then fields of effort for the common good which appeal to and claim the life of trained men and women. These are to be life occupations, and into these employments an increasing number of our college graduates will go. All that attracts men to mechanical or civil engineering, or architecture, or agriculture, or chemistry, or law, makes its appeal to those who think of choosing as a life work service of their time in the many fields opening up along that line. There is call for the use of all one's trained faculties, for investigating, experiment, and reasoning; and there is room for all the play of the desire in men to accomplish things worth while.

Our care of the poor was sometime since a matter of almsgiving. Now we seek to know the sources of poverty. These are not to be reasoned out theoretically; they are to be sought out by actual inquiry among those who are bound down by it. We will learn the origin of this thing. Then we will set about to remedy the evil. In that we will remember we are dealing with human life, and we will have clearly in mind what the product is we desire to secure.

Here are many evils that grip the social body; we will know how they arise and seek out the cure.

We did think that we might with courts of justice and prison walls and bars alone stamp out wrongs against the body politics. But we know better now. We will find out wherein crime has its origin. We will prevent the criminal act, destroy the criminal instinct and desire. There lies a great field for research and for constructive work.

Is it not clear that along all these lines we need trained men?

I delight to think when I see the groups of buildings upon a college campus, or watch the army of students come and go, that we have here not only the place where those are being taught who shall build our bridges.

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raise our great buildings, develop our material resources, expand our commerce, but as well those who will grapple with those problems which concern our common life and help in the construction of a better society.

I cannot forget, if I would, the enthusiasm which was here at this great University in its beginning, when the thought that learning was to be brought into the shop and field and work its blessing there was yet new. With the same feeling of enthusiasm I consider what may now be done to carry these blessings of learning into the heart of all the places where men toil; and help to work out for them the problem of wholesome, noble living.

But those college men and women who will give their lives to work which has to do directly with the public welfare are few in number. The great majority will go out from college to enter into the business of professional pursuits. Is there a call for these? Have they a part to perform? I cannot doubt it.

Our people are bound together in a social body. We must have for the working out of our social problems, a righteous, wise, public opinion. College men and women must be leaders in shaping this opinion. That demands interest in political and social questions. It would be true under any form of government that the working out of social and political problems should not be left to a few of the people. Much more under our democratic government must the people understand and take direct part in shaping the course of events. The tendency with us is toward a more democratic form of government. The increased use of the initiative and referendum and recall, are evidences of this fact. Public opinion is, under such conditions, the controlling power. Legislators, executives and judges alike must be influenced by it. It is of the utmost importance then that public opinion shall be wholesome, just and progressive. That opinion is the result of the common experience and of the common thinking. Those men then who are best trained to see and to think are of most value in helping to reach a just public conclusion. We must not think that the public conscience or the public judgment attain best results without aggressive acts and words. No let-alone policy will do. That one who can

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see best and speak most plainly, must see and speak in order to draw out the best thought and speech from others.

This need not be done necessarily by speech on the public platform or articles in the press. One expresses his judgment to his neighbor, and a process of education has been begun. For neighbor will speak to neighbor and the good word keep up its work.

Again, let no college-educated man think he can be a negative quantity. If he will attend to his private affairs only and let his genius and culture have their play there alone, he has said to his neighbor of lesser opportunity that the public interest is of minor importance, in fact, of no special importance at all. Under such a public belief all sorts of bad government and evil social conditions may exist. Let your educated citizen on the other hand show in clear ways his interest in public questions, make sacrifices of time to understand them, and take occasion to express himself concerning them, and he has helped to magnify their importance. They are seen to be worth while. They will be understood to be the prime matters. We need not fear results under a democracy where all citizens recognize the importance of the problems which concern their common life, and are willing to make sacrifices of time and effort in their solution. How else, in a democracy, except by such common service, can the problems be solved?

And here, again, let me emphasize the importance of the part the educated man will play. I can never be a pessimist in these things. I have seen too often the power in shaping things which a few may have, who on their side have insight and reason. They count for little of course if they keep aloof until the evil has been done, and then criticise and complain. That is not a difficult task and requires no great amount of patriotism. But if these shall be in at the beginning, shall say before the thing is done, what ought to be, there they will be heard and their influence be felt. Wrong will always fall before right, if right really engages its forces in the contest. But how shall right win if those most competent for service are not in the fight?

I would not appeal less earnestly to college men than

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we have appealed heretofore for the exertion of their best effort to win success in their business life. Let it be clearly understood what the prizes are which may be won. Give a full understanding of the marvelous material advancement of the age in which we live, and let it be understood that the accomplishment of greater things lies just ahead.

But let no man misunderstand the dangers that lie there. The invention of labor-saving machinery greatly multiplies production. Wealth increases in geometric progression. No truth is more clearly written in history than this, that the struggle for wealth and the delight in luxury destroy the best purposes in men's lives. It was not so great a task when forests were to be felled, prairies broken, deserts watered; a heroic battle fought at moderate gain to conquer and domesticate the forces of nature. But to keep uppermost the noblest thought and purpose, to make wealth minister to higher life rather than to greed and loss of integrity; these are tasks in the attempt at the fulfillment of which nations of other days have failed. If we shall succeed at them in our time, we will need that the best brain and the noblest life of our best citizenship shall be enlisted in the contest. Let those who more than all others are helping to produce wealth, see to it that the result of their lives shall be a blessing and not a curse to mankind. I put no other obligation above this. I lay it most heavily upon the mind and heart of the college man.

I know the student body of the University of Illinois from its beginning, and am certain that as a whole they are in those places where they live having their part in public life. Some day some one with pen more able than mine will write the record of their deeds as an incentive to others to accomplish still better things.

THE SUMMER BASEBALL AGITATION

By OTTO E. SEILER



SINCE the big revolution in 1905 no question has so stirred the Western Conference as the one regarding summer baseball, which is now being seriously debated by every member of the "Big Eight." Both students and faculty at most of the conference institutions seem to be in favor of letting down the bars in baseball and giving the college players an opportunity to make money during the summer months. Although there are no doubt many arguments in favor of such a change, it seems to the writer that there are more things against it; the matter has been considered to a great degree from one side only, as well as from a prejudiced point of view.

It seems that the real question in view is not, "shall the baseball men be allowed to play for money during the summer months?" but, "shall we have *professional* or *amateur* athletics at our colleges and universities?" It hardly looks logical, and it certainly is not fair to allow the baseball man to become professional, and at the same time try to hold the football or track man within bounds. If the baseball man is given the above mentioned privilege it will be impossible to hold down the other branches of athletics. But, some say, the baseball man has more opportunities to make money, while the other branches could be more easily held within bounds. This argument proves nothing, however. Because the baseball man has more chances is no reason why other athletes should be forced to slight the few chances they do receive; and surely if the athletic authorities are unable to enforce the present "Big Eight" rules, and set a precedent by giving way, because they admit the clause cannot be enforced, how do they expect to keep the other branches of athletics as clean from professionalism as they have been up to the present time? They admit their lack of ability to control their own rules and laws!

Cases have come under my personal observation in which football men have had the opportunity of making from \$50 to \$150 for playing one game of foot-

ball. These same men constantly have opportunities to officiate at games, or to coach nearby high school teams, which they could conveniently do and still carry their own 'varsity football work. Track men could go into the Dakotas, Montana or any of the Northwestern states and make excellent money by following fairs or meets in those parts of the country. Perhaps they would not make as much as do the baseball men who constantly go to the same states, but a track man could very easily make a great deal in this manner. Can the conference conscientiously bar these men from accepting money, if the baseball men are granted the above mentioned privilege? By asking this question it seems that the problem at once resolves itself into a matter of *amateur* athletics versus *professional* athletics. The baseball factor is only a big question of a bigger question, and to the writer it seems that if we let down the bars in baseball we deal amateur athletics in our universities a deadly blow.

With all due respect to the opinions of "G" Huff, I do not believe that the failure of the universities to enforce the present rules constitutes any argument that that rule should be suspended or so changed that the men will henceforth be protected by a law or regulation in doing what formerly was the breaking of the same rule. Because cheating at the University of Illinois is prevalent at the present time; because the faculty for years have been unable to gain control of it; because from the present outlook it will at least be a half-decade more before cribbing and dishonesty in the classroom can be properly checked—all this is no reason why this same faculty should let down the bars and allow anybody to cheat that wishes to, and we might say that more men are cheating at our universities than are playing baseball.

Perhaps to some the comparison does not seem a fair one, but in reality there is little difference. The college athletes know the rules, and they are supposed to have enough sense to interpret them correctly. Furthermore, it will be seen that most athletes accused of professionalism have violated the rule after they entered college. At Illinois, at least, the athletes are all required to sign eligibility blanks in which the question is asked whether they have ever used their athletic skill or knowledge to gain money. When an athlete writes "No" after this state-

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ment, even though he *has* received money, and then signs his name to the blank he is putting his signature to nothing more or less than a "white lie." Evidently if conditions are as bad as they have been pictured the sense of honor among college athletes, and especially among baseball men, must be pretty low. Honor is honor, and honesty is honesty; we can not slip by such acts and still call the men who commit them honest and honorable. The athlete has signed his name to what he knows is a lie, and no one can be blamed except that man himself. It seems that it would be far more profitable to fight this question out along another line, and absolutely try to clear up the matter without letting down the bars. The athletic authorities are as much at fault as the athletes themselves. They have known that professional men have been competing on their teams, but the principle has been, "Let the others find it out, then we shall act, and not until then." Let the authorities make examples of the men who violate the rules just as the faculty does with men who are caught in dishonesty in the classroom.

It seems a very strange thing that the conference should do away with the training table, when one of the main reasons for doing so was because the men were getting better board than they paid for; or perhaps getting board that they did not pay for at all. The conference called this professionalism, which it was. But now it seems that this same conference must be consistent, for there is very little difference between getting seven dollar board for four dollars because we play football, and getting a monthly salary because we play baseball.

A suggestion has been made to eliminate all of the above discussion by separating baseball from the other branches of athletics. But there can be no doubt that in so doing college athletics would suffer a severe blow, for in almost every conference institution we find that the star baseball players are also the stars on the other teams. We have only to mention a few here at Illinois. Jake Stahl is no doubt the greatest baseball player that we have ever produced. At the same time he is given the distinction of being one of the two greatest guards who ever played under the Orange and Blue colors. Carl Lundgren and "Jimmie" Cook are far-famed Illinois baseball players, and yet both were star football men, the latter being

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one of the two best ends who ever played football at this institution. Rothgeb was baseball captain in 1905, but he starred on Gills' track team, and was given the position of all-Illinois end, as the best man who ever played end in Illinois football history.

Had Michigan lost Neil Snow through baseball she would have sacrificed the services of one of the greatest ends who has ever played in the west, as well as a consistent and valuable point winner in track meets. Chicago would have sacrificed Eckersall, in the minds of many critics the greatest football player she has ever had. (Unless he had remained out of baseball.) We could look over our baseball teams at Illinois for fifteen years past, and on almost every team we should find valuable baseball men who are equally as valuable in other branches of sports. I believe the student body would dislike to see the services of many of these baseball men lost to the other teams. There is no doubt but that the track, football, and basketball coaches should not want to lose the services of some of the best candidates.

The writer sincerely believes that there are athletes who have kept themselves free from professionalism, although it has not been an easy thing for them to do. To a great many athletes, also, amateur athletics mean a great deal, and it would be with much regret that they would see the amateur factor given up. Perhaps the average student wishes to see the bars let down in baseball, and yet I hesitated to agree with the assertion after talking to students "pro and con." There is another sentiment to be taken into consideration beside that of the college student, being that of interested observers outside the colleges. It is a question open to debate how the public at large would consider the commercializing of athletics. It seems to the writer that throughout history athletics have had a place in human activity and as far as my knowledge goes there have been many other greater and bigger sides to real sport than the commercial, but the latter certainly is gaining the upper hand in our present day.

I am not trying to "knock" professional athletics, but I do say that professional athletics and athletes are out of place in college competition, and should not be admitted. Many athletes who are not baseball players have a hard time getting through college. In many instances

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they could go to college two years, and then stay out a year to coach in a high school (such positions are plentiful) and make enough to finish their college careers. This is their right if baseball men are catered to, and it is to be hoped that the athletes in other branches of athletics will unceasingly demand the same privileges if the bars are lowered for summer baseball. I say this latter because I think that even if the "Big Eight" adopts a rule to allow baseball men to play professionally during the summer months, it will prove unsatisfactory sooner or later, and the contention in other branches would help bring about more quickly absolute amateur athletics in university and college competition. I believe amateur athletics belong within college competition and should stay there. Perhaps we cannot keep our teams perfectly clear from professionalism, but with greater effort they could certainly be kept much clearer than at present. Because the principle has been violated is no reason at all why the principle should be given up as bad. The rule is not bad; let us look elsewhere for the bad part, and by all means keep amateur athletics in our colleges.



ALCALA UNIVERSITY; FACADE MAIN BUILDING

SPANISH UNIVERSITIES

By JOHN D. FITZ-GERALD.



ALTHOUGH Spain's position today in the world of scholarship and learning leaves something to be desired, it is not entirely without distinction, as witness such world-known names as Echegaray, the mathematician and civil engineer (not to mention his other fields of distinction, for he is a man built on the generous lines of our own F. Hopkinson Smith); Menéndez y Pelayo, the genial humanist and eminent critic and historian of comparative literature; Menéndez Pidal, the well-known Academician, who is the leading authority on Old Spanish linguistics and literature and who recently lectured at many of our American universities; Altamira, the historian and leader of the University Extension Movement in Spain; Cosío, art critic and historian, and recognized authority in educational matters, who founded the Instituto Pedagógico-Nacional (the Teachers' College of Spain); Cabrera y Latorre, the distinguished young zoologist who is in charge of the collection of mammals in the National Museum of Natural History and whose services King Alfonso recently recognized by dubbing him a Knight of the Order of Alfonso XII; Ramón y Cajal, one of the greatest of living histologists; Unamuno, the literary Rector of the University of Salamanca; Mariscal, the psychologist; and Bonilla y San Martín, the historian of philosophy and literature.

But if, despite this brilliant galaxy, Spain's position in the world of scholarship and learning, as already admitted, leaves something to be desired, her record in the past is splendid, and can be pointed to with just pride.

In the days of the Roman domination, before Universities as we now understand them had come into existence, but when great scholars drew about them by the magnetism of their personalities groups of choice spirits who wished to hear their message, we find the Rhetorician Seneca the Elder, who was born at Córdoba B. C. 60; his son the Philosopher, Seneca the Younger, who was born B. C. 3, also at Córdoba; and Quintilian, the author, among other things, of the *Institutes of*

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Oratory, who was born at Calahorra A. D. 35. Leaping over several centuries, in order not to make our list too long, we find Isidor of Seville, who died in 636. He ranks with Boetius and Cassiodorus as having been one of the most important influences upon the general culture and literature of the Middle Ages. His greatest work was the *Etymologiac* or *Origines*.

Under Jewish and Moslem influence Spain presents to the world another phase of scholarly activity. The late Major Hume, in his work *The Spanish People*, briefly summarizes as follows the importance of their rule:

"The period now under review was the commencement of that in which Spain did a priceless service to the world. It was the Jews of Cordova who first restudied the sciences and philosophy which the Greek's had adapted from the learning of still earlier civilizations. They were followed in time by the Arab scholars; and the universities of Moslem Spain became centres of culture where the knowledge of the ancients was translated by Jews and Arabs into their living tongues, to be transmitted in other languages in due time to all the nations of the earth. At a time when Europe lay in darkness Cordova was the home of the exact sciences; astronomy, mathematics, medicine, botany, and even surgery, were studied deeply and patiently; and thus, centuries before Erasmus was led back to the original fountain, the clear rill of Greek learning ran unchoked through Cordova to the rest of the world."

At this same period, Zaragoza and Toledo were worthy companions to Córdoba. Unfortunately for Christian Spain, torn as she was by religious bitterness and racial hatreds that were centuries old, she was herself less influenced by the sciences and ancient learning of these great Jewish and Arab scholars than was the rest of Europe, especially England and Italy. Mention has been made of astronomy, than which no science fell into more profound neglect in Europe after the decline of Greece. The Arabs took naturally to the study of astronomy and Córdoba took it up in rivalry with Bagdad. Early in the eleventh century the astronomical and optical discoveries of the astronomers of all the rest of the world were surpassed by those of a

Spanish Arab of Córdoba, Al Hazen. In the twelfth century we find the even more famous Averroës, whose glory it is to have been the translator and reviver of Aristotle.

His works were eagerly translated into Latin by English, French, and Italian scholars, and hundreds of disciples of his philosophical ideas were to be found in the universities of Oxford, Paris, and Padua. Although the philosophy he taught belonged simply to the school of Aristotle, his ideas on natural, revealed religion were of immense influence in bringing many scholars to adopt broader theological views, and ultimately they were effective in simplifying and purifying the Christian faith.

But the debt of Spain and Europe to the Spanish Arabs is not limited to these recondite matters. Although I find no specific records to that effect, I believe there is circumstantial evidence to show that, the Spanish Moors being past grandmasters in the art and science of irrigation, intensive farming (with rotation of crops), and floriculture, there must have been some sort of institution akin to our American College of Agriculture or Government Agricultural Experiment Station. The irrigation canals and system built by the Moors in Andalucía and Valencia, for example, have never been surpassed, and in fact the old Moorish canals and conduits are still doing duty after all these centuries.

But long before the final conquest of the Moors with the fall of Granada in 1492, Christian Spain had felt the same impulse that was moving the rest of Europe in the direction of what for want of a better term we may call scholarship and learning in a sense more nearly akin to the modern use of those words. Late in the twelfth century, or early in the thirteenth, (he became of age in 1170 and died in 1214), Alfonso VIII of Castile founded a university at Palencia, but the bitter hostility of the inhabitants and of the ecclesiastical authorities, and the keen rivalry of two powerful colleges (controlled respectively by the Dominicans and the Franciscans) forced it to close its doors by the middle of the thirteenth century.

Before the complete failure of Palencia, Alfonso IX of León, at the beginning of the thirteenth century,

founded at Salamanca a university that was to have a longer and more glorious career. In 1242 Saint Ferdinand, the reconqueror of Sevilla, confirmed and increased the foundation made by his father. By a royal cedula of 1252 Alfonso the Learned paid the salaries of the masters from his own purse, and in 1254 founded its Library, which thus becomes one of the oldest in Europe. So rapid was the rise of this new university that as early as 1255 Pope Alexander IV counted Salamanca, with Paris, Bologna, and Oxford, as the four great universities of the world. Thus, of the universities still in existence in Spain, Salamanca is the most ancient.

At this period there was another powerful scholastic movement personified by one man, than whom few scholars in the history of the world have exercised so far-reaching an influence. I refer to the famous Christian scholar, Ramon Lull, (1235-1315), who was born in the island of Majorca. His influence upon the mediæval Christian universities cannot be overestimated. It surpassed even that of Averroës, and it is due to him that the universities of Oxford, Paris, and Bologna introduced the study of the Oriental languages. He passed his whole life teaching and preaching throughout Europe the truth of Christianity as demonstrated by logic and reason, and thus of course came into sharp antagonism with the philosophy of his great predecessor Averroës.

In 1300 the intellectual movement was felt in Aragón, the kingdom to which Lull's native island belonged, and Jaime II established the university of Lérida, so that in matters of science his own kingdom might no longer be a tributary of his westerly neighbors, Castile and León.

In 1310 came the foundation of the university of Murcia, which lasted but a short time, and being thus wholly without importance is none the less interesting from the mere fact that, at this early date, with the Kingdom of Granada just to the westward still in the hands of the Moors, the Christians should have been able even to establish a university in this southeast corner of the peninsula.

A few years later, to make amends for the fiasco of Palencia, Castile again forges to the front and Alfonso

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XI in 1346 secures a bull from Pope Clement XI establishing a new university at Valladolid. It begins with ten chairs, and one hundred and fifty years later has thirty-four. Its rents meanwhile increase enormously and in the sixteenth century it is one of the three *Universidades Mayores*, Greater Universities, of Spain. Pedro IV of Aragón, not to be outdone, establishes the university of Huesca in 1354, thus really putting his kingdom in the lead so far as mere numbers go, for Aragón had two as against one each for Castile and León.

Then for more than a hundred years there are no foundations of importance, with the possible exception of Barcelona in 1430; but as we approach the sixteenth century this movement seems to take a new lease of life. Hitherto a few Kings gladly and enthusiastically worked to get from reluctant Popes the necessary authorisations. Now every one, King and Pope, great princes and nobles of State and Church, and even municipalities, lends a helping hand; and it would almost seem as though this universal rage for learning were due to a presentiment on the part of the whole nation concerning the greatness to which Spain was to be called in the two hundred years that lay immediately before her.

Aside from what Queen Isabella did to aid and encourage directly the University of Salamanca, mention must be made of her other scholastic activities. Whenever she was in Salamanca she attended courses at the university, and not as a tyro; for after the war with Portugal she had learned Latin (from a scholarly woman, Doña Beatriz Galindo, surnamed *La Latina*), which was then the language of the schools and of diplomacy. She insisted that her daughters be taught Latin, and imported for that purpose two Italian scholars, Antonio and Alexandre Geraldino. According to the testimony of the Valencian humanist Luis Vives, the princesses profited by their instruction, and spoke and wrote Latin perfectly. Nor do these constitute the whole list of Isabella's activities in favor of higher education. For the training of her son, the unfortunate Prince Don Juan, she chose Fray Diego de Deza, (later Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain), who taught him the beginnings of grammar and the humanities.

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A little later she tried to give the prince some of the advantages of public instruction, and chose for him ten youths to study with him, five of his own age and five older. It should be noted in passing, however, that the democratic idea at the bottom of the public school system was only in part carried out, since she chose only youths from the foremost families.

Alongside of this privileged school she created another, a kind of peripatetic school, which was housed in the palace and changed its seat to follow the movements of the court. The influence of this school can hardly be overestimated. Open to all the sons of noble families, it soon brought about a change of feeling toward learning. Where formerly the nobles had disdained any education that did not concern the profession of arms, they began to feel that the example of their Queen and Princes, the earlier and almost forgotten example of their own splendid Marqués de Santillana, and of the ancient Romans, all of whom "associated the glory of letters with the glory of arms" really represented a higher ideal for them to live up to. Even the women caught the fever and the list is very long of those who pushed their studies far beyond the usual limits. A few examples must suffice; Doña María de Mendoza, who belonged to one of the most powerful families in all the Spains, and knew Latin and Greek; the Condesa de Monteagudo and Doña María Pacheco, who were granddaughters of the aforesaid Marqués de Santillana; and Doña Juana de Contreras, who was the pupil and friend of the scholar Lucio Marineo.

In the hundred years from the foundation of the university of Sigüenza, 1472, to the foundation of the university of Tarragona in 1572, twenty universities were established: Zaragoza in 1482, Valencia in 1500, Alcalá in 1508, Sevilla in 1516, and Granada in 1537, to mention only the most important.

After this period only five or six new universities are established, and of these only one is of real importance: Oviedo, founded in 1604 or 1608. Opinions vary on this point, but Oviedo seems herself to have set the stamp of her approval upon the later date, since in 1908 she celebrated with great *éclat* her ter-centenary. It is at this university that Professor Altamira taught

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for so many years, and it is here that he inaugurated for Spain University Extension.

The university of Madrid has not been hitherto mentioned. Technically she is very young, since she was created in 1836; but really she has a fairly hoary age since she is the direct heiress of the university of Alcalá de Henares, founded, as we have just seen, in 1508, and transferred to Madrid in 1836 with the style *La Universidad Central*. Hence she could have celebrated with perfect propriety her four hundredth anniversary at the same time that Oviedo was celebrating her tercentenary.

These universities represented many different types and ideals. We shall look a little in detail at two of them: the two that were the keenest rivals and that, fortunately for our present purpose represent almost diametrically opposite ideals—Salamanca and Alcalá de Henares.

But before doing so I must mention a type of university that existed in Spain and with which we are not entirely unfamiliar in this country, although we hear less of it nowadays than we did some fifteen or twenty years ago: the so-called *Freshwater Colleges*. The Spaniards ridiculed their Freshwater Colleges quite as much as we, and called them *Universidades Silvestres*, Rustic Universities. Among them, three in particular seem to have been considered more ridiculous than the rest, and they have thus become the possessors of a ridiculous immortality by being perpetuated in the literature of Spain: Sigüenza, about one hundred miles north-east of Madrid and on the banks of the same river, the Henares, on which was to be located later, its successful rival the university of Alcalá; Osuna, about one hundred miles southwest of Córdoba and southeast of Sevilla; and Oñate, near the southern boundary of the Basque Province of Guipúzcoa, in the extreme north of Spain and some distance inland from the Bay of Biscay.

Cervantes, in the opening chapter of *Don Quijote* says of the curate of the village that "he was a learned man, a graduate of Sigüenza"; and later, when Sancho is Governor of the Island of Barataria and the official doctor of the Island tries to prove to him that when he

is hungry it is a very bad practice to eat, Sancho asks where he made his studies, and the doctor says "I hold my degree from the university of Osuna." In the opening chapter of the second part the barber says he knows of a man whose parents had properly placed him in the insane asylum at Sevilla, a man who was a graduate in Canon Law of the university of Osuna, and who, according to the opinion of many, would have been no less a fool even if graduated from Salamanca. In the *Gran Tacaño* of Quevedo a certain ragged beggar objects to eating charity soup beside another ragged beggar whom he considers not his equal since he, being a bachelor of arts of Sigüenza may aspire to become some day bishop or something similar. When the great festival for the canonization of San Isidro was celebrated at Madrid, Lope de Vega sent to the poetical tourney a collection of burlesque verses which he signed with the *nom de plume* "Tomé de Burguillos, Master of Arts of the University of Oñate."

Despite the ridicule that is heaped upon these smaller universities we must not forget that they owe their foundation to a generous, if mistaken, and at times even personally vain, motive. Their founders were giving heed to the intellectual aspirations of the times, whatever other motives one may allege in specific cases, and in many cases there was no other except that of local patriotism. But the single case of Oñate may serve as an example of how ill-advised were many of these smaller foundations.

Oñate is a humble little city in the extreme southern part of Guipúzcoa, almost on the boundaries of the province of Alava. It lies off the great highways of communication, far from the sea, and is buried in the hollow of a deep valley surrounded by high, bare crags. Its founder, D. Rodrigo de Mercado y Zuazola, while not the equal of Cardinal Cisneros, was still a personage of distinction, who became Bishop of Avila and Viceroy of Navarra. His fortune was ample, his benefactions many, and he tried to do for his native city what the great Cardinal had done for Alcalá. He obtained both royal and pontifical protection for his university and gave it a splendid dwelling on the walls of which were inscribed proud mottoes: "*Universitas Onnatensis semper,*

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semperque fidelis—"Sapientia aedificavit sibi domum"... and then appointed a few professors and fellows. But the good Bishop had overestimated his fortune, or underestimated the cost of equipping and maintaining a university. Most of his wealth had been sunk in the beautiful building that constituted the university's physical equipment, and at his death the income he was able to leave to it was scarcely sufficient to pay the fees of half a dozen professors and ten or twelve fellows. For this and other reasons the "Pontifical and Royal University" of Oñate did not live up to its pompous title. The Humanities were never flourishingly successful there, no attempt was made to adopt the sciences, and the instruction was limited to philosophy and law. The lack of a good library prevented the professors from doing any serious original work. The little city was devoid of resources, had difficulty in feeding satisfactorily its students, and could offer them no distractions nor amusements. After the death of the founder the rents, through bad management, diminished still further, so that it was necessary to assign to the professors the incomes of the various fellowships as they became vacant.

Súarez de Figueroa in his *Passagero* shows us the last stage in the downward march of these needy smaller universities. He makes a father say to his son (who, like many a modern son, has frittered away his time, at Alcalá, during six years) that it is not necessary really to have learned anything in order to practice medicine, the father's own profession, but that he needs to know by heart a few pat phrases that are the common places of the medical science; and that so far as the degree is concerned the boy will easily find some *rustic* university "where they are not strict either in the evidences of scholarship nor in the defence of the dissertation, and where the Faculty cries out as one man: *Accipiamus pecuniam et mittamus asinum in patriam suam.*" The smaller universities in Spain were reduced to that pass, and did traffic in their degrees; but when we point to that spot on the Spanish escutcheon of university instruction, we must do so in humility, bearing in mind that those were different times from ours, and that even today where there is less general excuse for such things our American escutcheon is unfortunately not entirely

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spotless, since we discovered not many years ago that a few such institutions were at work in our own land, and while our authorities saw to it that the law made short work of them, the fact remains that they did exist.

As already pointed out, Pope Alexander IV as early as 1254 ranked Salamanca among the four great universities of the world. At its period of greatest brilliancy in the middle of the sixteenth century, it was attended by about seven thousand students, a figure that only within the past year has been equalled by our largest American university. Today Salamanca has only about four hundred. Of that famous galaxy, Bologna, Salamanca, Paris and Oxford, only the last two are today of prime importance, and of them Oxford stands in some need of an infusion of new blood. The decline of Salamanca is particularly to be regretted, since her characteristic functions were the introduction of Arabic learning into the rest of Europe and (despite her royal foundation and her papal support) the democratic preservation of the liberties of the Middle Ages; whereas Alcalá, founded by Cardinal Francisco Jimenez de Cisneros, stood for the new aristocratic, centralizing tendencies which were later to prove the ruination of Spain. One of the most mournful signs of Salamanca's downfall is not so much the difference in the number of students thronging its halls as the fact that whereas formerly they came from all over Europe, they now come from Spain alone.

The building of the university was remodeled to its present form by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1480, and its façade is splendid. To my mind, however, the most interesting part of the university is neither this façade, nor the library (despite its antiquity), but a large, dingy room on the ground floor: the lecture room of Fray Luís de León. Here he was lecturing as Professor of Theology when he was interrupted by the officers of the Inquisition, who had come to arrest him for having translated into Spanish the Song of Solomon. This occurred in March, 1572, and he was kept a prisoner by the local authorities for four and a half years, during which time he was baited with all sorts of questions in the hope of convicting him of heresy. He put in his time, however, writing his most celebrated treatise,

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which is the greatest of Spanish mystic books, *The Names of Christ*, in which he tries to interpret the meaning of such names as "Prince of Peace", "Mount", "Shepherd", etc., when applied to Christ. In December of 1576 he was acquitted, and returning to the Chair, which Salamanca, as a protest, had kept vacant for him, began his first lecture with the celebrated words: *Dicebamus heri*, "We were saying yesterday".

The old lecture room and professorial chair have been maintained as they were in his time. I do not mean to imply that any care has been taken of the room to preserve it thus. On the contrary, it is dusty and dirty, and owes its preservation to the fact that, as it is quite dark, none of the professors has cared to use it, and consequently it has not been thought necessary to renovate it. It is now used only for indignation meetings on the part of the students. The benches are rough logs, squared with an adz, and set on posts at the proper height. The desks are other logs treated in the same fashion, and set on posts at their proper height.

The city of Salamanca has one general beauty in which its university shares. All the buildings are constructed of the same material, a light-colored sandstone which, in the passage of the centuries, has acquired a wonderful golden-brown hue.

Perhaps the thing that strikes the visitor to the city of Salamanca as most odd is the fact that so many buildings show on their walls old inscriptions in large red letters. These upon examination prove to be the *vitores* of the graduates of the university. Upon graduation the doctor or licentiate had the right to paint in red letters on any building he chose an inscription recounting his scholastic victories, whence the name *vítor* applied to these inscriptions. I doubt if it be possible to demonstrate that we have in this custom of the Salmantino graduates the origin of our own expression "to paint the town red"; and even if it be possible to make the demonstration, there is one essential difference to note: the painting is not done by some scatter-brained freshman eager to signalize his arrival among us by something more enduring than study; quite the contrary, as already said, the inscriptions re-

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count the triumphs of those who pass the examinations for the higher degrees.

Aside from its democratic preservation of the liberties of the Middle Ages, there is another reason for America's being especially interested in the university of Salamanca. During the weary days before Queen Isabella gave Columbus his commission to sail on his perilous quest for the westward passage to India, he went to Salamanca and lodged in the beautiful cloisters of the convent of *San Esteban*, in whose *Salon de Profundis*, in 1486, the scholars and doctors of the university hardby visited him and listened attentively to his demonstrations of the scientific accuracy and feasibility of his plans. While they were not in a position to send him on his quest, it is but just to say that nowhere else, until commissioned by Isabella, did he receive so much encouragement as was given him by the Salamantino doctors; and knowing as we do Isabella's high esteem for these same doctors, it is not very rash to suppose that their interest and approval probably had much to do with the Queen's own generous decision.

The university of Alcalá, founded by Cardinal Cisneros in 1508, took rank at once as almost an equal of Salamanca, and in the late sixteenth century, when both were at their highest, surpassed it in mere numbers, since it mustered twelve thousand students to the latter's seven thousand. It was at this university that the great Complutensian polyglot Bible was made.

Cardinal Cisneros saw to it that the university should be suitably housed. The splendid façade which was finished in 1583, while not the equal of the façade of Salamanca, is nonetheless a joy to the eyes, and represents some of the best work of the architects Pedro Gumiel and Rodrigo Gil de Hontañón. From the *Patio Trilingüe*, the finest of the three patios or courts of the institution, one enters the *Paraninfo* or hall in which the degrees were conferred. The President's chair is still intact and so is most of the wall in its neighborhood. With the exception of the parts just mentioned and the ceiling, all the rest of the hall is a restoration.

The student in Mediaeval and Renaissance Universities in Spain, as well as else where in Europe, had many

special privileges established by law: heavy discounts on everything he needed, not merely on academic supplies, special exemptions from military service and taxation, free medical attendance in the university's own hospital, and, by no means of least importance, absolute immunity from the municipal authorities of every description. If sought by the police for some crime, he could always find asylum on the free land of the university and behind the chains that marked its boundaries he could defy the police of the realm. If he allows himself to be arrested, whether within Salamanca, or in a distant province, for any crime, however serious, he must nonetheless be turned over to the chief academic officer, who alone can and will decide his case. Furthermore, in the case of Salamanca, in the Renaissance, he will belong, on graduation, to an illustrious body of alumni already nearly four centuries old.

As Alcalá had more students than any other university in Spain, the *Estudiantinas* or student societies naturally flourished there in all their glory, and neither the wildest hazing and celebrating of our own students nor the fiercest *rivae* of the North-European students of the Middle Ages (whether among themselves or between "town" and "gown") are to be compared with the doings of the Spanish students of the late sixteenth century. In their modern form the *Estudiantinas* are entirely harmless and decidedly attractive. Groups of a dozen or a score of students associate and practice singing and playing of the guitar, the bandurria, and the *pandero*—a kind of timbrel. They also adopt some artistic, historic costume. On the occasion of any great festival, they parade the streets, playing and singing. But in order that they may do this in dignified fashion, they practice nightly, for weeks previous, marching through the streets in the wee small hours, between one and three in the morning. They are never boisterous, and no one resents wakening to hear their sonorous voices harmoniously accompanied by the soft thrumming of the guitars and the deeper tones of the bandurrias and the timbrels. Needless to add that when they are in good form, they frequently serenade the sweetheart of one or another of the group, and a proud girl she is when that happens.

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A few survivals of the old belligerent habits are still to be met with, although they represent belligerency of the student body *en masse* or in separate associations rather than personal enmities. An incident of that kind took place in the early months of 1901 on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess of Asturias to the youngest son of the Count of Caserta. Personally the contracting parties were very popular throughout the country, but for political reasons that cannot be given here the marriage was so unpopular as almost to cause a revolution. Rioting was constant for weeks and the guards throughout not only Madrid, but the whole kingdom of New Castle were daily made more heavy. In honor of the marriage the Minister of Public Instruction declared a special vacation of three days. Many of the students were opposed to the marriage and they rebelled at the unexpected vacation, went to the university *en masse* and demanded that the courses be given as usual. Failing to obtain their desire, they repaired to the Ministry of Public Instruction and made a riotous demonstration against the Minister. When he asked them to disperse they howled at him in derision, and it was necessary for the troops to fire on them before they became convinced that an extra vacation was not an unmixed misfortune and that all things considered it might be better for their health and their studies to accept the unexpected boon.

Although I said at the outset that Spain's position today in the world of scholarship and learning leaves something to be desired, the list of distinguished names I mentioned (which could easily be expanded) proves that the fault does not lie chiefly with the universities. It does lie almost wholly with the preparatory schools of all kinds that lead to the universities. The King and his able Minister of Public Instruction are keenly alive to the situation, as are also the university faculties; and important and far-reaching reforms are already in operation to the results of which we may look forward, with confidence that in the world of scholarship Spain will once again, and in the not far distant future, come into her own.

AN INTERRUPTED SCHEDULE

By HOMER HALL



EDITOR Webber of the "Enterprise" was talking: this was nothing extraordinary, but today the little group of men in shirt sleeves gathered around the littered table showed more than usual impatience. The sound of the Editor's voice, sifted down to the loafers in Slater's Grocery below, must have seemed to them of as much importance as the words of Richard Henry Lee had seemed to the crowd listening outside of Independence Hall on that long past day of June. The patriots gathered above, officially known as the Davis County Republican Central Committee, were gathered to consider an important event; perhaps the most important, if one left out the burning of Sam Burn's Drygoods Store, that Pleasant Valley had ever seen. On the morrow a five minute speech was to be made, not by a governor, or even a senator,—the Valley had gone quite blasé in regard to such dignitaries—but by the presidential nominee himself.

It was a representative committee. There was Ben Blake, chairman of the committee, the most popular man in the Valley. He was of more than medium height, but his equatorial dimensions dwarfed his vertical measurement. He was a type of the men whom Caesar must have meant in "Let me have men around me who are fat; sleek headed men who sleep o' nights." His characteristic was his smile; it had continued to be a part of him throughout his prosperous career; it was said that he even smiled in that never to be forgotten year when the Valley had gone Democratic. His good humored expression had become more natural to him than his coat, for today he sat without that superfluous article, perspiring and collarless, listening with apparent interest to the Editor's oratory. Not a sign betrayed how eagerly his impatient soul was burning to stop that tireless throat with one of the Editor's own papers.

The speaker too was worth noticing, as he stood posed in the manner that he had once seen in a portrait

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of Webster. He was the antithesis of Blake, tall, bony, and angular from his high cheek bones to his ungainly limbs. One of the villagers had earned undying hatred by referring to them as twigs. He had never forgotten that Senator McCumber had once, at a political rally, called him, "One of the foremost supporters of our nation's greatness in your fair village." Yet in spite of his egotism and affectations, the sparse, straight, black hair covered a head of more than usual intelligence, a mind that in wider fields might have developed into something by no means pathetically ridiculous.

Next to Webber, and listening to him with all the interest of a man whose political position is in danger, was Doc Simpson, who in addition to being a doctor was also postmaster. His medical appellation came, however, rather from his experience on the stock farms of the neighborhood than from experiments upon the suffering humanity of the Valley. He was also an old soldier. His gun hung over the pigeon holes of the post office, and his rust spotted Springfield bayonet served to file his receipts upon. There were those who said that those spots of rust never came from an enemy's blood.

Among the numerous members of the committee, were pompous, imposing. Banker Allison, and the nervous, enthusiastic little Winslow, who was clerk in Edward's General Store when not thus engaged in saving his country.

The Editor fired off one more verbal skyrocket and telescoped himself into his chair.

"Flowery, ain't he?" remarked a somewhat critical admirer.

"Flowery! Why he's a whole greenhouse of talk!" his companion replied.

Interrupting the rising conversation, Ben Blake leaned forward.

"Tonight ought to finish things up, I guess. Webber, you're to take charge of that rally over at the White Pigeon District tonight. Franklin of Rockport will make the big speech. I'm going over to Plano Center to stir them up a little."

"Better take Doc along," suggested a member leaning negligently against the wall. "Make him uncork

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some of his war time experiences, and get them enthused over the old flag, and so on."

"Did the Rebs really shoot that thumb off o' him?" inquired a neighbor in a whisper.

"No, he shot it off himself the first day in camp down at Nashville, so he couldn't use his gun, and had to be sent back; that's what Sandy Lee used to say, anyway."

He turned to the committee on decorations, who was making his report.

"Everybody's going to fix up," he was saying. "Saunders sold out all his bunting yesterday, but there's more coming this afternoon. Things are going to be fine. Plano Center won't be in it with us."

"Everybody going to decorate?" inquired Blake significantly.

"Yes, everybody, that is, of course, except,—" and he made an expressive gesture.

"Don't be too hard on Dobson," grinned the chairman. "He isn't a Democrat so much from choice as necessity. The law says that one of the judges on the election board must be a Democrat, and he's the sort of a man who will sacrifice himself if the public needs him."

"I don't like that sentiment," commenced Webber impressively. "Now I've shaken hands with four presidents, and I never refused because one of them was a Democrat."

"Of course you didn't refuse; wasn't that the time you wanted to be United States marshal?"

The Editor bristled.

"Well, didn't I deserve it? Didn't you hear Senator McCumber refer to me as one of the most important upholders?"

Sudden thumps on the stairs interrupted him. Some one was coming up three steps at a time. The door was flung open without any preliminaries, and a tall, sunburned young man flung himself angrily in.

"Hello, Ellis," Blake started to say, but seeing the look on the newcomer's face, the Chairman's smile began to retreat from its position. Doc Simpson was the first to voice the suspicions of the committee.

"I knew it," he gasped. "He can't stop."

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The room was in an uproar in an instant, the members gathering about Ellis Channing with question and exclamations.

"No," he said curtly. "He can't come, and what's more, I don't think he ever intended to. It 's a nice mess, just letting us know the last minute."

"Surely you must be misinformed," this from the banker.

"And the decorations all wasted." The chairman of that important committee felt that the bottom had dropped out of the Universe.

"And the parade and the band, and the crowd, and the torch light parade with the fireworks." Winslows voice almost ended in a sob. Blake stood apart, thinking rapidly, his smile slowly regaining its accustomed place.

"What will the folks think? Fairfield township will put Judson in your place for this fizzle."

Ellis frowned. Judson was a chronic rival for his office.

"Plano Center will never get over this," remarked the banker. More gloom overspread the members. Plano Center might have batted out more runs on a Saturday afternoon than the Valley Athletics, but up till now the Valley had the championship in the political rally field.

"And the Democratic Vice-president speaks there next week."

The protests and suggestions died down as each realized the hopelessness of the situation.

"Isn't there some way we can stop them?" Doc asked in a despairing tone.

Ellis snorted.

"You don't expect to hold the train up in Western style, do you, and make the candidate speak at the point of a gun?" Doc Simpson held up his hands in horror at the sacrilegious thought.

Editor Webber, who had recovered from his disappointment, rose.

"In the name of the outraged people of Pleasant Valley I should like to ask—" but he was interrupted by Blake, who little regarded the dignity of the self-chosen representative of the people of the Valley.

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"I should like to ask," he said crisply, "if you have still got that telegram from the National Committee?"

Webber produced it quickly. "The nominee may be able—" he began.

"You read that without any 'may' before," accused Blake.

"I, I thought—" and Webber sank down in his chair too mortified to say a word. Blake continued without noticing him further.

"Well, we've made a mess of things, and now we've got to straighten it out the best way we can. We can't stop the crowd coming now, so we must take care of them some way. I'll telegraph to ex-governor Sedley, who is at Rockport, and Senator Wells has a free date tomorrow. We'll have the band, and the parade as advertised, and try and keep the crowd good humored. Have you got any better ideas?"

No one had.

"Then I'll take charge of those things. There isn't anything else, so we might as well adjourn. Every body keep quiet, remember."

The committee went solemnly down the stairs, one by one, each bearing his load of responsibility. The Editor came last, mortified, disappointed, crushed by his mistake.

The next morning dawned brightly; it was such a morning as only October can show in our northern latitudes. Early in the day the scattering buggies began to enter the village, and pass down the elm shaded main street, which already was thickly padded with fallen leaves. By eleven o'clock the roads in every direction could be marked by the clouds of dust, that rose above the cornfields and groves, and hung motionless in the quiet autumn air. Down the long street the steady stream of vehicles passed to hitch finally in the open square back of Slater's Hall. Every house that they passed was gay with flags and bunting; from most of them, and from the stores the benign pictures of the national candidates looked out. Bunting was draped down the store fronts, wrapped around telephone poles, and pinned on awnings. Only Ed Dobson's store looked blankly out upon the crowd, and pasted on its doors

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the faces of the opposing candidates glared at their rivals across the street.

At noon the committee gathered for one last hurried consultation. Blake, crowded into his Sunday clothes, in a shining white collar which would long since have melted if it had been of the wilting variety, reported no change in the state of affairs. As soon as the special had whirled by the committee would announce the mistake they had made, and the governor would address the crowd from the stand near the depot. It was hoped that he would be accepted as a substitute. Webber was not at the meeting. Almost ill from his chagrin, he watched from his window the incoming multitudes. He could not bear the mortification of seeing the nominee's train whiz through without stopping. Doc Simpson too was absent, no one knew where.

"He asked me," said the banker, who was also a school director, "for the use of the school house flag, so I suppose he is decorating the post office."

The crowd had commenced to gather early at the appointed place, as is the custom with country crowds. It was a good natured, picnic sort of a crowd. Henry Mott and Charlie English, who had not seen each other since a year ago last Fair time, were relating the accumulated happenings of their localities. Their wives meanwhile were discussing the number of quarts of fruit they had put up the last summer. Similar conversations were every where going on. On a small plot of carefully kept grass, in plain defiance of all signs to the contrary, groups of younger people were seated, entirely oblivious of the others, and caring surprisingly little for the coming speech. As the time drew near men climbed on the baggage trucks, on the roofs of near by freight cars, on the upper ironworks of the Deer Creek bridge, and even appeared on the roof of William's elevator. Everywhere yellow ribbons were in evidence. They were worn by every member of the crowd, pinned upon helpless babes, and even fastened upon the collars of the dogs who were fortunate enough to possess such neckwear. For this was a campaign in which the gold standard had been decided upon (as a necessity to save the nation from a universal and irrevocable cat-
aclysm.

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A boy, seated on the cross arm of a telegraph pole, was the first to catch a glimpse of the distant smudge that grew in size and distinctness as the special thundered nearer. There was a scramble from the tracks for the train gave no signs of slowing up. The people wondered, and some glanced back toward the river, where the semaphore signalled 'clear track'. Beyond at the bridge an energetic figure, recognized by some as that of Doc Simpson, was motioning excitedly to the boys on top. They appeared to respond, and then with a graceful movement the school house flag, the largest one in the village, unrolled itself and hung squarely across the rails. The engineer saw too. The whistle shrieked angrily, the brakes ground glowing sparks from the whirling wheels, the cars bumped and crashed against each other, and the long bunting-draped train came to a jolting stop. Wave on wave of cheering, of unorganized, spontaneous cheering, vibrated and echoed around the cars. It was prolonged, undiminished, rolling from the unsmoked, uncramped lungs of the villagers and farmers. They did not heed the angry engineer, nor the pompously wrathful conductor; they gathered in front of the engine, they climbed on the car platform, they never ceased to cheer.

The door of the observation platform opened and a dapper little man came out, shaking his head, and waving his arms. The cheering changed to howls, and he re-entered the car. Then after a moment the door again opened, and the great man appeared. A hush fell on the waiting people, the noise ceasing as suddenly as when one shuts off the power of a great noisy machine. Intently, almost reverently, they listened. The words were commonplace; the ideas had been voiced in every county almost in the land; the speech itself had been delivered some thirty times before, but they all listened as one would to the last strains of some great musician. To them he was not a politician, not a mere man placed where he was by the intricate machinery of politics, he was their choice, the choice of a great nation, for its most honored position. And afterwards, if some cynic had asked what the great man had said, they could only have replied that it was a grand speech.

The engine ball was clanging, and the escape valve

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humming when the last words fell from the nominee's lips. Ben Blake forged through the eddying crowd, and reaching up, shook hands with the chief magistrate. Doc Simpson wriggled through an instant later and grasped the sacred fingers.

"I'm proud to have held up your train, your excellency," he gasped. "I knew there were men on it who had fought with me for Old Glory and wouldn't see her run into." Then he fell back into the throng. The crowd surged around the platform in a confused mass, but as the special began to move it thinned out and only the more active still kept up. Suddenly, as the train began to draw away more rapidly, a tall, ungainly, dishevelled figure broke from the crowd and pursued the retreating platform. For a moment he gained, he came within reach, his fingers touched those extended from above, and then his endurance gave out and he fell behind. But Editor Webber of the "Enterprise" had shaken hands with his fifth president.

FRIENDLY VERSES

By G.

A Christmas Garland.

I beckoned the Dreamland florist:
"Make me a wondrous bouquet—
Handfuls of lilacs of Happiness
Graced with a Good-luck spray;
Rare carnations of friendship,
Love-blossoms rich with scent,
Roses of Strength and Vigor,
Ferns of the true Content."
Gathered the Dreamland florist
This wonderful glad bouquet;
So, for a merry Christmas
I give it to you this day.

With an Old Book.

When fancy, mood, and moment lure the heart
To muse upon some tender old romance,
The shy and coaxing tears almost beguiling,
Then may this lovely legend play the part
Of wizardry, and conjure you, perchance,
To dream a magic dream, and waken—smiling.

NATIONAL POLITICS AND COLLEGE UNDERGRADUATES

By ARTHUR RAY WARNOCK.



THE part that politics plays in the life of the nation at large produces both a direct and an indirect benefit to the people. Granted that the principle of democratic government works, it follows that a widespread discussion of political moves and policies must produce a condition of political moves satisfactory, at least to a majority of the people; this is the direct benefit. The indirect benefit is one not usually considered by political economists, because it is entirely apart from satisfactory or unsatisfactory results of political conditions. This is the benefit that comes to the people when they, generally and unitedly, are brought together to think about, to discuss, and to act upon a common proposition. The periodic, nation-wide upheavals of a national political campaign tend to put farther off the danger of disintegration and provincialism in a nation so large and so loosely put together as ours is. So long as the manufacturer of Massachusetts must consider the political views of the farmer of Kansas, or the coal miner of Illinois the argument of a college professor of New Jersey, just so long will these individuals remember the need of considering the rights, and the tastes, and the temperaments of their compatriots, not only on political matters, but also, and this is the point, upon all other common matters. The active political campaign is a distinct social element in the nation in the same way that a religious revival, or a Fourth of July celebration, or a big fire is a social element in small country villages. People brought together on one pretext remain to gossip and exchange views on many other points. Bryan's first political campaign on "free silver" was a failure in accomplishing its direct aim, yet the shaking up which attended that campaign, and which cause a new alignment of ideas, and a breaking down of provincial prejudices, and a rubbing of mental shoulders by at least nine-tenths of the people was not in vain. Thus the "mixing process," called democratic progress, goes on.

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In one respect the conditions which exist in the nation exist also, in miniature, in the present unwieldy body of undergraduates of the University of Illinois. We have an ever present tendency to separate into small groups, and we are kept from so doing only by our attention to ideals common to us all. We have, for instance, "Ag" groups, and "Law" groups, the fraternity group, and the non-fraternity group, the Champaign group and the Urbana group, the athletes, and the orators, and so forth. Without common interests these groups soon become distinct, exclusive cliques, self-satisfied, and unsociable. Granted the premise that such a condition would be inimical to the spirit of college education, it follows that certain common ideals must constantly be held up in order that the "mixing process" may periodically upset these various groupings. This is one of the main functions of intercollegiate athletics in its proper condition. Support of the 'Varsity teams at the times of the big games corresponds to the uniting spirit of a call to arms in the nation. The recent football season was an excellent illustration of that point. The lukewarm, self-centered, overconfident rooters who followed the team to Chicago, partly to see the game, but largely to see the big city, cannot be compared to the sincerely loyal, united, unselfish mass of students that backed the team in the Minnesota game. A shaking-up, and a later recovery worked wonders with the Illinois spirit. The manager of the *Siren* showed wisdom in publishing the first number at Home Coming, a time when student interest in community projects was high. The student body temporarily aroused to the support of a certain common interest is very easily influenced to support other common interests.

That is the part that an interest in national politics might also take in the university life at Illinois. Wisconsin and Michigan both are known throughout the country for their contribution to the betterment of political conditions. The students at these universities hold an attitude toward governmental affairs that is entirely absent at Illinois. In the same way that the College of Agriculture serves the State of Illinois in matters affecting the land's welfare, the University of Wisconsin serves its state in matters of governmental welfare.

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This interest in a broad, serious ideal certainly intensifies the meaning of Wisconsin spirit to the students there. There is inculcated into them an idea of the worth of efficient public service that becomes a tradition, a common ideal. This the students of Illinois lack. Their hearts fill with pride when their teams take the field; there ought also to be a condition wherein their hearts would fill with pride and the desire for emulation when they could think of the part that Illinois men were taking in making safe and efficient the government of their State.

The founders of the Lincoln League had all this in mind in promoting an organization that should make an effort to awaken an interest in national politics among the students of the University. They announced at the time that they hoped to make of the Lincoln League an organization that should bring large bodies of students together on a common footing, and in this way aid in keeping down the ever prevalent danger of indifference and inaction. At that time the condition of the student body was rather bad. Class politics had fallen into a net of chicanery, general meetings were very poorly attended, and, most noticeable of all, the support given to the 'Varsity teams was the poorest in years. Most of the undergraduates seemed to be chasing many kinds of butterflies in their own selfish ways. In one respect that time was very inauspicious for launching an organization with so ambitious a purpose, but in another way, considering the work to be done, it seemed high time that the work be started. There is every reason to suppose that the same attraction that politics has for men outside of the University will soon interest Illinois men, and that this organization will prove to be a new, effective agency for "mixing up" the body of undergraduates in a beneficial way.

The purpose of this article is not to glorify the means out of all proportion to the end, but rather to point out a kind of college activity that has an intrinsic value in itself, and an additional value as a social element. Certainly the opportunity in the State of Illinois for honest, efficient young men is great enough to warrant the college undergraduate in preparing himself specifically for a life of public service with good hope for

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success. Great as is the loss to the citizens of the State from the dishonesty of their public officials, the loss to them from inefficiency of both dishonest and honest officials is greater. The college man who through four years carefully equips himself with worthy ideals and efficient methods will find an opportunity and a welcome when he chooses to enter the field of politics outside. Yet the average Illinois graduate goes out without even the possible advantage of actual experience in politics that his brothers at home have. Whatever knowledge he has of good citizenship he has worked out for himself, largely in spite of obstacles. This is true in the face of the fact that these college graduates will occupy rather prominent places in the community in which they will live

OUT OF THE YESTERDAYS

By G.

The days slip by till we find them years,
And, peering backward, a mist of tears
Obscures the dim, impossible things
That have fled to the past on silent wings;
Till we spy (with a queer little throb of pain!)
That dear old forgotten Self again.
A shadowy, intimate Self—and lo!
With a yearning pity we thrill and glow—
And we beckon the little one standing there
With an oddly shy and half wistful air;
But we somehow cringe at the trustful eyes
And the eager whisper, as low he cries:
“Have you minded the lessons I learned so well?
Are you telling the tales that I longed to tell?
Have you clung to the right and been true to me?
Are you noble and pure, as I planned to be?
Are you striving and thinking and living true?
Have you kept the ambition I built for you?
“O, dear little Self of the far, dim days,
We’ve faltered and strayed in a thousand ways;
Your eyes are a silent reproach of shame,
Your smile is a tremble with honest blame.
And ah! you are grieving and stealing away—
Our heart will respond to you! Stay—yet stay!”

THE AWAKENING OF MARY

By NELLIE R. ROBERTS

JANE rocked violently, as was her custom. The captain was dozing by the fireside with Tabby on his knee.

"It's a funny thing Mary doesn't come," murmured Jane. Then suddenly she sat bolt upright. "Father," she shrilled at the old man, "father, I say, here comes Mary with a man!"

"Uh? You don't say!" said "Father," mildly excited.

"Yes I do say, John Morris, and what's more, it's that new Doctor Mrs. Smith has been talking so much about. Moore, I think, she said his name was."

"Father" was dozing again. In a minute she pattered over to him, and shook him so violently that the cat jumped from his knee and scurried out of the room.

"They're standing out in front a talking," she gasped, "and Mary looks so tickled." Then more reflectively, "Well, I don't wonder, Mary ain't had a beau since Tom Piper hung her that Maybasket when she was, le' me see, when she was sixteen."

Peeping from the window Jane watched proceedings. "She's coming in now," she announced, and hastened to open the door for her daughter.

"Well, Mary?" she demanded interrogatively, and, it must be confessed, a trifle aggressively.

The girl walked over to a small, ornate mirror, and began to remove her hat.

"Well?" said her mother again, trying to get a glimpse of Mary's face in the mirror.

The face reflected there was happy now, but the droop of the pretty mouth and the weariness of the eyelids said more plainly than words that this was not always so. With a final pat to her wavy dark hair she turned and faced her mother.

Mrs. Morris was rocking stiffly with her hands crossed carefully and primly before her. She looked up expectantly into Mary's dark shining eyes, her own sending out steel-blue sparks of curiosity.

"Well, mamma," the girl began at last, "it was this

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way. The day had been so dull at the Library, when late in the afternoon he came in and began to talk to Miss Webb, who was at the desk. She called me over and asked me to show him some pamphlets that he was anxious to see."

Mary stopped abruptly as the picture of the afternoon flashed across her mind. The gray, old library with its half-dozen sleepy readers had assumed a new and livelier tone as the Doctor had entered. How splendidly alive he had looked as he came to the desk! Even crusty Miss Webb had thawed under the spell of those merry, kindly eyes.

Jane's voice recalled her abruptly. "What are you moonin' about? Why don't you go on?" she was demanding.

"Oh, yes!" said the girl dreamily. "I forgot. We got to talking, and then he just came up the street with me now." She relapsed into the dream.

"Land 'sakes!" ejaculated Mrs. Morris. "Land 'sakes! Is he comin' again?"

"Again?" echoed Mary. "Do you suppose he will?" With a quick flush lighting up her face the girl jumped up, and hastened from the room.

"Hump!" grunted Jane. "If she ain't the beatingest! Wake up, Father, and get some more wood. This fire is dying down, and these April nights are chilly."

The Captain moved slowly but obediently out of the room, and Jane, with a final curious peep from the window, bustled after him.

While the little family were seated at the supper table, the telephone rang. When Mary came back to the table she was pink with excitement and happiness. Jane viewed her scrutinizingly.

"The Doctor is coming to call this evening," she said, and there was such a joyful ring in her voice that even the Captain looked up from an absorbed contemplation of his plate.

Jane, whose ear was long for news, assumed a shocked expression.

"I went over to borrow some cream of Mrs. Smith, and she said that she'd heard that that man is engaged to a girl out Midford way. It ain't announced yet, but it might as well be, she said, for the girl has got that

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Mehitable Sawyer to make her fixin's an' the Doctor's the only unmarried man in Midford, so far as we know." Jane caught her breath and compressed her lips in a disapproving line.

"Well," said Mary, a defiant light coming into her eyes. "I've heard it, too, but I don't believe it, and what's more"—with a big sigh of resolve, "I don't care. For once in my life I'm going to have some fun and be like other girls."

"Poor way," remarked her mother crisply, too much overcome by Mary's sudden outburst to say more.

Mary made no answer. For a while her eyes looked troubled, then gradually this expression faded, and she smilingly began to gather up the scraps for Tabby, who was rubbing against her chair.

The call was most delightful. They talked in vague generalities, and neither showed very great brilliancy of thought, but something was singing in Mary's heart when it was over. What it was she herself could not quite tell. It was so different from all that had gone before. As she hastened upstairs at the decorous hour of ten, her mother stuck her head out of her room. Her curlpapers fairly bristled with curiosity.

"What did he say? What did you talk about? Is he coming again?"

Mary looked startled. She had been thinking so hard of the expression in the Doctor's eyes when he said, "Good-night," that she came back to less complex things with a thud.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe. Yes, I guess so," was her vague reply.

Jane gasped with exasperation, and shut the door forcibly, not deigning to reply to her daughter's timid "Good-night." If it had not been that she had heard some scraps of conversation which floated out of the living room, she would have been more insistent in her demands on Mary. However, something more enlightening might be forthcoming in the morning.

As the Doctor hastened home through the rain, his thoughts were of a varied and tumultuous nature. Having heard much of Mary and her lonely existence he had called as much for curiosity as anything.

"Wedding-day set?" called the jovial voice of the

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man of the house. "No? Well, you didn't see Jane then, I'll bet!"

"I guess not," was the reply, "unless that's the cat, but I thought Miss Morris called her something else."

"Cat she is," came back the answer, "but a two-legged one. "I meant Mrs. M., man. Wasn't she in evidence?"

"No," said the Doctor, "I didn't see her, but if she's anything like the girl——". His tone rang with approval.

"She isn't," snorted his host, and shut his door with a brief "Night!"

"So that's the trouble," meditated the Doctor as he settled himself at his desk, and drew his writing materials toward him. First he chose a highly decorated post-card and wrote in a large, open hand:

"My dearest Helen:—I am so lonely here without you. I am waiting impatiently for Sunday, my day of happiness with you. As ever, your own, Fred."

With the last word he smiled in mild disgust. "Hope the postman spreads the news," he said under his breath. "Miss Mehitable is not quite enough." Then as a new thought struck him. "But supposing it should go too far—oh, well, I can risk that much for Max."

The Doctor went again and yet again without need of further stimulus. In fact, he went so often that the neighborhood tongues, ably assisted by Mary's mother, wagged fluently. Mary had almost forgotten the rumor of the Midford girl, although her conscience and Jane's tongue pricked her occasionally.

"I'll just ask him about it myself," she thought. She was engaged in attaching a new and frivolous lace frill to her otherwise plain waist. She laughed at herself a little; it was so foolish for one who was slowly but surely approaching spinsterhood to care for frivolities. But then the Doctor was coming, so what did anything matter?

The stroll that evening was more delightful than ever, until toward its close.

"What do you think of the Midford girls?" Mary had asked timidly.

"Oh," laughed the Doctor, "they're all right. What made you think of them?"

"Why, I don't know," she answered rather confusedly. "I just wondered. I don't know many people."

"That's so," said the Doctor more seriously, "and I wish you knew some of those girls; Helen Rayner, for instance."

Mary shivered. It was the name of the girl her mother had mentioned so often.

The Doctor noticed the shiver. "You must be cold," he said. "Come, let's walk more briskly."

Mary stammered something in reply, and was only conscious that she answered in some way to his comments and praise of this strange girl. His good-night was more gentle than usual, but Mary was too stirred to notice. She disregarded the detaining hand laid lightly on her arm, and avoiding the Doctor's eyes hastened into the house. Once in her room she flung herself down on the bed, regardless of the pretty frill. Something new was expanding in her heart, and it fairly swept all other thoughts away before it. She whispered the Doctor's name, and then sat up suddenly to stare at the girl in the mirror.

"I believe you love him," she said. The girl in the mirror nodded back slowly, emphatically. With a quick little cry Mary dropped back on the pillow and began to sob in long, hard gasps.

"She shan't have him, she shan't." The words came between sobs. "She has everything, and he is the only friend I ever had."

After a time she slept, but her breath still caught a little, as though she were dreaming the evening over again.

In the "wee, sma' hours" of the morning Mary opened her eyes.

"No, I can't," she murmured as though still dreaming. "No, it wouldn't be fair. Maybe she cares too; but she can't—she can't."

She slept again, but morning soon overtook her. She had resolved that she must hide this strange new feeling. It could not be, but oh, the dull, weary ache of longing! She went through the day in a listless maze, moving mechanically with no thought but that of repressing the torturing wish in her heart.

Evening brought no relief, for her mother gossiped cheerfully of the Doctor and Helen Rayner.

"Yes," Mary suddenly noticed her saying, "and Mrs.

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Smith said that the Midford postman said he wrote the most elegant things to her."

"Who?" asked the girl, her throat tightening convulsively.

"Why, the Doctor to that Midford girl of his. The postman said they all began with "dearest" and ended with "eternally yours."

Mary grasped no more for a few minutes, and then with wonderful clearness she heard her mother say:

"An' they say he kissed her right there at the station, an' they're going to be married—"

Mary hastened from the room, and made her way to the porch. A carriage passed the house, and as she glanced up at it, Mary saw the Doctor's face silhouetted against the window. He was leaning forward, talking to a radiant young girl whose arms were filled with white roses.

Something seemed to snap in Mary's throat, and she slipped down on the step beside the sleeping Tabby. A carriage door slammed.

"Thank you a thousand times, Fred dear," called a light voice, and a deeper one echoed, "It was great of you, old man."

Mary had heard the voices, but she thought she was dreaming or dead; everything within her seemed so.

"She has everything, everything," she murmured dully. "Oh, I wish I were you, Tabby!"

"Why that, Mary?" The voice brought her to her feet in an instant. The Doctor was standing beside her.

"We've fooled them completely," he laughed. Then noticing her sad, puzzled eyes, "Max and my cousin, you know," he added. "Isn't it the best joke?"

"Your cousin?" she repeated. "Helen?" eagerly, "a joke?" Then she stood in sudden shyness. The Doctor stepped nearer and held out the white roses.

"It's Helen's bride's bouquet," he said softly. "She could not throw it for you to catch, so she sent it by me. Won't you take it?"

In the deep understanding silence that followed, Tabby woke up and began to purr contentedly.

"I SAW THEE PASS"

By B. BOURDETTE

Sweet charmer of my soul, I saw thee pass
Awhile ago, and gaze within the glass,
Pure-eyed, serene; I turned to bid thee stay,
And only sensed a shadow on the grass.

Some thought unuttered stole away with thee
Like the strange desert river, suddenly
'Twas gone. The Why, I do not seek to know
When I may feel it as not lost to me.

Beloved, if a distant paradise
Has robbed me thus to ornament its skies,
Shall I not some day thrust the screen aside,
And read with thee the time-old mysteries?

Behold! the Hour is short, and when the sun
Shall gather up the moments he has spun,
And sweep beyond the borders of the day;
I shall, rejoicing, render back each one.

Then in the sacred lyre some vagrant strain
Will play the yet unsounded notes, and then
In me, that which the Master-Hand has wrought,
And left in silence, has not been in vain.

FRESHMAN THEMES

(Editor's Note: On this page will be printed, from month to month, such freshman theme work as in the opinion of the Magazine and of the English department best deserves reproduction.)

THREE LITTLE MAIDS IN A PEW

By CORA FAGAN



HAVING had occasion last Sunday to change my pew, I returned today into my own land with a heart full of gratitude and a thanksgiving on my lips that I was luckier than other men. Should I ever want to do serious, public penance, I would go again to that alien pew, patiently attend while the woman before me yawned widely, swallowing all the bitter passages of the sermon, and amiably strain my ears to hear above her son's shuffling feet the announcements for the day. I would pretend neither to be annoyed by the labored breathing of the man beside me, nor the all-grasping hand of the baby behind me. I would not notice that the man across the aisle hummed a dull minor strain when the soprano sang her highest, nor that the man standing well under the window created a little draft, fit for the cave of the winds.

But until called upon for this severe mortification I shall enjoy the old family seat behind the three little maids, in front of no one, and *no one to the sides*. Three little bonneted heads do not move perceptibly from side to side, at least three feminine tongues do not always and ever chatter, three pairs of hands know how to turn quietly the leaves of their books. Three elbows have not yet learned the wretched habit of nudging and three pair of untouching hats find it just as comfortable to relax in the still position as exert the vigorous, swinging movement. As quietly as they entered the pew, with no heated debate as to who should sit on the outside, they file singly out without the mad adjusting of curls, bonnet strings and coat collars. Whatever pity I may have for these little Misses as grown-ups, it is now entirely forgotten in my appreciation of their consideration.



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Of the University of Illinois

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In the administration of the Lincoln League, as in its founding, there has always been some uncertainty of purpose. It was avowedly formed to stimulate the interest of Illinois men in state and national politics, to teach its members political organization and procedure, and to accustom them to political association and competition. Its very organization contained a rebuke both to our apathy regarding issues of the day at Washington and Springfield, and to what has been until recently a grave misapplication of political energies in student affairs, that was salutary in the extreme. "Whether the two main objects of the league will be accomplished or not," remarked this column last spring, "is as yet a doubtful matter; the degree of its success will depend upon how well it can reconcile such diverse aims as education in current events, and training in governmental procedure, and upon how practical it can make this last object. It is unlikely that its members will consent to form from it a society to debate topics of contemporary political interest; and it is hard to conceive of them playing with mock primaries, conventions, and

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ballots, and running for offices devoid of power or distinction. Our leaders in student affairs, who were enlisted in the enterprise at its outset, are the very ones who will find time only for the abundant practical interests about them."

This is as true as when it was first said. The League has been supported only by the enthusiasm of the few, not by the sustained interest of the many; and it has scored its only real success, not in its elections of officers nor its fortnightly sittings, but at the single mass-meeting at which it was able to secure a speaker of prominence. In such meetings and such addresses it has found its true field of usefulness. It needs only such an organization as cooperating with the Political Science faculty and the political leaders of the twin cities can bring before the student body statesmen of sectional or national importance, in order to fill adequately its place in the university world. If it can really bring such men here, it will experience no difficulty in dispelling the public apathy already referred to and in accomplishing much in civic education; while an elephantine corps of officials and a series of inanely meaningless elections and campaigns will but befog and confuse its proper ends. The importance of its function is not to be minimized; for much, indeed, is to be accomplished among the youth of our state if it is soon to be elevated to its proper political plane. As journalists, lawyers, and educators the students now in the university will some day be the public leaders in the commonwealth. Their political ideals will be those they receive here, and their political effectiveness will depend much upon their collegiate training in civic activities.

SEEN BY THE WAY

A COMMENTARY UPON STUDENT ACTIVITIES

If any student could have found an idle day during the past month he would have been fortunate, for not a waking hour has passed that some

A Busy Month

University activity has not engaged the time and attention of a large portion of the community. Foremost in importance, of course, was the second Home-Coming. For weeks the students were preparing for the affair, and the entertaining of the hundreds of visitors was by no means confined to the two days. Crowded to the limit as this gathering was with its football game, mass meetings, and alumni smoker and business meeting, to say nothing of the score or more of dances and banquets, the undergraduates had little time to notice that simultaneously several hundred high school teachers from all over the state were in conference at the different buildings on the campus.

Saturdays have been occupied with the football games, and Sundays have offered special speakers at the Y. M. C. A. The rest of the weeks were filled in with the series of lectures by Dr. Luther Anderson, the various scientific addresses, the Merriam mass meeting, the usual dances and smokers, the first choral concert, and the first Ag dance.

That students are undesirable citizens in the Twin Cities has again been brought out by the lack of votes at

the recent election on the light
Student Citizenship situation. This issue is one of vital importance to the city of Cham-

paign, yet outside of the attempts of the Lincoln League to bring the University voters in touch with the problem, there was absolutely no interest exhibited. Nor was this because there are few student voters. When the wet and dry proposition comes up, undergraduates vote at the solicitations of paid student canvassers and go to the polls in great numbers. When there is no one to get out the vote, and when there is no inducement in the form of cigars, the vote is negligible.

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The second annual Home-Coming as a reunion proved a fizzle just as much as ever did the June gathering, if the attendance at class meetings is to be taken as any criterion.

The Reunion Fizzle

The Illini sent reporters to each of the meeting places that were named in the various buildings, and with the exception of one, not a person was to be found at the appointed place. This true, it looks as if the Home-Coming is not going to break up the June reunion so far as detracting from the class gatherings is concerned.

All reunions, in reality, are more closely identified with the fraternity houses than with the assemblages at stated places; with the occasional meetings in a stroll about the campus, and on the bleachers at a football game. The University is too large to develop a strong feeling of class fellowship, and no reunion can be devised during any day of the year that will bring the alumni together as classes. Old pals can never be classified according to some artificial method.

A landmark was removed from the University grounds when the small frame building, which for many years has stood on the site to be

The Passing of a Landmark

occupied by the Commerce Building, was torn down to make way for the latter. It was built, originally, twenty years ago, as an insectary, the second of its kind in the world, the first being at Cornell University. Professor Stephen A. Forbes, while visiting at Cornell, saw the insectary there, and on his return persuaded the legislature of this state to provide by special appropriation for a similar building. It was intended for use as laboratory for the state entomologist, and not at a part of the University.

Until the last six or seven years, it was used for the cultivation of insect life, in connection with the work of Dr. Forbes, but when the new building of the state entomologist was erected just south of the Agricultural Building, the insectary was turned over to the University as a laboratory for classes in entomology. It proved to be rather unsatisfactory for this use because of its isolation from the rest of the department. Except for a

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graduate student who carried on several experiments there last year, it has been almost unused during the last two or three years.

Since the piling up of refuse and building material incident to the erection of the new Commerce Building all but edges up to the grave of Dr. Gregory's Grave Milton Gregory, the first regent of Again the University, the question again comes up if the plot is the proper place for the grave, and if so why it is left unmarked.

We are reminded again of the neglect which the University and the students have shown for one of the greatest administrative officers the University has ever had. It is a shame that not even so much as a bronze or copper tablet has been erected to inform the casual visitor and the ever changing student community what the slight elevation of earth really means. Up to the present time, so far as can be ascertained, only one attempt has been made to put up a monument or a suitable marker. This was on the part of the Alumni Association, but after the collection of a few speeches and no money, the affair was dropped.

Just whether the grave will always remain where it is may be a question for serious consideration. Some of the University authorities think that it might be moved to a spot that is a bit more conspicuous, and where it will be less likely to be in the way of future structures. It has also been suggested that it be sunk in the floor of some new University building yet to be erected, say an Administration Building. But neither of these plans needs stand in the way of purchasing a suitable marker either by the University, or by some class as a memorial.

A large boulder such as has been hauled temporarily to the southwest corner of Lincoln Hall might be placed over the grave, and a bronze or copper tablet inlaid containing the dates of Dr. Gregory's death and birth, together with an acknowledgement of what he accomplished for the University. About the grave might be planted a hedge. No matter if the vault were moved to another spot on the campus or placed in a crypt in some building, the plate and perhaps even the boulder could be used to good advantage.



THE GREAT, GREAT COMPLIMENT

"Working too hard, old man."

"I don't see how you keep it up."

"You ought to have more sleep, old head."

"Well, you sure do have a hard time of it."

ENOUGH TO GIVE HER THE HEADACHE.

LOST—On Sunday morning, a brown cameo in ladies' head, with four pearls. Liberal reward if returned to 306 South Ninth street, or 'phone 668 Red.—University Missourian.

NOT UNLESS YOU GOT A NECK-TIE THAT HOOKED ON.

Have you ever received a Christmas gift that tickled you quite as much as the red tin horse you pulled from your stocking years and years ago?

THE ORDINARY REWARD.

Solemn Senior—So your efforts to get on the team were fruitless, were they?

Foolish Freshman—Oh, no! Not at all. They gave me a lemon.

ADVICE TO A SOPHOMORE

Little Freshman Anne came to our house to stay.

She helped to serve at our "at homes,"
And took the plates away;
An' helped to wash the dishes, too,
To dust the hearth an' sweep
An' made the fire, when it was cold, to earn her board
and keep.

An' all us Sophomore girls, on Sunday afternoons
We'd set around the parlor fire an' have the mostest fun
A tellin' Freshmen Anne the things we'd heard about
An' how the *Profs* 'ud git her
Ef she didn't
Watch
Out!

For onct there was a Freshman girl who wouldn't work
at all,
An' began to cut her classes 'way early in the fall;
An' went to lots of dinners an' dances an' the rest,
But when examinations came, she failed the final test,
An' she went to her instructors an' cried an' cried and
groaned,
An' the next day, after dinner, she took the train for
home.
An' so we told Anne al'ays to mind what she's about,
For the *finals* 'ud sure git her,
Ef she didn't

Watch

Out!

—L. W. S.

It was the first of November.

The spectator stopped at a newsstand, and glanced
over the stock. Then he gave a loud shout and, in his
joy, kicked a dozing cat over the counter.

"Whoop!" he exploded, "whoop!"

"Woss matter?" inquired the astounded proprietor.

"Why," shouted the spectator in a frenzy, "this is
th' first newsstand I've seen today that wasn't plastered
with Christmas numbers."

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PROVED BEYOND A DOUBT.

"One thing I can say for Frank is that he's attending church regularly. His monthly accounts always show forty cents for contributions."

"ART" AND "ARTS."

"Hiram, what be you takin' down at th' University?"

"I'm taking an arts course, Uncle George."

"Wull, wull! I never knew you could draw."

THE GREAT DIVIDE?

"Goin' down to th' institution of learnin', I suppose?"

"Naw. I'm goin' to th' Ag School."

"What," said the father to his son, a freshman, who had returned for Thanksgiving, "have you brought back nothing but those English clothes and a large appetite?"

"Why is a horse with the distemper like a poor knife?"

"Dunnaw, n'less they both got cooled off too quick."

HITTING THE HIGH PLACES

Up in Madison, Wisconsin, dwells a masseur yclept "E. L. Bump."

THE DEPTH OF SENTIMENT.

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," replied his seasick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

RESOURCEFUL

"Let never wine-glass touch your lips,"

My Pa has made this law,

I cannot disobey him, so

Bartender, add a straw.

Fancy That Now.

"You say you sit next to Smith in geology and yet don't know him!"

"No; you see we are never awake long enough to get acquainted."

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AT THE BOARDING HOUSE.

Tommy Fly (in milk pitcher)—Come in, Willie, the water's fine.

THIS SORRY WORLD.

I always had the worst ill-luck—
Yes, ever since my birth;
The more I try to do what's right,
The less my chance is worth.
Doggone the luck!

I tried to make the glee club once;
I did the best I could—
The freshman, soph'mores, juniors, all,
But my poor self made good.
Doggone the luck!

At February in exams.
I crammed both day and night;
The loafers and the bums got through;
It seems as though I might.
Doggone the luck!

At Homecoming when my girl came,
I thought I'd make a killing,
My roommate on the sly proposed,
And she said she was willing.
Oh! ——— the luck!

PLAIN FACTS

Students of Illinois:

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"THE LION RAMPANT"
Tableau, Act III.

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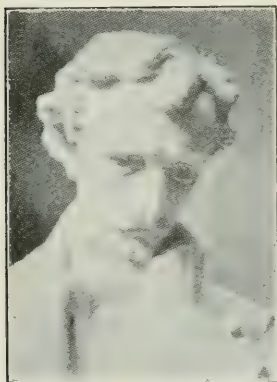
NO 4.

THE GROWTH OF THE STORY IN THE MIND

By MARY TRACY EARLE



THE old-fashioned idea of story writing was that it resulted from a very peculiar gift,—not a power to be developed by training and study, yet one of which the secret might possibly be imparted, as a sorcerer might impart an incantation.



EDGAR ALLAN POE fiction. Yet he put rather narrow limits on the possibility of teaching it, declaring that, while the power to observe and describe could be trained, selection could not be taught unless it might be by reading, for, "In every Art selection requires that kind of special fitness for the Art which is included in the much-abused word Genius." It is also impossible, he thought, to teach that simple gift of story telling,—the first essential to success in fiction,—which so often exists quite apart from education in any form, and which apparently consists in the sure recognition of those real or imaginary incidents or situations which will appeal either to the dramatic sense or the sympathies.

This, I think, is excluding too much from the field

Walter Besant seems to have been the pioneer in declaring that fiction writing might be formulated and taught. In 1884, when his *Art of Fiction* was delivered as a lecture, he said that story writing was scarcely recognized as an art, because it had "no lectures or teachers, no school or college or academy, no recognized rules, no text books," and was not taught in any university, and he advocated its teaching to lessen the flood of ignorantly prepared

of instruction in fiction writing. Of course the best story tellers will always be those in whom the story faculty is inborn and who have a natural gift for separating the essential elements of a story from the inessential, yet by practice and with criticism any intelligent and receptive mind can acquire these two requisites to a certain degree, just as a person with an imperfect musical ear can train and increase his musical perceptions. A man cannot alter the fact that he was born with a small natural gift; but a great faculty, neglected, may shrink, and a small one, if trained, is likely to expand. Instruction will never lift the poorly endowed to the level of the genius, but it will guard him against the errors to which he is most subject, and will often enable him to do certain kinds of work acceptably.

How then should one go about cultivating this ability for story telling of which nearly everyone has some rudiments? The average normal child is fond both of hearing stories and of making them up, but presently self-consciousness develops and his creative gift, unless unusually strong, soon disappears. How can it be held and strengthened, or recovered?

In an article on child training which appeared in a recent number of *McClure's Magazine*, we are told how Maria Montessori, an Italian doctor of medicine and of philosophy, teaches young children through the sense of touch, taking advantage of the great sensitiveness of their finger tips, and of how the ability to write whole words and sentences in a clear, legible script comes to these youngsters without special effort or direct training, as if in the course of nature one unconsciously learned to write, just as one had previously learned to speak. Eventually some equally gifted teacher may discover how to preserve and develop our inborn aptitudes for creative literature, without the loss of any particle of the first natural impulse for it; but at present we must deal with the more or less stiffened and self-conscious powers of expression and creation which we find in the ordinary young writer.

"Technic can be had for the asking," Brander Matthews declares, but immediately retreats to the more conservative statement, "Any man can acquire it if he will but pay the price,—the needful study and experiment."

A good way of beginning one's independent quest for it, is by writing a kind of fiction which is scarcely more than reportorial, but which develops the powers of observation, selection, dramatic presentation, and style. Reporting on some newspaper which exacts attention to literary qualities is even better training, perhaps, but it demands so much of one's vitality and, if successfully done, brings such tempting money returns, that a writer who has gotten all that it can give him as preparation for fiction, and who would really prefer to go on to his chosen work, often fails to see a time when he can venture on less certain earnings. Some teachers insist that direct copying of the style and methods of great writers is the best way to acquire technique, but the advisability of this probably depends upon the amount and kind of the natural gift of the aspirant. Some people are born imitators and should avoid copying; while others, even though but moderately endowed with originality, find imitation so difficult that they will never be harmed by it. My own belief is that style and a knowledge of arrangement are best developed by close thinking and accuracy of expression. If the thought is clear and the expression is moulded accurately upon it, the result should be as individual as the form and features of the writer.

The greater scientists often show literary style to a very marked degree, and if a story teller is anxious to express nice shades of meaning his accuracy of wording must be as great as that of a scientist. Even among the closest thinkers this precision of expression is not always a natural gift. Darwin, for instance, whose style was beautiful in his finished works, gives an account of his method of writing which not only mentions but illustrates the difficulty he found in clear and pleasing expression. "There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind leading me to put at first my statement in a wrong or awkward form," he records in the brief autobiography included in the *Life and Letters*. "Formerly I used to think about my sentences before writing them down, but I have found that it saves time to scribble in a vile hand whole pages as quickly as I possibly can, contracting half the words, and then correct deliberately. Sentences thus scribbled down are often better ones than I could have written deliberately." This trouble in achieving clearness

lasted to the end of his life, and though it caused loss of time he saw that it had the compensating advantage of forcing him to think long and intently upon every sentence, thus leading him to see errors in observation and reasoning.

A patient painstaking, similar to that which is so often necessary for the development of style, together with adequate criticism, will train a writer in most of the other technical requisites for fiction writing, and there is scarcely a college now that will not offer him guidance and criticism in such matters. If the development of the story be compared to the growing of a plant, there is no lack in these days of lectures and teachers to give instruction in the proper preparation and enrichment of the soil, in weeding, in the pruning and directing of the plant, and even in the marketing of the product, but we may still study to advantage the mystery of its growth.

Some stories shape themselves gradually, developing from a germinal idea much as a plant grows from the seed, while the plot of others comes in a flash of correlation, when two or three previously distinct ideas slip into place as parts of a previously unseen and unsuspected whole; as if, by some miracle of grafting, a stemless root, a rootless stem, and a detached flower could in an instant be formed into a living whole, capable of further growth without pause for union. Yet even after one of these sudden, almost chemical, combinations of ideas, more or less pause is usually necessary before the result is available to the writer. The story may seem as complete as a potted plant and yet have no more working connection with the mind which has mysteriously acquired it than a plant from the greenhouse has with the garden in which it has just been set. Root, stem, leaves, and even flowers has the plant. Motive, plot, setting, and even characters has the story, yet for a time no effort can force it to put out the expected growth. What is it, then, that goes on in those underlying layers of consciousness out of which some of our stories spring and in which those which come to us from outside must take root?

It may be presumptuous to compare the creative efforts of a fiction writer with those of a philosopher, yet I am sure that the over-eager fictionist, who complains that he has charming ideas but can make nothing of them,

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would do well to read what Herbert Spencer recorded of his methods of work. George Eliot once told him that she was surprised, considering the great amount of thinking he had done, that there were no lines on his forehead. He answered, "I suppose it is because I am never puzzled," and, when she exclaimed at the arrogance of the reply, he told her that it had never been his way to set before himself a problem and puzzle out an answer. "The conclusions at which I have from time to time arrived," he goes on to say in his autobiography, "have not been arrived at as solutions of questions raised; but have been arrived at unawares—each as the ultimate outcome of a body of thought which grew from a germ. Some direct observation or some thought met with in reading would dwell with me: apparently because I had a sense of its significance." Such an idea "—— would be contemplated by me for a while and its bearings observed. A week afterwards, possibly, the matter would be remembered and, with further thought about it, might occur a recognition of some wider application than I had before perceived; new instances being aggregated with those already noted. Again after an interval, perhaps of a month, perhaps of half a year, something would remind me of that which I had before remarked; and mentally running over the facts would be followed by some further extension of the idea. * * * * * And thus, little by little, in unobtrusive ways, without conscious intention or appreciable effort, there would grow up a coherent and organized theory."

The mind of a great philosopher like Spencer was undoubtedly much more leisurely and contemplative than that of the greatest writer of fiction. Its theories were far-reaching, involved, and abstruse. They could only develop through the expenditure of much time and patience, whereas stories, even the longest novels, are often very simple in conception and sometimes present themselves to the mind with a clearness and urgency which demand immediate and swift execution. Short stories, in fact, are likely to be best, because most unified and vivid, when they take form suddenly and are quickly written. Yet even in these cases the rudimentary idea may have occurred long before the story was seen in its entirety.

I have not made a careful search among the fiction writers who have given testimony as to their methods, but in my opinion the first rule for fostering the growth of story ideas successfully is that, if the mind seems to halt in elaborating them, it should be given plenty of time and not harassed. The brain is not an over-patient servant of the will, or, to return to the metaphor of the soil and its growth,—the germination of a seed or the formation of new rootlets on a plant, takes a certain space of time, depending on the conditions, and will only be deterred or prevented if we dig down constantly to investigate. One must give the story strenuous thought in the beginning,—that corresponds to the sowing of the transplanting,—but afterwards one must leave it alone for awhile and await results.

Spontaneous and undirected as the action of the mind on its materials seems to be, it is nevertheless largely controlled by one's knowledge of the necessities of the case. A second rule, therefore, is to make a careful study of the forms of fiction in general and of the requirements of the particular piece of work which one wishes to do. Take the American short story, for example. It is a much more definitely formed piece of construction than the Continental short story, or so I am informed by those who are more widely read than I. It is often, indeed, as definitely shaped as a syllogism. Instead of a major premise, a minor premise, and a conclusion, we have the general situation, the special predicament, and the extrication, and it is well for a writer to have a clear understanding with himself as to which of these terms he has chanced upon in his preliminary idea, and therefore what it is that he needs in order to complete his argument. Occasionally the preliminary idea for a short story embraces the complete syllogism and needs only to be convincingly stated in the words and acts of the characters. But even so perfect an idea must often be returned to the mind and remain there apparently without growth for months, before the characters necessary to develop it can be decided upon, or, once decided upon, before they begin to "exist and move about in the brain," as Besant puts it. More often, the preliminary idea is fragmentary. It may be a character or group of characters without a plot, it may be a motive without

plot or characters, or it may simply be some vivid incident without cause or outcome. Whatever it is, if there is a clear conception of what is necessary to complete it, the obscure processes of the mind are more likely to give acceptable results.

A third rule goes almost without saying, it is so self evident and has already been so widely urged. If the mind is to be productive it must be enriched. To keep one's mental garden fertile for the growth of stories, it is not necessary that one should travel far or read or study profoundly, though these things are good, but it is necessary to observe, to remember (and to remember one must usually record), to reflect, and occasionally to bring together the ideas which have been gathered in different places or at different times, in the hope that one of them may lead to the completion of another. If a writer has the patience to make a note of every promising idea, whether it be incident, title, motive, character, turn of phrase, characteristic bit of dialect, or outline of plot either complete or incomplete, and if he classifies these notes, so as to make their contents easily accessible, and at times runs over them, he will gain many almost inspirational suggestions. But this constant work of note taking is very laborous and if, as often happens, one takes the notes and then forgets to consult them, it is pure waste of time.

A fourth requisite is the belief of the writer in his own story. Of this Besant says, "Hardly anything is more important than this—to believe in your own story. Wherefore let the student remember that, unless the characters exist and move about in his brain, all separate, distinct, living, and engaged in the action of the story, sometimes at one part of it, sometimes at another, and that at scenes and places that must be omitted in the writing, he has got no story to tell and had better give it up. I do not think it is generally understood that there are thousands of scenes which belong to the story and never get outside of the writer's brain at all. Some of these may be very beautiful and touching, but there is not room for all and the writer has to select." This testimony regarding the superfluous scenes is that of a very fertile mind. Many writers greater than Besant, but less copious, probably see less of this extraneous

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action. Hawthorne, for instance, seems to be dominated by single ideas, and nothing in his work suggests that it was necessary to suppress a multitude of side developments. But whether one writes with a mind which teems with imaginings or from one that acts more parsimoniously, one must have faith in one's story, or its development will surely flag. Much of this power of projecting oneself into an imaginary situation is a natural endowment, like quick sympathy and the understanding of temperaments different from our own, yet I am convinced that these endowments can be cultivated and increased.

Under these four headings I think we may group all the means at our command for promoting creative action of a mind engaged in fiction writing:—First, by means of concentrated thought to plant in the mind an idea which may be either preliminary or more or less developed, and then leave the mind undisturbed to do its work subconsciously. Second, to have clearly in view the fictional form which one wishes one's story to take, and the exact relation of the known part to that which is still undeveloped. Third, to keep the mind enriched by observation and reflection, and at times to go through one's storehouse of ideas so that unsuspected relations among them may be discovered, or the statement of one problem may lead to the solution of another. And fourth, belief in one's work.

When Percival Lowell, on his journey to Noto, saw the diligence and zest with which the Japanese laborers repaired the mud dykes in their paddy fields, he said that "—— to make the play of childhood the work of middle life must be to foil the primal curse to the very letter," and whether or not those patient, grown-up makers of mud pies really found the curse foiled, the writer of fiction should return so completely to his childish enthusiasm as to make the labor largely its own reward; otherwise his task will turn out a vapid drudgery, leading nowhere. But even with unbounded enthusiasm, every story writer will have intervals of inability and discouragement. At such intervals let him remember that the break in his productive powers may be only a sort of winter, during which all that he has cultivated in his mind is preparing for renewed growth.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

By HOMER HALL



HE little, sun-lighted kitchen was specklessly clean. The stove with its dull black radiance, and the polished teakettle singing over the blaze, the floor worn free from paint by frequent scrubbing, the crystal-clear, small paned windows, all showed the work of a careful, painstaking hand. And yet the room showed too, as plainly as anything could show, that if poverty had never yet come dangerously near, wealth, on the other hand, had passed the little cottage by. The pine floor was worn into hollows and ridges by years of nervous footsteps; the tables and chairs were of the plainest description, perhaps the same as the old house had known when its first occupants had crossed its yet unworn threshold.

Yet to the two seated at their midday meal, the room had all the homelike and loved associations that long familiarity will give to any place, no matter how humble. One of the two was old, gray haired, sharp featured, her shoulders bowed by years of household drudgery, her face seamed and wrinkled by the worries and disappointments of half a century. A stern, determined expression had grown upon her face, the look of one who always expects to be contradicted and misunderstood. She began to speak, and her voice was harsh, unpleasant, unmodulated.

But the boy opposite knew something, though he could not know all, of the love which was concealed in those harsh tones.

"Well, Johnston's paid the rent at last. I never expected to get it. I knew he'd never pay you, but after I'd given him a good rakin' over the coals he paid up. Now I want you to go to town as soon as you can and get a suit of clothes. I don't know what the folks down there wear, but I want you to have as good as anybody. Pick out just what you want, for I don't want you to be always saying things don't suit you. Don't get a gray or brown, whatever you do, they fade so; a blue is best, and don't get any of those new fangled styles, with slantin' pockets, and cuffs, an so on. If you get a tie with it

pick out a brown; I think they're pretty. I want to get just what suits you."

The boy opposite stirred uneasily. He was a good boy, one could tell that from his frank expression. Just now his habitual good natured look had given place to a discontented air. He was regular in features, perhaps almost good looking, but there were faults discernible, too. The eyes were of slightly too light a blue, the lines of the chin and mouth were a little too weak, his manner had the diffident, apologetic touch of one who expects to be criticized at every turn.

"So you think I'd better go back to college?" he ventured hesitatingly.

"Go back! Why, haven't we decided that long ago?" She set the cream pitcher down with a bang. "Aren't your things all ready, and haven't you a room engaged for next year? Why shouldn't you go back, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I wish you'd tell me what good it's going to do me," he said doggedly. "If it was in some special line, it would be of some use to me; but how will a reading knowledge of Greek or the principles of versification help me to earn my living? Besides, think of the money it is taking; we can't afford it."

"You're going back," she said firmly. "You've got to go till you graduate. Never mind about the money; we'll get it some way. If you only knew how I've planned for years! I was cheated of my chance, and you shan't be. I remember how my father called me to him before he died, and told me he wanted me to have an education, and had left money for it. I never got it, for my step-father stole it, the pious old fraud; I can remember how he used to whip us for playing on Sundays. Then when your mother grew up I planned for her education. She was the brightest girl in the high school. I've showed you her reports lots of times. But she would marry your father, in spite of all I could do. But you, you're going to have the chance that I've been cheated out of. I've made up my mind that you are going to be somebody."

The boy pushed back his plate impatiently, not daring to combat his grandmother's awakened determination.

"I'm going away for a while this afternoon," he said, rising, "but I'll be back for supper."

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She spoke angrily again. "Spouse you're goin' over to see that Moore girl. I can't see what you can see likable about her. I think she's silly, and besides she's never finished the eighth grade. She don't know—"

"Education ain't everything," the boy muttered as he jammed his hat on his head, and slammed the door behind him. A year of patient effort on the part of rhetoric instructors had failed to eliminate that "aint" from his vocabulary. As he went toward the barn a kitten sunning itself in the pathway rose and attempted to rub against his legs, but he kicked at it savagely, though he felt a thrill of remorse as it fled with a frightened mew.

From the house his grandmother heard the thumping of hoofs on the barn floor, then a little later the thump creaking of the roller doors, the faster hoofbeats, and the whir of wheels as he drove away.

"Perhaps I was a little too hard on him. He gets discouraged at times, but he'll feel more like going back soon. He isn't as quick to learn as his mother was." Her face softened as she thought of her long-dead daughter. She sat quietly a long time, planning for her boy. She pictured to herself the graduation; she saw him successful, and a smile came to her worn face.

"He's going to finish," and her lips closed firmly again, "but I do wish he wouldn't go to see Beulah Moore so much."

Once out on the yellow country road, with the old horse doing his best, with the varnished spokes making a circle of light as they whirled around, the spirits of the boy, never long in one mood, began to lighten. All the September landscape was bright and cheering. Around him stretched the green cornlands, intermingled with patches of rusty stubble, and spots of pasture where splashes of red and white showed where the cattle fed afar off. To the west the gently rolling hills grew purple in their more distant ridges, while in the opposite direction the long swell of land cut off the view. A heavy freight train was crawling up the long slope, the smoke rising in great black puffs from the engine, as it laborously climbed the steep grade. But though so clearly cut, the train was distant, too, and no sound came from the panting cylinders, as it passed like a dream picture along the horizon line.

The calm beauty of it all appealed to the boy. Always

had he lived among these scenes; always had he loved them, seemingly with increased devotion as he grew older. Then he began to think of his plans, plans rather that he and Beulah had made together, and his face clouded as he saw how different they were in character from those his mother had made for him. An irresistible, intangible force seemed to be sweeping him away from his dearest desires.

"We'd all be so happy if she'd only let us," he cried passionately, aloud. Dropping the buckled lines over the dash, he drew for the hundredth time from his pocket an envelope bearing the college's return card in one corner. "Two failures and a condition," he said to himself as he gazed at the contents. Besides this there was an inclosure, stating that unless there was a material improvement, it would be little use for him to return. "I can't tell her," he groaned, "she's so proud of me, I just can't."

It was not due so much to his dullness as to his lack of application that he had made a failure of things. His work, entered into without enthusiasm at first, had grown hateful soon. Too often he absented himself from class for little or no reason; too often when he should have been preparing for some important examination, he was strolling through the groves that bordered the little college town. Only when he could get away from the class room and see the village roofs receding was he really contented.

"How happy we could all be," he said again. "I could make a success of things here, and we'd be contented and comfortable, and what more can one want?" In this mood of angry impatience he began to recall all of his wishes that had been thwarted in the past, till he was aroused by the horse turning in at his destination.

To the chance acquaintance, Beulah Moore was a very ordinary type of girl, typical of many in country neighborhoods. She was pretty and attractive, and though she had had little education, she did have a fund of common sense. The boy's grandmother had called her silly, but she was far from that, though she had all the light heartedness and happiness of a healthy, normal girl. She had never cared for study, nor associated with those who were deeply thoughtful, and she was totally without sympathy for the views of the boy's grandmother.

She had not hesitated to reveal her opinions, and the boy when with her had agreed with her, as he had with his grandmother when at home. The two talked long and earnestly as they sat on the farmhouse porch together, the black eyes of the girl flashing as she gave her views on the value of his college life.

"You can't do always what your grandmother wants you to. Don't you think there is something due to yourself; isn't there something due me?"

His hand clasped hers where it had been nervously tapping on the arm of her chair.

"Can't you understand, Beulah? She wants me to succeed, to be somebody, as she says," and he smiled sadly. "I can't disappoint her. I—I care for her a great deal," he went on in the tone of one confessing a fault. "She's always been good to me, except when I wouldn't do what she wanted me to."

"That doesn't give her the right to say what you must do in everything. She ought to be reasonable; besides, you are wasting the best years of your life, as well as money, at college."

He dropped her hand. "You don't understand," he said wearily. "You can't understand; I don't know as I do myself. I've never had my way in anything she objected to, and it don't seem possible to refuse her now."

"That's just it. You will have to oppose her sometime, and you might as well start now. You ought to think of your rights as well as what you call your duty. If you are firm she will have to give in. You know you can't go back to college. Tell her so; I don't believe you like to deceive her as you do. Then there is another thing: When are you going to tell her of our engagement? I don't think it is right to keep that a secret from her, even though she doesn't like me. Oh, you needn't tell me she does have a good opinion of me," she added, as the boy started to speak.

Thus the conversation continued, and the indecision of the boy gradually diminished under Beulah's strong influence. Before he drove away he promised to take a definite stand for her happiness and his own. It seemed easy, but as the distance from her increased and he got nearer home, the difficulties of his undertaking grew immense. As long as he felt the girl's firm handclasp, as

long as he had the encouragement of her dark eyes, nothing had seemed difficult; but by the time he drove through the gate at home his mind was almost as undecided as ever. The old horse missed the usual caress as he slipped the bridle off and replaced it with the halter.

His grandmother had been working all the afternoon packing a great, zinc covered trunk with his belongings, and dreaming happy dreams of his success as she laid each article carefully in its particular place. But as she heard him coming up the walk a sudden thought made her rise to her feet.

"For mercy's sake, don't go in that door; its all covered with flies! Go around to the other door!" she said sharply.

The incident, trivial in itself, but coming just at this stage of his feelings, angered the boy, and he sullenly walked to the other entrance. The sight of the homely objects inside, and the lonely figure standing by the table brought back memories of his childhood. Happy days those had been for the most part, except when disturbed by his grandmother's fits of anger. He leaned against the door casing, and looking at the one who had been more than a mother to him in many ways, whose hopes he knew he was about to destroy, said simply.

"I'm not going back to college."

She looked at him, not comprehending at first.

"You're—you're not going back? What's wrong now?" Then another thought came to her.

"It's that girl!" she said bitterly. "She don't know anything herself, and she don't care if anybody else does; she's—"

The boy gathered up his courage, and it was sorely needed.

"I'm going to marry Beulah Moore;" there was an unusual firmness in his voice.

The woman started forward. "You, you," she sank into a chair, surprised, unstrung; and then a furious anger succeeded. She had never suspected. She had so disliked the girl that it had never occurred to her that the boy had more than a passing interest in her. She felt the plans of years crumbling in pieces around her, and then her anger burst forth in a rush of bitter, biting words. The boy stood patiently, not trying to stop the torrent;

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knowing from past experience how useless it would be. More than once he winced at her references to the girl, but for himself he cared nothing—he had learned to endure these fits of furious anger. He remembered as a child how he had ran and hidden himself after the harsh scoldings, wishing never to be found again, and this childish desire came back to him at this crisis.

"It's no use arguing, mother." There was a moment's pause. "I can't do as you wish."

"Haven't I taken care of you since you were a baby? Haven't I worked hard that you might amount to something? Haven't I? And now you refuse to do this. Haven't I kept life in you more than once by my care?"

It was all true, that made it all the more cruel. It was on his lips in his bitterness of spirit to say that he wished that she had not saved his life, but he refrained. If she had shown the least signs of pleading, perhaps he would have submitted once more, but the determination to exact the obedience which he had always given repelled him.

"You can't make me do this; I'm not a child now. Do you remember when I was a little boy, cousin Arthur asked me if I didn't like to have my own way? And how I told him that I didn't know; that I'd never had a chance to try it? That was literally true. You have always decided for me, perhaps wisely for the most part. But you have always made me give up the things I've wanted to do, and made me do things I generally hated. Now I am going to do what I think best." Both were silent for a time. "We'd all be so happy if you'd only let us," he cried passionately, "Why can't you?"

The woman was calm now, far calmer than he.

"You've always been a good boy, and I can't think you will refuse me now. I am wiser than you. I want you to be somebody. If you won't go back to college, if you marry this girl against my will, I can't let you call this home any more. I can't allow this disobedience."

"Don't say that," he pleaded. "What will you do here all alone?"

He almost submitted, but the thought of the girl gave him firmness. She would consider him a traitor to her, as well as a weakling if he failed to keep his promise.

"I can manage all right. I'd a thousand times rather

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live alone than with anyone who is as ungrateful as you have been."

There was a long pause. The teakettle sang merrily on the stove. The light from the blaze, shining through the open draft, lighted up the room in a flickering manner. The old clock ticked as monotonously as ever. He knew that this scene would come back to him all his life long to haunt and pain him. Finally—

"Grandmother, won't you think it over? You know I care for you. I can't have you think that this does not hurt me to refuse you."

"It's a strange way of showing your affection," she said bitterly, unrelentingly.

In an agony of spirit he stood, and an instant later he was kneeling at her side, seizing the worn, wrinkled hand, begging her to forgive him, to say that she would not cast him off utterly. But even then the lines of her face did not soften, though the vibration of her voice showed that she was not unmoved.

"It lies with you whether you go or stay; I have meant what I said."

He rose slowly. It was useless. He had known it was useless from the start. He cast one farewell look at the lone, unrelenting woman, on the loved objects he had known since childhood. Then he stepped gently across the room, out of the door, closing it softly behind him, as one does the door of a death chamber.

She heard his unsteady footsteps grow fainter on the bricks outside; then the gate clicked; how often in the past she had welcomed that sound announcing his returning footsteps.

"He will come back," she murmured.

The darkness grew deeper, the fire died down, the teakettle ceased to sing. The clock alone broke the all-pervading, empty silence, with its dull, regular, monotonous ticking. She sat with her head bowed in her hands. Her lips moved:

"He will come back," she whispered.

STUDENT POLITICS

By ELMER EKBLAW



THE article by S. A. Bullard, '78, in a recent number of the Illinois Magazine, narrating the political activities of his class, and describing the exciting contests in which it engaged, proves that politics has been an absorbing and interesting game of the students at Illinois for years. Since his time, many equally exciting political battles have been fought in our campus; and despite the limitations which are being arbitrarily prescribed by our faculties and those being adopted by the students themselves, many more will be fought in the years to come.

My experience in student politics, extending over two years which, while not exceptionally exciting, were full of bitterly-contested struggles in which I found opportunity to observe at first hand the methods employed most successfully in that period, convinces me that the most successful politician is he who, recognizing best the conditions about him, and adapting his methods to those conditions, applies certain fundamental principles to his plans.

The first of these principles is—"Gain acquaintances and make friends." As was forcefully expressed in a recent editorial in "The Daily Illini," "Men who are best known and often more admired by their fellow students build up their following in student meeting places—at Bert's, the Co-op, the Gymnasium, and at mass-meetings and smokers. Their secret of gaining a wide acquaintance is so simple that most students stumble over it without knowing it; they stand amazed and complain, "How in the world does that man succeed, how does he manage to win election after election?" The method is obvious and logical, and the freshman has it at the start—'*go out and get acquainted*'."

The first principle is all-important. The character of the student body is such that the voter who knows little of the qualifications of any candidate will cast his ballot for the man he has met, or for the one who is recommended to him by a fellow-student he knows. Perhaps in recent years no one has recognized this fact

better than "Hipp" Jordan. '11. Certainly no one has had a larger or more loyal acquaintanceship than he, one of the shrewdest and fairest politicians I have ever known among the students. Because his following was so large, his influence was powerful and his support was eagerly sought.

A second fundamental principle is "Organize!" Even when the odds are heavily against a man, he frequently wins by a careful organization of his support. The man who possesses the ability to do this, and who can use his organization to the best advantage, is always a powerful factor in any activity, and particularly in politics.

The most carefully planned and organized campaign in student affairs with which I have been connected was that of the Buzick forces in the Buzick-Hanley contest for the second semester senior presidency of the class of 1910. That it was successful is due to the executive ability of such men as "Tommy" Thompson, George Wood, Loyde Jones, "Tom" Bregger and others who engaged in it.

J. T. Hanley was one of the most popular men in the class, one of the few men who had retained his prominence and increased his popularity from his freshman year. The opposition to his candidacy when first announced was negligible, but there were some who felt (whether justifiably or not, is not relevant to this discussion) that he had received as much recognition and honor as any one man deserved.

Seven men of the class finally met in the little cryptic card room of the Sigma Chi house one Saturday afternoon, to discuss the possibilities of defeating Hanley. They decided to make the attempt and chose John Buzick, the varsity pitcher, as logical candidate to oppose him, and selected one of their own number to act as campaign manager.

Buzick and Hanley were both athletes, both engineers, both of strong and vigorous personality, though Hanley was the more manfully aggressive, and Buzick the more faithfully persistent. Hanley's advantage lay in his host of acquaintances and his well-deserved popularity; Buzick's strength lay in the fact that he had sought no reward beyond his "I" for his splendid work on the diamond, while Hanley had held several important

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elective offices. The odds were heavily in Hanley's favor.

The seven men who met in the Sigma Chi house realized that their sole hope of winning lay in a clean, carefully-organized, and quietly executed campaign. Accordingly each one selected seven men, one from each college and two at large who were well and personally known to him, and who, as a rule, had not been actively interested in politics before, to serve as a larger secondary campaign committee. The original seven, and the "seven times seven" met once a week at the Triangle house, where the accurately-prepared lists of Seniors were judiciously apportioned among the committee from time to time as the campaign progressed, and reports made as to the results obtained. The lists of girls were likewise distributed, and, in addition, an auxiliary committee of the best and most active Senior girls was given charge of the feminine representation in the campaign. Every Senior, man or woman, was approached at least seven times; the efficiency of the girls' committee revealing itself in the fact that at least eighty percent of the girls were Buzick partisans.

The results of this minutely-arranged organization became apparent long before the election, for gradually but surely the advantage turned to Buzick, and the leaders realized that unless something quite unforeseen occurred, the victory was won. So careful had been the work that an estimate made from data in the hands of the committee at its last meeting before the election missed the poll of the returns by only seven votes.

I have given this campaign considerable attention not only because it illustrates the value of carefully organized support but because, though so intensely exciting and so bitterly fought, neither side, as far as I have ever been able to ascertain, engaged in dishonorable or questionable politics, and because it displays in the conduct of the two leading candidates after it was all over the effect such a contest produces. Hanley has retained the respect and friendship of his class by his manly acceptance of an honorable defeat, and Busick has earned its deserved admiration as well by his modest acknowledgment of his victory.

With the memory of this campaign and election still fresh in my memory, and judging as well by other similar

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political activities, I do not hesitate to say that the field of student politics is as good a training-ground for the development of good citizenship as is the athletic field. True, men and women err in this field as in any other, but the ultimate result must be that here as well as anywhere else they learn to despise hypocrisy, treachery, and weakness.

But the student who engages in the game of politics must be willing to abide by the rules and accept whatever comes, be it victory or defeat, with equal grace. He must be willing to suffer severe criticism, usually unmerited. If he be not willing to do this, he is a failure; and I believe that in our University today, the mournful howl against student politics does not come from men who like "Swede" Hanley, and Buzick, and "Dab" Williams, and Schoeffel, accepted what the gods granted them with like manliness, but from the failures, the men who lack the courage or the strength to "fight a good fight."

If a larger proportion of the student body were willing to sacrifice some of its leisure and pleasure to doing things that require time and effort, and to developing an unselfish influence for helpfulness in our university community, thereby reducing the number of mischievous "reformers" who indulge only in mere habitual destructive or futile criticism of the men who are active, we should have a more harmonious and unified student body than we have; though, even as it is, I sincerely believe that conditions here are much better than at most universities of equal size. I am confident that with each year the number of useless critics will grow less and less, and the number of actively loyal men and women correspondingly greater and greater.

Through it all, politics will survive, with its "machines" and campaigns, and defeats, and victories. Twenty years hence we shall return to old Illinois, to hear, among other things, of the "pernicious influence of T. N. E.", of the "closest election ever held in the University", of the great fight for some editorship, or of some equivalent feature, just as we hear it now; and I, for one, shall enjoy it, and be glad of it.

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THE LION RAMPANT

(*A farce-comedy in three acts*)

BY H. W. WEIS, and
D. T. HOWARD

[*As produced by the Mask and Bauble Club of the University of Illinois, November 24th and 25th, 1911.*]

ACT ONE

SCENE: Sitting-room of a lodging house. Night. Dan and two other men seated in chairs, right. One other facing them and leaning against table; Pudge worrying piano with one finger, up left. All in lounging attire.

First Man: Well, I can't say that I like Bailey very well, but he is the best man to manage the team, after all. He's had a lot of experience in a business way, you know.

Second Man: Experience, Huh! It does take so much business experience to manage a college team, now doesn't it?

First Man: Don't be so tart, Maxy. I'm not going to vote, you know.

Dan: It seems a mucker trick not to vote, but what's the use? One has no choice, you see; both men are so rotten that it's a crime to support either of them.

Second Man: (Rising) Aw—who cares! Neither of them gives a damn for a non-fraternity man, except for his vote. They're not apt to get mine. I've a Calc quiz on tomorrow. Think I'll get busy. (Turns to go. First and third man follow.)

First Man: Thank goodness, tomorrow is Friday. (Exeunt three men.)

(Pudge strikes repeatedly and with much delight a newly discovered chord. Dan rises, crosses to piano, and stands watching him. Pudge finally finds a bass for his chord and looks up grinning.)

Pudge: How's that? Do you think Beethoven was really so much on the piano?

Dan: He wasn't half bad, but he certainly never did invent anything like that bit of harmony, Mr. Chopang! I say, has Ted told you about his affinity?

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Pudge: He mentioned her.

Dan: (Sitting in chair left.) Who do you think she is?

Pudge: Why, there's no doubt about it! He's seen the widow.

Dan: I fancy we'd better give him a little brotherly advice about Rachael. He's so blamed impulsive that he'll be chasing after her and make a bally fool of himself.

Pudge: He is pretty brash for an Englishman, isn't he.

Dan: Ted calls himself an Englishman, but he'd never pass for one on ordinary inspection. Never had a chance to grow acclimated. He was born in America, with the slang on his tongue, and a father to keep him instructed in the latest wrinkles in his native language.

Pudge: (Turning back to piano.) Well, whatever the cause, he didn't acquire a great deal of formality.

(Ted entering center. He has on a smoking jacket, and carries a paper in hand.)

Ted: Good evening, fellows! (He sits in chair at right of table, reading.)

Dan: Hello, Ted.

Pudge: (Turning from piano, he winks at Dan.) You know, Dan, our hero has found a heroine.

Dan: Yes! Yes, he told me!

Pudge: Uh Huh! He tells 'em all. Nothing bashful about our Romeo. He has both the slang and the nerve.

Ted: What's that? Some girl you're talking about? Say, I saw the girl I was telling you about, this afternoon, with Bailey. He must be quite interested in her.

Pudge: Sure he is. Why, it's a distinction to go with that girl. Slender, light-haired girl, with blue eyes?

Ted: Yes; very blue eyes. Not these ordinary child-like blue eyes, with no color. They are deep blue. A color that sparkles, that invigorates, that pleases, that—that—

Pudge: Go to it, kid! It's a color that outblues the pure ethereal blue of the Heavens, as if Heaven were not above, in the skies, but here, in her eyes!

Ted: Don't make me a fool. Who is she?

Pudge: According to all the evidence at hand, she is Miss Rachael Templeton. Having been seen with the

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aforesaid Bailey, and having eyes of the said color and quailty, she can be no other; she is Rachael.

Dan: Strange you've never met her, Ted. She is known as the College Widow.

Ted: Widow! Why, man, she can't yet be twenty years of age!

Dan: I don't mean she's been married. She's always got a lot of fellows chasing after her. It's a social distinction to take that girl to a dance. Why, they say she keeps her dates for the next two years in a card index.

Pudge: That's it. And her smiles, and the glitter of her delft-blue optics, are reserved for the princes and nobles of our university sphere. That is, she goes after the aces, and usually has a bunch of them up her sleeve.

Ted: Why, that can't be. The girl I mean doesn't look mercenary. It can't be her.

Pudge: You describe her perfectly, my dear fellow. Of course she doesn't look it. If she did, how would she manage to string 'em along?

Dan: She is not really mercenary, Ted. She is playing the social game for all there is in it, and, of course, wants the trump cards. Really, she is a very fine girl.

Ted: A fellow like me, then, would have no show?

Pudge: Not unless you have something more to recommend you than the fact that you are crazy about her delft-blues.

Ted: But this man Bailey. What is his recommendation?

Dan: He is running for football manager, with every prospect of winning. That is a great distinction, from Rachael's point of view.

Ted: Pardon me, fellows, I can't believe this, at all. You can't tell me this girl wouldn't like a man, just for himself, even if he were not a manager.

Pudge: Huh! You can't even make a date with her. I dare you to try it!

Ted: (Forcibly.) I will! I'm going to meet her, and Bailey can look to his laurels.

Pudge: I say, you fellows should take the Lion Rampant off your escutcheon, and put on a bulldog.

(Door bell rings, left. Pudge runs to window L, and peeks out.)

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A woman! Excuse me; I must get on a shirt. (Exit Pudge and Dan.)

Ted: (Throwing open door.) Come in! (Enter Alice Bailey.) Oh, it's you. (Confused.) Pardon me, er,—won't you sit down? (He draws piano stool to middle of room for her.)

Alice: Thank you. I would like to see Mrs. Mandel.

Ted: Oh, Mrs. Mandel! Of course, I'll call her. (Alice seats herself, and Ted starts toward door, right. He pauses) You're sure you'll be comfortable there?

Alice: (Amused) Quite, thank you.

Ted: (Goes to door—pauses again—comes down right and picks up pillow) Oh, I think this pillow will be much more comfortable. (As he passes table he picks up copy of Daily Student) Pardon me, just a moment!

Alice: (Rises, laughing) I'm very much obliged to you.

Ted: (Patting pillow into shape) There, that will be much better. (Standing away) There you are. (She sits) (Ted thrusts copy of paper into her hands, then hesitates a second) Er,—I'll call her! (Crosses to exit—pauses) I'll call her. (Exits)

Alice: (Alice gazes after him for a moment. She rises, goes to table, takes an envelope from her bag and lays it on table. She starts laughing) Oh, isn't he interesting! (She crosses left and sits in chair)

(Enter Mrs. Mandel, right)

[Alice arranges with Mrs. Mandel for a luncheon in furtherance of Frank's campaign. Ted reenters as she leaves.]

Ted: Oh—you're going?

Alice: (Simply) Yes, I'm going.

Ted: Did you get your business transacted all right?

Alice: (Looking for bag) Yes.

Ted: What's the matter? Did you lose something?

Alice: Yes. I can't find my bag.

Ted: That's strange. Did you have it when you come in?

Alice: Yes, I'm sure I left it on the table. (She stoops to look under table. Ted, opposite side, stoops also, their heads almost touching. They raise up, looking

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directly into each other's eyes.)

Ted: That's awfully funny. (She looks away quickly, embarrassed; they look on and around piano; both go to chair with bag on, opposite sides. Both take hold of paper, and raise slowly).

Alice: There it is.

Ted: (Astounded) Why, yes, there it is. How did it get there?

Alice: Thank you so much for helping me to find it. (Goes to door, left. Looks back) Good-night, Mr. Kingsley.

Ted: Good-night. Sorry you have to go. (He follows her to door, and sighs)

Pudge peeks through portieres, center.

Pudge: Is she gone? (Ted still gazes after Alice. Pudge and Dan enter) I say, is she gone?

Ted: Yes, she's gone.

Pudge: Who was she? What did she want? She got away before I could get fussed up. I'd made it at that, if I hadn't forgotten which pocket my collar button was in.

Ted: It was the girl!

Ted: Isn't it curious? She must have known I wanted to see her.

Pudge: See fiddle-sticks! She wanted Mrs. Mandel to be chief cook at one of her parties, which Bailey will be *at*, and you will *not*.

Ted: (Confidently) Oh, I don't know. Wait until I get acquainted with her.

Pudge: Why, you just had your chance to get acquainted with her. Did you make good? Think she'll remember you?

Ted: She knows my name, all right!

Pudge: She probably thought you were the janitor. Did she ask for me?

Ted: You!

Dan: (He has strolled over to table and found envelope left by Alice) There you are, beyond a doubt. (Reading) "Parker-house rolls, olives, creamed asparagus tips." (Turning the envelope over) Holy mackerel! what's this? (Taking the envelope daintily by corner, he presents it to Ted, very much grandioso)

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Ted: (Reading aloud) Miss Rachael Templeton, 2008 John St.

Pudge: Yes, my lord. Your visitor was the widow. You've hitched your wagon to a star!

Ted: May the star never dim.

Pudge: And you're going to have one rough and rocky ride!

Dan: You better give her up, Ted. It's foolish for you to think of getting in with that girl when you're no one in the college; not even a fraternity man!



THE CAST OF THE "LION RAMPANT"

Ted: Oh, yes, she has been playing the social game, as you say, but it's only a game, after all. There's something more than that to the girl I saw, and it's that something more I'm banking on.

Pudge: Yes. A lot of fellows have banked on that. But their banks went broke.

Ted: My father, you know, was quite a student of human nature. He knew every society woman from Paris to London. He told me once, "Where there's a woman in the case the betting is wild. The less chance, the more probability." You fellows can figure chances from now till doomsday, but it's *taking* the chance that counts.

Pudge: Sure, go on, take a chance, especially as there is nothing to lose. Be a real sport. Make a date with her, right now. There's the phone. She just went

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over to the Sigma Omega house, around the corner here. She's there most of the time.

Ted: (Makes step to phone) No—I guess I'd better not call her up.

Pudge: Aw, you're afraid. You're afraid. That's the way with most sporting blood.

Ted: It isn't that. It's the looks of the thing. I've never met her formally.

Pudge: Don't worry. If she wants to know you, she'll recognize you fast enough. That's no excuse. You're afraid she'll turn you down. I dare you to make a date with her. I dare you!

Ted: (Laughing) I'll take your dare. (Crosses to phone, right) What's the number?

Pudge: Oh, I'm up on all these little social frills. 2640.

Ted: 2640, please.

Pudge: Something is going to drop.

Ted: Hello, is Miss Templeton there? Oh, this is Miss Templeton? This is Mr. Kingsley; yes, Kingsley. The man you just met over at Mandel's. Just now—a moment ago. Wait a second, I'm not fooling with you. You don't know me? Well—let me explain. (She rings off) Hello! Hello! (Puts down receiver slowly) She hung up!

(Pudge and Dan laugh heartily.)

Pudge: You never can tell about probabilities. Now what do you think of your chances?

Ted: I guess I'll have to meet her formally, all right.

Pudge: I guess you'd better, and you better tie a string around her finger to remember you by, or you won't last any longer than you did tonight.

Dan: You might as well stop thinking about her, Ted. She won't pay any attention to you.

(A ring at the door, left. Pudge runs to window as before, and peeks out)

Pudge: Huh! A little political speech, now. (He opens door. Enter Goodwin and Arthur's)

Dan: (Coming forward) Hello, fellows. Have a chair!

Goodwin: No, keep your seats, fellows. We'll stand. Arthurs here, as you probably know, is running for foot-

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ball manager, in the election which comes Saturday. We want to tell you openly and frankly just why he should win.

Arthurs: Fellows, I don't know just what your leanings are, but I want to win you to my side if I can. I've played on the class team for three years, and worked out on the varsity ever since I have been here. Out of the fifteen varsity men, twelve are for me. Don't you think the wishes of the varsity men should be respected?

Pudge: Sure.

Arthurs: I don't want to say anything against Bailey; he seems to be popular round amongst the fellows; he's in with the clique. But he's never played a game of football in his life, and if I do say it, hasn't done the work I have for the University. I don't want to ask you to promise to vote for me, but if you can see your way clear to remember me at the polls, I'll be grateful. (He moves to door, left)

Goodwin and Arthurs: Goodnight, fellows.

(Pudge and Dan follow them to door. Ted remains seated. The campaigners exit.)

Ted: Say, is that fellow actually running for manager?

Dan: (Laughing) Sure. Didn't you hear him say so?

Ted: Is that the way they go about getting themselves elected?

Dan: Why, yes; what's the matter?

Ted: Mighty bad form, I should say, to go about blowing yourself up.

Dan: Oh, that fellow was nothing. Wait until you hear Bailey. After all, it's just a custom the world has that it's not right to talk big about yourself. If we choose, here at Wisconsin, to start a campaign that it's all right to blow your own horn, why, it's all right, that's all.

Ted: And you mean to say if that fellow is elected, he'll stand a better show with Rachael Templeton than I will?

Pudge: Why wouldn't he? Look who he'll be? (Ring at door. Pudge to window, as before) Ha! Ha! Frank Bailey! Maybe we aren't popular with the

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politicians. (Ted holds Pudge to keep him from opening door)

Ted: (Loudly) Come in. (He goes and sits down. Enter Bailey. All seated)

Bailey: Hello, fellows; keep your seats, keep your seats. I'm only going to stay for a moment. Just dropped in to tell you about myself. I'm Frank Bailey, running for manager, you know.

Ted: I suppose you have a speech for us?

Bailey: (Laughing) Yes, a sort of one.

Ted: All right. Come right down front and tell us. I want some pointers.

Bailey: (Pleasantly) It isn't much of a speech. I just want to tell you that I was manager of the Oakfield High School team for two years, and that I have the support of nine of the best fraternities here. I have managed the class team for three years, and believe that I have shown ability in my work for the class. I think I deserve the office, and I—

Ted: Hold on there. That last sentence should be accompanied by a motion to the chest, thus; indicating, I'm some kid. You're falling down on the accompaniments.

Bailey: (With forced laugh) Perhaps you'd better make this speech yourself.

Ted: Not on your life. I'm here to learn. Go on; let's have the rest.

Bailey: All right. Seriously, the other reason why I should have the election is that the varsity men want me. They are the men who are going to be managed, and ten out of the thirteen have promised to support me.

Ted: I say, how many varsity teams are there here?

Bailey: Why, one, of course. What's the matter with you?

Ted: Oh, nothing; I was just curious. Have you made all your points.

Bailey: Yes, that's all, except that I'd like to get your votes. What do you think?

Ted: What do you say, Pudge. Did you like that speech?

Pudge: Warm bit of oratory, all right!

Bailey: (To Pudge) You're quite a kiddier, aren't you?

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Pudge: Now don't get angry, Patrick Henry.

Bailey: I don't mind being jollied a little, but things can go too far. I came out of my way to see you fellows tonight, and if the truth is told, I don't need your votes.

Ted: It's a rather happy circumstance you don't need our votes, Mr. Bailey. I've been thinking we may have a better use for them. Is there anything more you have to say?

Bailey: I guess not. (Exit Bailey)

(Ted closes door after him slowly and thoughtfully)

Ted: Fellows, I have an idea. Did you ever hear the fable of the unpopular duckling?

Pudge: No. And we don't want to.

Ted: This duckling was new, and didn't know the ways of the world. She went all around by her lonesome, and nobody paid any attention to her. One day she noticed another duckling that had been hatched out in the same nest with her, rubbing bills and quacking with all the other ducks; and she discovered the secret. Everyone likes to be liked. So she put on a sympathetic, homelike waddle, and developed a jolly good-fellow quack, and mingled. Hist! Popularity. That duck was a politician. Every politician has to be an actor. That was the trouble with these fellows tonight. They couldn't act. They couldn't even laugh. What would we care how many varsity men were for them, if they could only make us like them? Why, Bailey hasn't even learned to take an insult.

Pudge: That's a clever story. What's the answer?

Ted: Fellows, I'm the ugly duckling. I'm going to be Wisconsin's next football manager.

ACT THREE

FINAL SCENE FROM ACT THREE.

[*Ted, discovering that the girl with whom he is in love is the sister of his strongest opponent, Bailey, is attempting to bribe the teller, Withersbee, to force the election of the latter.*]

Ted: I'll tell you what I want you to do, Withersbee. Add 35 votes to Bailey's score.

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Withersbee: What? Aw, no, Mr. Kingsley. I couldn't do that.

Ted: Withersbee, you must. You're my last straw. My only chance. Promise you'll help me.

Withersbee: But can't you see? If I was to do that Bailey'd win the darn election.

Ted: I know it. That's what I want. Withersbee, I simply must lose the election. I shouldn't even be running. It means more to me than being popular, or anything you could think of. Every other man has gone back on me. Won't you please help Bailey win? I'll tell you why some day, and you'll be glad you did it. Won't you?

Withersbee: Well, if you puts it that way, I reckon there's only one thing I kin do. Are you sure you aint been drinking a little too much, or something of that sort? (Exit, center)

(Enter Rachael Templeton, center)

Rachael: What has happened to make you so happy, Mr. Kingsley?

Ted: Oh, hello, Miss Templeton. I'm glad to see you. But first, is this to be a political visit or a friendly chat?

Rachael: No politics between us! I thought that was understood?

Ted: Good! Good! Glad you came in.

Rachael: Where on earth have you been the last two days, Ted? I thought you had dropped off the earth.

Ted: Well, I did. It was not my choice. My friends, er—detained me.

Rachael: Oh, that's what you call it. Tell me, did you actually intend to withdraw from the race, or were you only shamming?

Ted: I was never so much in earnest in all my life.

Rachael: That's a strange idea. I don't see your motive.

Ted: They all think I'm crazy. They've had me in a padded cell for the last two days. I couldn't get to the polls now if I were a regiment of Indians. They're watching me.

Rachael: But don't you see I'm curious to know why? Or is the matter too personal?

Ted: Rachael, you're a good fellow. I wonder if I

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hadn't better tell you? Perhaps you can help me. Really, I'm in an awful mess.

Rachael: Now I am curious. It must be something very interesting. I'll promise to keep it secret.

Ted: Did I tell you the other evening that I tried to make a date with you because I thought you were Alice Bailey?

Rachael: No, you didn't say that! So that's the way the wind blows. There's a woman in the case!

Ted: Yes, yes, that's it. I wonder if I had better tell you just why I entered this race? Is your vanity easily hurt? No, you're too sensible. I'll tell you.

Rachael: I'm not at all vain. You know that, Ted.

Ted: You see, I saw Alice with her brother, and the boys told me, of course, it was you. They also said I had not a ghost of a show to win your interest. You associated only with class presidents, and managers. I had to be a leader in college to claim your attention.

Rachael: There is some truth in it, I will admit.

Ted: Well, you see, I entered the race to win a girl whom I thought was Rachael Templeton. She turns out to be Alice Bailey. Look at the situation I am in. You can see for yourself; it needs no explanation.

Rachael: Oh, but it does. Do you think so much of Alice that you would throw everything aside for her?

Ted: Everything, not only an office that's worth nothing to me.

Rachael: You grow cynical.

Ted: Rachael, you try hard to be a butterfly, but you don't completely succeed. Under all your diplomacy there is a real woman's heart. I wish you would be real, just long enough to help me out. You see, you could explain all this to Alice, so that she would understand. Tell her I've done everything I could to be square, since I talked with her. She'll know what I mean.

Rachael: You're asking a good deal, Ted. You don't know how much.

Ted: Huh! So you won't help me?

Rachael: Oh, yes, I will. I wonder what possesses me? I never knew that I had a heart before. It's all so ridiculous.

Ted: I thought you did. Everybody does, you know.

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Rachael: And you, you laugh at me. I think perhaps that's why you are so interesting. I'm not used to meeting men who are so independent.

Ted: Don't admire me, Rachael. I'm not worth it. I wish I were. I'm going to try to be decent, and worthy of Alice. You know, I've learned so much in the last few hours. I used to think I was clever and brilliant, a lot better than the average. I don't think so now. There are men, like Dan, who don't seem to have genius; who don't look wise, or attract attention. But they're men. They grow slowly, striking their roots down deep into the soil, like rough young oaks. They'll grow into big solid men, men of power and influence. They are the people worth knowing! And we thought they were dubs, Rachael; we thought they were dubs.

Rachael: Yes, I suppose you are right. Perfect men, like perfect oaks, grow slowly. But they're not interesting. Genius, real genius, is seldom found in a perfect human specimen; but such men are fascinating.

Ted: Promise that you'll do what you can to help me out with Alice. It means so much to me.

Rachael: (After a pause, impulsively) I will, Ted, forgive me for even hesitating. I'll do my best, and wish you joy. (Exit)

(Loud cheers for Bailey without. Enter Chalkly and marks up returns. Bailey, 660; Kingsley, 600; Arthurs, 198)

(Enter Dan, Pudge and others)

Pudge: Oh, that Withersbee. Don't let me get hold of him, or I'll do murder.

Thomas: Darn his hide! Gave Bailey 25 votes. I'm glad Smith caught him. I'm glad he was caught.

Ted: (Aside) Oh, Lord. He got caught!

Pudge: Come on. We'll lay for him when he comes out. (They all go out, center)

Ted: Twenty-five votes! (Comes down slowly to table, very much cast down)

(Enter Smith and Bailey on balcony)

Bailey: This is a nice mess you've got us into. A nice mess.

Smith: Look here, Frank, how could I know he was working for you? You told me to watch him. He went into Kingsley's room, and when he came back I noticed

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that he hesitated about reading them off; and I called him.

Bailey: Then what did they do?

Smith: They took the 25 votes off your score and added them to Kingsley's. Why didn't you tell me he was working for you?

Bailey: Why didn't I tell you? Because I didn't know. It's another of that gang's dirty tricks. Kingsley had Withersbee do it just to queer me.

Alice: (Who has been standing left) It's not so. They didn't do it to hurt you. (She pauses, embarrassed)

Bailey: Oh, they didn't, eh? (Cheering off stage) What's that?

(Cheers for Kingsley. Ted raises his head)

Bailey: Another return. Come on, Jack. (They exit hurriedly, right)

(Enter Chalkly, grinning broadly. He marks up: Bailey, 640; Kingsley, 700; Arthurs, 206) (Ted watches him, then goes slowly to table, collapsing into chair)

Ted: Oh, Alice, Alice!

(Enter crowd in lock step, singing an improvisation: "What's the matter with Kingsley? He's all right!") (They line up in front of Ted at finish with grand flourish)

Ted: Fellows, this has to stop. Do you hear me? It's got to stop.

Pudge: You stay right here, and don't get excited. It's bad for the blood.

(Ted makes a sudden attempt to get out, center)

Pudge: Hold him! Hold him! (Men up stage catch him, and hold him) He's not responsible, fellows. Kingsley, you're not going to withdraw. You're going to stay right here until the election is over.

Ted: Let go of me. (Struggles). I've got to get out of here.

Pudge: Shut up!

(Briscoe enters pushing Withersbee by the coat-collar)

Withersbee: I tell you I ain't no traitor.

Briscoe: (Shaking him) One more peep out of you and I'll break your ornery neck. Here's the little runt, fellows. What'll we do with him?

Ted: (Breaking loose) You let him go, Briscoe,

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or I'll break *your* ornery neck. He's no traitor. He's the only friend I have in the whole bunch of you. I told him to cheat for Bailey!

All: What?

Ted: Get out! Get out of my sight! I don't want you here, and I tell you that even if I am elected, I'll withdraw. I won't stand for your kind of electing. Get out! (He has pushed the crowd out center)

Dan: But don't try to stop things now. We'll be watching you. (Exit Dan) (Withersbee remains)

Ted: (Pacing up and down) We'll have to get out of here. We must. I have it. The balcony. I can make it if you'll boost me. (They go to balcony left of center, and Ted starts to mount)

(Enter Pudge)

Pudge: Ho, Ho! You will, will you? (Pulls Withersbee from under Ted) Come down out of there or I'll have to punish you. (Ted falls)

Ted: (Angry) What right have you to maul me around, and restrain my freedom? (Pudge grins, and Ted changes tone) Aw, Pudge, let me out!

Pudge!

Pudge: That's all right, old man. I can't, you know. You'll be thanking me in three weeks. The best thing you can do is to sit down calmly and wait. Come along here, Withersbee, it's close confinement for the lion from now on. (They exit, center)

(Ted takes step to follow, then turns back to table despondently. He takes a paper in hand)

Ted: (Glancing toward left entrance and crumpling paper in hand) I'll face them! By George, I'll face them! (He starts to go left, but at this instant loud cheers are heard without. Chalkly enters and marks up score: Bailey, 702; Kingsley, 830; Arthurs, 252. He puts a double line underneath to indicate the final score. Ted gradually relaxes, and falls wearily into chair, with head upon his arm. The cheering dies down)

Alice: (Who has entered on balcony during the cheers) Ted! (He raises his head slowly) Ted! (He turns toward her with his face alight) (She unpins a rose from her dress, and throws it down to him, after kissing it. Tableau)

THE END

THE DESIRABILITY OF SORORITIES AT ILLINOIS

By GLADYS STRAIGHT



WILLIAM R. BAIRD in his "Manual on American College Fraternities," gives the date of the founding of the first college sorority as 1867; and it was known only as "I. C. Sorosis" until 1888, when it changed its name to Pi Beta Phi. Its first chapter was formed at Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois. From that time sororities have grown rapidly in number, and have gained in standing, until at present there are very few large colleges and universities that have not some secret social organizations of this sort.

The subject of the influence of these sororities upon the girls who are members has been discussed freely in magazines and by college authorities. The chief problem is whether they exert a helpful influence in college life, or whether they serve as a distraction from intellectual work, and it is undoubtedly as cogent at Illinois as elsewhere.

National sororities were first allowed to enter the University of Illinois in 1895, when chapters of Kappa Alpha Theta and Pi Beta Phi were instituted. Since that time charters have been granted to Kappa Kappa Gamma, Alpha Chi Omega, Chi Omega, Alpha Xi Delta, Sigma Kappa, Delta Gamma, Alpha Omicron Pi, and "Kochov."

These sororities all rent houses, which they fill with such of their members as do not live in either of the Twin Cities, Champaign or Urbana, and they thus give the girls who are away from home a life which compensates, to a large degree, for the absence of a home environment. Many of the young girls in attendance at the University are not mature enough in judgment to know how to conduct themselves properly under all circumstances; and in the sorority houses the younger members are shielded from making mistakes by the experience and advice of the older girls and the chaperon.

Rules made by the sorority to protect the new girls especially, but applying to all its members, are enforced in different sororities by different methods. In some

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sororities the duty of reprimanding and advising the girls is placed in the hands of the chaperon. Others form senior councils, made up of the senior girls and the chaperon, giving them authority to punish girls who break the rules and to advise girls whose school work is below passing. Another way is to place each underclassman under an adviser, or older girl, who corrects and advises her, and watches her school work. In some of the houses the girl is responsible to the chaperon and chapter president for disobedience of rules. The discussion of personal faults and mistakes in fraternity meeting is sometimes practiced, but this method is open to the objection that too often a girl's feelings are hurt by it. A better plan is by means of a box into which anonymous notes are slipped for erring girls.

In the sorority home all the inmates must live under strict, definite rules, which are often much more binding than the rules of the girl's own home. By these rules each older girl is allowed one "date" between Monday and Friday. In the case of freshmen, this is not allowed in some sororities, and if allowed, it is only on condition that her work has been reported as satisfactory, which last restriction is placed upon sophomores as well in some cases. Some sororities allow dates any or all of the week-end nights, while others allow only two. On Friday and Saturday nights the signal bell for callers to leave is rung at ten thirty, with the exception of one sorority, whose rule is eleven o'clock. On Sunday nights the girls must be in by ten o'clock in nearly every case. Some of the sororities have found it necessary to limit the number of dances and engagements a girl may make between Friday and Monday night, to guard against a break down in health or a failure in school work.

Study hours begin at seven or seven thirty o'clock on week nights, at which time the house is to be kept as quiet as possible. In addition to these hours, in a few houses quiet periods are enforced during the main part of the mornings and afternoons of week days. Placing these rules in the hands of the chaperon, the chapter president, the senior council or of class advisors, makes an efficient means of enforcing them.

The contention that the establishment of a dormitory system at Illinois would do away with the usefulness of

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sororities is not well founded. While we need dormitories badly here for the girls who live now in rooming houses, under very unfavorable conditions, still the dormitories can hardly take the place of the sorority.

In the first place, such dormitories as we would necessarily have to have at Illinois to accommodate any large number of girls would be too large for close and strict supervision in the matters of etiquette and deportment. A girl would not be as likely to be corrected if she used bad grammar, for example, when among so large a number as when among a few girls whose object it is to improve and polish all the members and who feel perfectly free to criticise each and every girl for her own welfare.

In addition to this, in the sorority the members get practical experience in managing money matters. Each girl, at some time in her sorority life, will be called upon to hold some office which requires careful and systematic management of money and which often involves great economy. The chapter treasurer, the chairman of the house committee, and the commissary handle a great deal of money, and are expected to make a profit for the chapter. Especially in the work of the commissary, experience in household economy is learned thoroughly, as it is her duty to order and plan the meals and to give orders to the servants in the kitchen. She learns the cost of living and the value of money, experience which will be useful to her when out of college and either supporting herself or keeping house. Business ability is gained in managing sorority parties with the least expense possible to each member.

A large majority of the girls who attend college expect to be instructors in some line when through school, and thus to be thrown with young people whom they must be able to control and whose respect they must hold. The experience of dealing with the younger girls of the sorority gives her confidence and tact in managing them.

In dormitories the government is often in the hands of the girls, a plan which is sufficiently efficient but not as helpful in matters of school work as in the sorority, for the inmates are not bound together in any way and their grades reflect only upon themselves. It is scarcely probable that any sort of supervision over a girl's school

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work could be effectively maintained in a dormitory.

For experience in social etiquette and entertainment, faculty dinners are given at some of the sorority houses, and university faculty members and their wives are frequently otherwise entertained. The girls are obliged to be pleasant and entertaining, and soon learn to feel at home before older and more experienced persons. Sorority "at homes," given to all university people, are helpful training in grace and ease when in the presence of others on a social footing.

By the contact with the members of their own sorority all the girls must learn to give and to take rebukes gracefully and tactfully, and to profit by those given for their own benefit. Dean Fawcett says that one cannot help profiting by the experience gained in living in close contact with congenial girls.

In order to make the sorority more representative in university affairs, the members are urged to take part in college activities for women students. In the Woman's League, according to the *Illio's* published in 1910 and 1911, there were altogether sixty-two women taking active part on the advisory board of this association, forty-three of whom belonged to social organizations. The Y. W. C. A. has many sorority girls actively interested in the work being done by them. In the school years between 1907 and '08 and 1910 and '11 there have been one hundred and twenty-four girls on its committees and as officers, fifty-three of whom were members of sororities. In athletic work sorority girls have been prominent, also, as there have been between 1907 and '08 and 1910 and '11 seventy-six sorority women enrolled in the Athletic Association and sixty-four independent girls.

The literary societies have among their members many girls belonging to social organizations who are among their most zealous members. In Alethenai in 1910-'11 there were thirty-four members, of which nineteen belonged to social organizations, and fifteen independent girls. The Illiola Literary Society the same year had thirty-three members, of which eight were sorority girls, while Athenean had, out of thirty-three, nine sorority members. This average seems larger when we stop to think that less than two hundred of the seven hundred girls here are sorority members. In all, sorority women

are represented in college organizations to a much larger extent than independent girls.

The assertion that sororities over-emphasize the social side of college life may be countered by the fact that their members are carefully guarded against neglect of school work by means of well enforced rules. Mr. Birdseye, in his article on "Fraternities as An Educational Influence" in the *Outlook*, says that they generally act as a restraining influence against the numerous distractions of college life today. The sorority girl is not, as a rule, of the same type as the independent girl, who usually either does not attract sororities or is not attracted to them because she does not care for the society of other girls or for social life. For this reason the sorority girl should not be judged by the standards of the girl who cares more for study than for the society and company of others.

Sorority girls are often said to be snobbish and to feel above the independent girl. In my own experience as a sorority girl, which has extended over nearly five years of college life, I have found it quite the other way. The testimony of my own sorority sisters will bear me out in the statement that through a conscious or unconscious fear of being snubbed, the independent girl often snubs the sorority girl first.

It has been said that life in a sorority house ruins a girl's health by giving her too many social distractions. During the years that I have been at college, I have known many sorority girls, and have usually heard most of the sorority gossip. There have been girls who have broken down in health, but theirs were not cases where the sorority would have interfered. A girl who comes to college for the social life alone and who enters a sorority must keep up her work in order to be allowed her engagements. Often she has to work so hard to do this as to break down from the strain. The sorority, in such a case, may advise, but cannot force a girl to give up society if her work is passing. I have also seen delicate-looking freshmen go into sororities and grow robust and healthy in appearance in the happy, congenial atmosphere of the sorority home.

In the matter of school work, the fact that all national sororities are inspected by their grand chapter every year or so keeps each chapter up to a better

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standard, in order not to receive an unfavorable report in the national convention. Local organizations have a tendency to keep up their standing in school because they are petitioning for national sororities, which will inspect the scholarships as well as the personal character of each girl before the charter is granted. Dean Clark, in his article on undergraduate scholarship in the *Alumni Quarterly* for November, shows that the scholarship of sorority women for 1909 and '10 averaged 83.50, while independents averaged 86.15. In 1910 and '11 the average of sorority women was 84.29, and that of independent women 84.53. These reports show that the objection to the scholarship of sorority girls is not well founded.

Sorority girls are also interested outside of their school work to a large degree, and do well to keep their work as high as it is. A rivalry existing between the different sororities for the highest scholarship record keeps the girls very hard at work for their own sorority. The outside activities, to again quote Dean Clark, have a very important place in college life. "The very best students also are interested in little outside of their college work, and so miss much of the benefits of the broadest college training. The man who engages sanely in the outside activities of college keeps his studies above the average, and gets the most out of college life." This applies to women in college as well as men.

With Forget-Me-Nots.

Petals of hope and stems of grace,
Smile and nod to my lady's face,
Nod and smile with your prettiest air—
You cannot rival my lady fair.

Shapes of stars and hue of skies,
Twinkle and glow 'neath my lady's eyes,
Glow and twinkle the merriest way—
You cannot shine as my lady may.

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A TAUNT

By CARL STEPHENS

DURING all his eighteen years of invalid life, John Moorfield had existed passively, physically unable to venture even into the outskirts of the world's swirl of activity. A great deal of his disappointment centered stubbornly about a notion of his—founded on the unfeeling remark of a neighbor, whose gossiping whisper went out of bounds,—that he was “good for nothing.”

“Good for nothing,” John reflected bitterly, as he sat one October afternoon on a log in his father's orchard. He heard the corn-huskers working busily on the south field, and listened for a moment to the cheerful hum of a clover-huller over on the Eddy place. Even his mother and sisters were boiling apple-butter up under the crab-apple trees, and he noticed grandma picking hops at the rear of the grape-arbor. Several of the young turkey-gobblers were holding a stag-party over behind the black-berry-patch. All outdoors seemed to be furiously busy. “Everybody and everything except me is good for something,” John soliloquized, a little sarcastically, as he feebly whittled at the log. He was gradually allowing his melancholy thoughts completely to dominate him, and failed to see approaching a farmer in faded overalls, who had left his horse tied to a road-side post.

“Howdy-do,” began the newcomer, switching his boots idly with a Ben Davis “sucker,” as John looked suddenly around. “Lots of Winesaps on the ground here, ain't there? I reckon your pa is done baling straw, so you boys have a little extry time now,” he continued, and as he cut the rotten spot out of an apple, John recognized him as the new neighbor who had just moved in from Nebraska to go on the old Eddy place.

“Why, yes,” John replied. “Father is through with the baling, but the boys are husking corn today, and you see that I—”

“Just as I thought,” interrupted the farmer. “I saw all the boys at work but you, and I says to myself, ‘here's that fellow a-layin' off a few days to rest his hands up,

so's he will be in good shape to begin shuckin' Monday. Now,' I says, 'why can't I get him to run my sulky-plow a couple of days, till I get through hullin' clover?' You can come, I reckon, can't you? I'll pay yuh' whatever's right. Whoa-a!" he exclaimed in alarm as his horse shied desperately over in the road, an automobile having suddenly appeared. "Come and begin in the morning, then," shouted the farmer over his shoulder, as he hastened to untie the terrified animal. John tried to call out, but his feeble voice was unheard in the noisy confusion over in the road, and soon the old spring-wagon rattled around the corner, the frightened horse making such erratic jumps that the farmer had difficulty in keeping his seat.

The boy walked slowly back to the house, a curious combination of consternation and exultation seething in his mind. Why not, for once in his poor, useless life, be good for something? But he realized with mortifying force that his weak limbs would scarcely carry him the mile and a half to the old Eddy place, even though he could manage the sulky plow and three horses after he arrived.

When the family gathered to eat supper, John was in a decidedly cheerful mood. Somehow the fresh cider apple butter, the sorghum, and the grape-pie all tasted good that night. He thought he detected a new friendship in the faces of his brothers and sisters, who had previously, owing to his irritable temper, rather ignored him. When he finally went to bed, the faithful creak of the wind-mill outside his window lulled him into a refreshing sleep.

Early the next morning, while a dismal fall rain drizzled on the sodden leaves under the bared maples, John walked unsteadily, but with head high, down the road which led to the Eddy place. Daylight was just breaking. A chilly blast of wind occasionally swept through the road-side cottonwoods, sending the yellow leaves circling in sodden confusion. The road was gradually becoming sticky with mud, and John soon turned aside to walk in the wet blue-grass along the hedge. Sometimes he involuntarily looked back, although he knew that his father and brothers were still in bed. He struggled doggedly through the grass, be-

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coming more nearly exhausted at each step. "Give up? Never!" he muttered, as the unusual exertion began to tell on his puny strength. "Good for something," he kept repeating over and over, as he gazed longingly down the foggy road ahead, and "good for something," he groaned in agony, as he sank helplessly in the tangled grass, while the chilly autumn rain beat mercilessly down upon him.

It was noon before they found him, and the chilly afternoon was drawing to a close before he showed signs of consciousness. With his last bit of strength he smiled, and some thought he murmured drowsily about "being good for something."

SHELLEY: KEATS


One shot a fire-white soul toward orb'd beams
Just glimpsed by travail of the inner sight,
Then, blinded by excess of ideal light,
Sank back to earth. Men spoke of frenzied dreams.
The other, loving Nature as she seems
To him who tunes his ear to murm'ring's slight
'Mid growing grass, or but one leaflet's flight,
Found—so men said—the sweet Castalian streams.
Yet, could one read the great calm Goddess-Heart
Of her each wooed, would the true hieroglyph
Of rock, of flower, of tree, of star, of these
All as they yearn together—with no "if",
Such as men feel who scan some strange carved frieze,
Run—here spoke Greece, and there but frantic art?

FRESHMAN THEMES

(Editor's Notes On these pages will be printed, from month to month, such freshman theme work as in the opinion of the Magazine and of the English department best deserves reproduction.)

A THEME WHICH IS NOT QUITE A THEME

By LUCILE NEEDHAM

OMORROW morning I am to have the honor to present to you a theme,—to be of my own concoction, on any conceivable topic, and approximately two pages long. If words were sponges, I would now apply water to these. But, alack-a-day! Words do not swell that way!

I wonder if a person can write a *mood*? And how? Does the reader always supply the atmosphere of his own state of mind, or can a spirit hang on words and reproduce that of the writer? Were a cheerful person to read my present thoughts, I wonder if he would find them quite ordinary, crisp, and gay? I am really very, very drowsy. I have desecrated the Sabbath by worry over the Theme; I have even foregone League to write it, and still I have no inspiration; and a warm room is not conducive to one. . . .

I never realized before how big and solemn an empty living-room could be,—one that is usually very much lived in by a family of eight and its friends. Well, I am glad that there is a grate-fire,—which glows now just right for reverie,—which is big and solid, so that one enjoys cuddling into father's huge mission chair before it. And I am glad there is a lattice window through which to see the sunset after-glow and the purpling air. And I am very glad—oh dear! I am too tired to italicise—that there is some rich, low sacred music from across the hall, seeming to glide from place to place as it ebbs and swells. Oh, this is luxurious peace! This is divine peace! The fire fades a little—and leaves the room too

dark; I can justify postponing the Theme until someone comes in and turns on the light. . . Ah, that music! It reminds one of all the heroines of fiction, all the noble women whom one knows in life; of manly men, strong, trusty, hearty men; of big ideas, of great achievements, of opportunities; then of sad things, things lost and irretrievable, things might-have-been-but-are-not. "That strain again—" Who said that?

"That strain again; it had a dying fall!

It came upon my ear like the sweet south

That breathes upon a bed of violets!"

That reminds me of a picture—a sweet, fair lady in a quaint, empire, clinging dress, playing to an old-fashioned young man with fiery eyes. How does that song begin? Oh, yes!

"If music be the food of love, play on.

That surfeited, my soul may sicken and so die

That strain again—"

No; wasn't there more? How does it go? Where did I read it?

Oh! Half asleep, and no theme written yet!

ONE ENGINEER'S LIBRARY

By JAMES F. CHURCHILL



AS I examine my individual library, I am wont to think of the proverbial small bookshelf upon which lay the Bible, Pilgram's Progress, and the Dictionary—all well worn, of course. Not that my volumes in any way resemble this standard collection, except in size, but that I feel as if I had a library representing the best engineering treatises about as well as these three represent the world's best literature.

My efforts toward obtaining an individual library would well typify, I think, the efforts of the majority of sophomore engineers at the University. I buy such books as are absolutely necessary to keep up my work, not, however, without a great deal of grumbling and groaning. My library is composed of such of these as I am unable to sell to some other library-builder the following year. Thanks to the University authorities, who insist

upon changing the binding of several books each year, I always have some half dozen copies of which I am unable to get rid. By the time I have finished my course here I expect to have this number tripled, so my prospects for a library do not look so bad after all.

Just now my library is located on a shelf resting upon a radiator. I find that this site is not exactly conducive to the best condition of the books, since the heat warps the backs, while the smaller copies have a tendency to slip down behind, and in retrieving them while rushing to an eight-o'clock, I often tear the bindings off. One of my best volumes, "Screw Cutting Tools and Machines," by Wells Brothers, was absolutely ruined by falling into the cuspidor, and another book, a trigonometry containing an excellent table of logarithms, slipped off into the waste basket and was burned.

I am not inclined to reread my books often, because many of them are mimeographed. Whenever I pick them up, it recalls to my mind the instructor who mimeographed his own book, and made it the text in his department. I bought one, and the next year he had them printed and raised the price; of course I could not sell mine, and it now rests on the shelf upon the radiator. Every time I see it, I try to calculate just what part of the automobile he now rides in I paid for. Another objection to mimeographed books in a library is that they leave so much for a person to conjecture. I have often seen whole lines blank. Such a thing certainly requires deep thinking and great command of words, but I do not think that it is just the thing for an engineer's individual library.

In the near future I hope to get a Kent, and if I can add one or two books each year, I shall soon have enough to justify the purchase of a small bookcase. It will be of the sectional variety, so that I may increase its capacity from time to time. And I may yet be able to sit among my books as an old man, and think over the privations I went through to secure my library.



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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To a university which has yearly seen political methods of administering student affairs yield inch by inch before saner and more progressive ideals, the machinery by which the editor and manager of the *Illio* are still chosen seems ever more and more rusty and antiquated. There is no school as large as Illinois which is represented by so utterly poor a yearbook; and while this has not always been the fault of the editor and manager, the fact remains that the heads of the *Illio* can no more safely be chosen on the basis of personal popularity and energy in electioneering than could the heads of the *Illini* or the *Illinois*. The financial attractions of the posts are so inordinately great, moreover, as to tempt the injection into the campaign for them of unwholesome political methods. Probably the most practical alteration of the present system would be to permit the class to elect an editorial board and a business staff of the ordinary size, and to intrust to the board and the staff the choice of their executive chairmen, as editor-in-chief and manager respectively. This indirect choice would pre-

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serve the autonomy of the class, and yet lead toward the selection of the most competent men. The unfortunate feature of such plans is that their introduction must always come by faculty authority, which no matter how just must still seem to many arbitrary and revolutionary.

It is only within the last year that our student interest in the drama, long manifested in the staging of classic and modern productions, has taken the form of original playwriting activity; henceforth, if the promises of the Mask and Bauble

The Writing of Plays

Club and the Union Dramatic Society are realized, we may expect two plays and one light opera yearly from undergraduate pens. The University public has shown a commendable appreciation of the maiden efforts of its student dramatists, and it is apparent that merely as an extra-curriculum activity such work will not be worse repaid than are athletics, journalism, or debating. Rewarded by such general interest, dramatic activities are not likely to flag. Nevertheless, the highly literary nature of playwriting, the technique required, and the vitalizing value of experienced criticism and suggestion all point to the desirability of including among the rhetoric courses one especially devoted to it, or at least of formulating some course in advanced composition so that playwriting may be made an elective part of it. Our faculty will always have men who are competent, at the least, to guide beginners.

A WISH

Be thine the calm of the hills,
The strength of the stalwart trees,
The mirth of the mountain rills,
The zest of the high-born breeze.

Be ours the friendship of Higher Kin,
Attuned to the key of the Song Within.

SEEN BY THE WAY

A COMMENTARY UPON STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Christmas brought with it the opportunity for students to radiate as well as to absorb unlimited quantities of good cheer and general Christmas spirit. Certain charity workers assert that the radiation was insignificant as compared with the absorption. A Salvation Army solicitor, for instance, collected only fifty-seven cents after a long virgil in front of University Hall. She gave up, discouraged. Other evidence in support of this contention was found in the fact that relatively few students purchased Christmas seals sold by the anti-tuberculosis league.

With these two examples in mind, one might be inclined to say with the Salvation Army girl—"Students are selfish. They are well fed and well clothed, and care nothing for the welfare of others." This is, however, taking a distorted view of the matter. The worst things that may be said about the average undergraduate is that he is heedless; that he must be approached in the right way. And in this they are not essentially different from other people.

Students have given liberally in the past for various purposes. To take a case most remote from immediate student interests, the Cherry mine disaster, they gave a sum larger than many cities containing more people. Students have as warm a feeling for the Salvation Army and the anti-tuberculosis league as they have for the victims of mine disasters and Burham Hospital; yet in these first cases they give parsimoniously and the other generously. It is the effectiveness of the machinery of collection, and not the merit of the charity that counts.

The installation of the 1911 memorial several months after the large majority of the class may ever have an opportunity to see it should show the memorial committee of 1912 the necessity of raising their funds at once. For the last three or four years it has been the

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intention of each class to have its memorial installed by graduation, but long before that time came, it has usually been seen that pure negligence had made a long delay inevitable. Every senior who gives money for this token has a right to see it in place before he leaves.

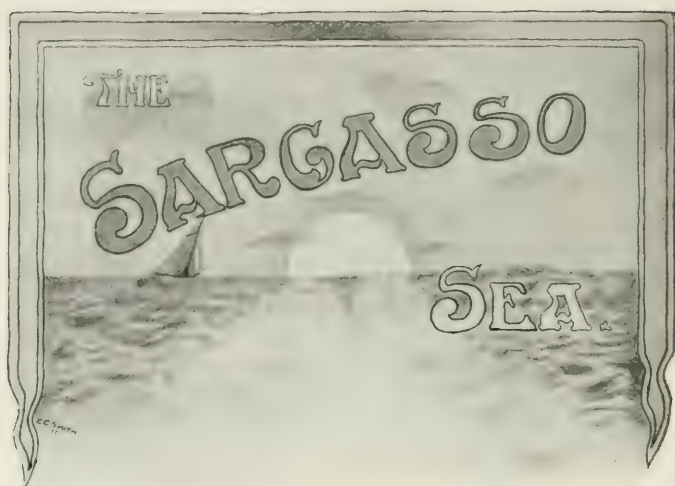
The committee this college year started into the field early, but they will do well to suggest or seek out several possibilities for memorials and to submit the choice to a vote at once. Class members will not pay until the memorial is settled on, and the financial committees of former years know that it takes not only a long time to collect subscriptions, but that the memorial may not be ordered until sufficient funds are raised. If the class of 1912 is going to have a memorial in place by June, January is none too soon to settle definitely upon its form and to start collecting funds.

To vote fobs, badges, or other rewards in recognition of services on class committees is a questionable practice.

**Rewarding
Committees** Twice recently such emblems have been granted for "faithful and honest service". In one case, that of the junior cap committee, they were awarded because the committee had turned in every cent that it had handled. This apparently remarkable feat was thought to justify a premium on honesty. This is not wrong, but it carries with it the germ of a bad precedent. Last year the Union Council voted itself a banquet; this year the cadet hop committee presented itself with badges. If this practice and others similar to it keep up, committeemen will look too much for the reward.

The appointment to a committee, the immediate publication of the fact, the picture and mention of the fact in the Illio should be reward enough. Students with visions of fobs and banquets are seeming too much to ask, "What's the graft in it for me?" In direct ratio they are losing a willingness to do a good turn without reward—losing almost altogether the beauty of self-sacrifice for others.

F. C. D.



"Friends," thundered the speaker, "the so-called bitter things in life are mostly imaginary. I know, for I—"

A gaunt man in the audience rose deliberately to his feet.

"Mister," he asked, "have you ever had a glass of stale beer?"

"Light, you know," observed the scientist, "travels 186,000 miles a second."

The railroad president grunted absently.

"Must be double-tracked clear through," he murmured dreamily.

Uncle Jasper stopped suddenly before a show-window in which was displayed this sign:

o—————o
 | IRON SINKS |
 o—————o

"Huh," he muttered, "who wouldn't know that?"

WE PAUSE FOR A REPLY

The county superintendent of schools sat painfully in the jolting buggy of the district school director, who was driving him back to the station.

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"I—don't—see," gasped the uncomfortable superintendent, "—why — you — don't — have — better — roads —down—here. You're twenty—years—behind the—times."

"—An' I don't see," retorted the farmer, "—as long as we're talkin' in this behind th' times' strain—why my kids in learnin' grammar have to learn 'thou art', and 'thou wast', and 'hads't been', and 'thou mighs't have had's't'."

WELL, GOLDSMITH LIVED A GOOD WHILE AGO

"With secret course which no loud storms annoy
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"So many people in all walks of life know so little about the laws of divorce—"

"Surely. But many people can't go on the stage."

C. S.



TO A TRAVELER

By G.

If only we could wrap up kindly thoughts,
Or stow away good wishes in a crate,
Or pack Pandora's box with sprites of love—
Just wouldn't it be great!

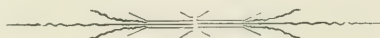
If inspiration came like bottled fizz,
And good cheer could be lugged along as freight,
And sympathy would fit a candy box,
Just wouldn't it be great!

But somehow truck of that sort doesn't keep,
The only messenger is careless Fate,
The wrapping's merely words and tones and looks—
And yet, if Memory writes them in her books—
Well, isn't it just great!

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FRENCH
STUDENT
TYPES



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NO 5.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF DICKENS

By RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN



FIFTY-FIVE years ago Charles Dickens set out for a little vacation trip, in company with Wilkie Collins, with the object in view, aside from recreation, of getting material for the periodical *Household Words*. "We have not the least idea where we are going," Dickens wrote to a rela-

tive, "but *he* says, 'Let's look at the Norfolk Coast,' and *I* say, 'Let's look at the back of the Atlantic.'" For the public, in the articles which resulted from the outing, he puts it thus: "They had no intention of going anywhere in particular; they wanted to see nothing, they wanted to know nothing, they wanted to learn nothing, they wanted to do nothing." So they called themselves *The Idle Apprentices*, and the account of their journey was published as *The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*.



WILKIE COLLINS

This *Lazy Tour*, a reprint of the articles in *Household Words*, fell into my hands now more than twenty years ago, and, from first serving to while away idle moments at a summer boarding-house, became a companion of which I have never grown weary. Partly, no doubt, because the articles were regarded as merely fugitive pieces, and perhaps also because of the joint authorship, they have not usually been included in collective editions of Dickens (I know, indeed, only a single exception),

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and I have often had the pleasure of bringing the *Lazy Tour* to the knowledge of friends who have regarded themselves as learned in all Dickens lore. In this Dickens centennial year I hope to add still others to the list of my converts to its charms.

But all I am now setting out to tell is how, during my first vacation in England, I conceived the notion of trying to follow in the tracks of Francis Goodchild and Thomas Idle—for so the Two Apprentices called themselves—and see what they had seen. Fortunately for me, for my time was short, they had abandoned their original intention to make a walking tour of it, when only at the fifth milestone from London; so I could follow their example by starting northward on an express train. The Apprentices' express "bore through the harvest country a smell like a large washing-day, and a sharp issue of steam as from a huge brazen tea-urn. . . Here were station after station swallowed up without stopping; here, stations where it fired itself in like a volley of cannon-balls, swooped away four country-people with nosegays and three men of business with portmanteaus, and fired itself off again, bang, bang, bang!" My train might be said to have done the same; yet to an American it would never have occurred to lay such emphasis on its noise and impetus, for in England all the locomotives look to us like toys, and their whistles are as gentle as a sucking dove.

Carlisle was the first stopping place,—a northern market town with a rather dull castle and dull cathedral, which do not seem to have impressed the Apprentices at all. What they noticed was that "the working young men of Carlisle were drawn up, with their hands in their pockets, across the pavements, four and six abreast, and appeared—much to the satisfaction of Mr. Idle—to have nothing to do." But their business was not with the town itself: Carlisle was the starting-point for a Cumberland mountain called Carrock. Here I confess my courage in following them failed. They found bad weather, and I found bad weather too. "The sides of Carrock looked fearfully steep, and the top of Carrock was hidden in mist. The rain was falling faster and faster. The knees of Mr. Idle shivered and shook with fear and damp. He had nobody to give him an arm, no-

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body to push him gently behind, nobody to pull him up tenderly in front, nobody to speak to who really felt the difficulties of the ascent, the dampness of the rain, the denseness of the mist, and the unutterable folly of climbing, undriven, up any steep place in the world, when there is level ground within reach to walk on." If Thomas Idle felt thus with Francis Goodchild for companion, I trust I may be forgiven for sharing his misgivings when alone under that same melancholy Cumberland sky. The Apprentices really reached the top of Carrock, where "Idle, drenched and panting, stands up with his back to



THE INN AT WIGTON

the wind, looks round with all the little curiosity that is left in him, and gets, in return, a magnificent view of— Nothing!" Worse still, in the descent he sprains his ankle. This was reality for Collins; his original. Dickens described the adventure in a letter to Forster, telling how he found "C. with horribly sprained ankle, lying in rivulet. . . . Shoe or stocking out of question. Foot bundled up in a flannel waistcoat. C. D. carrying C. everywhere; into and out of carriages; up and down

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stairs; to bed; every step." With all these warnings, then, I left Carrock unvisited; but on some subsequent visit to Cumberland, when I have a Goodchild with me, I intend to stand on the summit and see the view that was denied to my betters.

Once on lower levels again, the Apprentices took refuge in Wigton, which Francis describes to his crippled companion as "what I hope and believe to be one of the most dismal places ever seen by eyes." The only things visible from the window of the inn are a man and a pump and a trivet and eleven drapers' shops and dull-black houses all in mourning, and the rain. At length two men are discerned, "with their hands in their pockets and their backs towards me. . . . They are mysterious men, with inscrutable backs. They are looking at nothing—very hard. They stand to be rained upon, without any movement of impatience or dissatisfaction. They spit at times, but speak not." So to Wigton I went in pursuit of these objects, and may modestly boast that I found them all. Whether The King's Arms Commercial Hotel is identical with the inn where the Apprentices stopped, I cannot be absolutely certain, since they do not record its name; but from its position in the principal square whence the public well and the drapers' shops may be observed, I have little doubt; and if further evidence were needed, I found, close by the hotel, one of the men, with hands in pockets, standing very still and looking at nothing very hard. I took his picture, to verify the exactness of my research.

For readers of the *Lazy Tour* the most important thing about Wigton is that there dwelt Dr. Speddie, who told the Apprentices the gruesome tale of the Two Robins inn, and the double-bedded room where Arthur Holliday spent the night with a dead man. In the days of my first acquaintance with the story, my chums and I used to read this tale by the light of a single candle, and wait for the delicious sense of rising hair that was sure to follow. But it was vain to seek in the Wigton of my time for Dr. Speddie; so after my discovery of the man in the market-place I was content to go on.

The next stage was Allonby,—Allonby, where the Apprentices sought "the back of the Atlantic," where, according to Francis Goodchild's expectations, was "the

most delicious piece of sea-coast to be found within the limits of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, all summed up together." To be sure, when they had found it they were a little put back. "Where is it?" asked Thomas. And Francis answered, "It's what you may call generally up and down the beach, here and there." And to all further skeptical inquiries on the part of doubting Thomas, he had a single reply: "There is the sea, and here" (with reference to the luncheon on the inn table) "are the shrimps. Let us eat 'em."

I had read this account of Allonby so often—besides running across the place also in *Guy Mannering*, as a point of embarkation to the Scottish coast across the Firth of Solway—that I considered it one of the chief places in all England for me to seek. Stratford-on-Avon might wait till my next trip; the Tower of London actually had to; but Allonby must be found. The Apprentices went there by way of Aspatria; so I bought my ticket to Aspatria (a name, said Goodchild, in a manner suggestive of the departed glories of Greece), and at six o'clock of a June evening found myself the only passenger to leave the train there. Aspatria seemed to consist of the station and a public-house. When I inquired the way to Allonby, I was told there was no established means of getting there. Passengers for Hallonby went to Bull Gill (certainly nothing Greek about that); why had I got off at Aspatria? "Because," I explained, "some friends of mine came this way, and I didn't think of any other. But that was quite a while ago." The keeper of the public-house suggested a rig, and when I encouraged him went on to suggest six shillings; and this seemed such an easy way out of what at first looked like a fiasco that I eagerly took him up.

On the way over, by a very decent road (are English roads ever anything else?) which nevertheless went only through an empty treeless waste of rolling Cumberland downs, the driver expressed some curiosity as to my destination. What hotel would I stop at? This interested me at once, for of course I wished to stop where the Apprentices had, and must avoid any new-fangled inns meant for watering-place folk. So I inquired what the driver would suggest, and he suggested The Ship.

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"Is it the newest hotel?" I ventured, meaning to avoid it if it was. The absurdity of this question, in respect of almost any English town, I did not fully perceive till years afterward. The driver intimated that *The Ship* was not new, at least in any vulgar way; and he further hinted that if I was really to put up at Allonby, I had the choice of *The Ship* or nothing. At this I took heart, for it was clear that I could pick the stopping-place of the Apprentices.

The Ship was provided with a landlady in whom were united the functions of porter, barmaid, chambermaid, waitress, and cook. Her duties were greatly simplified, however, by the circumstance that until my arrival *The Ship* had—to use the appropriate figure—no passengers. But she welcomed me warmly, showed me to a room that looked straight over the Firth to Scotland, and, though no supper was at present in hand, was certain that I could be satisfied with a manner of a chop.

I could have identified the place if I had been set down in it blindfolded. No street, but houses, in Goodchild's words, "generally up and down the beach;" all "more or less cracked and damaged as its shells were;" a very odd brook that ran parallel with the shore-line, or rather "crawled or stopped between the houses and the sea," and two "public buildings," as the Apprentices have it, in the shape of two small bridges over the brook. Along this brook, when I had consumed mine hostess's chop, I walked, looking now at the queer little town and now across to the Scottish coast. For though it was now near nine o'clock it was full daylight, in that northern latitude; and the inhabitants of Allonby, who came to their doors to discover what stranger was patrolling the beach, could see me with unabated distinctness. The same question interested me that interested the Apprentices: who lived in this abandoned spot, and why? Mr. Goodchild replied that there were plenty of fishermen, but fishermen who never fished. "They got their living entirely by looking at the ocean. What nourishment they looked out of it to support their strength, he couldn't say; but he supposed it was some sort of iodine." It is pleasant to think that, when most mysteries of a former generation have been done away by science, the mystery of Allonby remains unsolved.

THE ILLINOIS

In my strolling I came to the Bazaar,—instantly recognizable, like the brook. “An edifice of destitute appearance, with a number of wall-eyed windows looking desperately out to Scotland as if for help, which said it was a Bazaar, and it ought to know, and where you might buy anything you wanted—supposing what you wanted was a little camp-stool or a child’s wheelbarrow.” In the windows were—strangest of all I had yet found here—Souvenirs of Allonby. They were the usual imbecile devices of seashore bazaars—paper-weights, jewel-boxes, easeled picture-frames, decorated with seashells in the usual imbecile way, and saying “From Allonby.” The question was, who ever bought them? To be sure I wanted some, and felt quite sad to think that the bazaar was closed to me and that I should probably leave too early in the morning to find it open then; but visitors with just my motive could not come every day. While I meditated on this further mystery, a citizen came and tried the door of the bazaar; and he did it with such a determined expression that I began to take heart of hope, and lingered near. He went away, but to be sure he soon returned, bringing the proprietor with him. Then I saw that the central business of the establishment was the repairing of shoes, and the citizen had a mended pair inside, which he had persuaded the cobbler to return to him that night. Providence thus smiling on me, I entered also, and soon had made my own some Souvenirs of Allonby held at very modest prices. The proprietor would have let me have them for nothing, I could see, if only I would tell him why I was there, but he was too true a Briton to let his curiosity find expression. Before I left him I dropped him a hint, if he had only known it, by inquiring whether he was aware that Charles Dickens had once been at Allonby; and he answered yes, he had heard it, and had also heard that he had commented on the rough paving-stones in the streets. It would not have been kind to tell him that the great man had taken the ground that Allonby had no street at all.

By this time it was at last growing dusky, and presently a Scottish light or two was glimmering across the Firth. I went early to bed, hoping it was the very mattress on which an Idle Apprentice had slumbered; but first I engaged another trap to take me—this time—to

THE ILLINOIS

the prosaic town of Bull Gill. From the intimations of the innkeeper at Aspatia I had supposed that regular conveyances between Allonby and Bull Gill were at least to be relied on; but why should they run, as my landlady very reasonably put it, when they might go for days and have never a passenger?

In the fresh early air of the next morning, then, I bade Allonby goodbye, not only well pleased to have seen it, but modestly conscious that to its mysteries I had added another. For I am all but certain that to this day its citizens ponder on the appearance in the place, on a certain 29th of June, of a tall but undistinguished stranger, who ate a chop at the Ship, bought a paper-weight at the Bazaar, walked on the beach in the twilight, and left next morning before anyone was up.

In order to seek the greatest possible contrast to Allonby and its atmosphere, the Idle Apprentices resolved to stop at a railway junction, which presently was abandoned, however, because Idle complained that it filled him with a dreadful sensation of having something to do. As it was impossible to identify this junction, I had nothing to do but pass on to Lancaster, and search for the inn where the walls were lined with old mahogany panels, and they served the Apprentices grouse, custards, and bride-cake for supper. But Lancaster I found rather sadly new and improved. There is still, to be sure, the castle, where the Old Man of Francis Goodchild's ghost story was hanged with his face to the wall. (And if anyone wishes to know just how it feels to be hanged, here—and only here, so far as I know, in literature—is such a vivid answer as, once read, will never be forgotten.) And there are still, I suppose, some of the staid old houses finished in Honduras mahogany, if only one knew how to penetrate them. But the town is busy and noisy, with a trolley-car in the high street; and worst of all, the inn of the bride-cake is no more. To be sure, there is a King's Arms, and we have the word of Charles Dickens the Younger that it was the King's Arms that the Apprentices describe. He admits it has been pulled down, but says the new hotel on the same site "is quite in keeping with the traditions of the place." I am afraid he got something for publishing this statement,—I mean nothing more than a night's lodging and breakfast; for,

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so far from finding the new King's Arms "in keeping," I found it the most modern inn of all I stopped at in my provincial ramblings. If my memory does not err, they even served me butter with my dinner, after seeing the American mail I was reading. And when I spoke to the manager about the *old* King's Arms, he seemed so little interested—or perhaps even ashamed of his ancestry, the snob!—that I saw it would be of no use to ask him anything about the ghost of the One Old Man.

The *Lazy Tour* does not end at its best. The Apprentices reached Doncaster, became interested—that is, Francis Goodchild did—in the races that were in progress, and did not even take the trouble, so far as the story goes, to get back to London. I suppose the requisite number of pages of *Household Words* was filled. But I followed them faithfully to Doncaster, and stopped, as they did, at the Angel, which, unlike the King's Arms, was quite unspoiled. The races were not in progress, but I had come upon race week at Carlisle, so I knew just how Doncaster would look under the same circumstances, and was glad enough that I found it in an emptier state, and did not have to share a room with a dead man, as Arthur Holliday had done.

"Where," concludes the Apprentices' record of their tour, "will these present idle leaves be blown by the idle winds, and where will the last of them be one day lost and forgotten?" More than fifty years have passed, and the idle winds still blow, but not yet to oblivion, for whatever the chief of the Apprentices touched with his magic art of finding life and humor in the most unpromising of themes yet lives. So here, in his memory, I record the pilgrimage that was made in his footsteps.

THE DIM LAMP

By GERTRUDE FLEMING



HE room gradually became oppressively quiet; through the open windows came the lazy drone of silly flies, which seemed only to intensify the brooding heat; the patches of sunlight on the floor were maddeningly brilliant. The woman who sat quietly sewing by the window seemed suddenly to lose every vestige of self-control. She dropped her work abruptly, and clutched her throat as if she stifled. Her eyes burned feverishly, and her dry lips opened to scream, when she caught sight of the forgotten presence of her sister, who gently rocked her placid bulk while murmuringly knitting stitches. The tension snapped and she sank back, trembling, the forced calm, which ill suited her piquant face, slowly stealing back. She covertly stole a glance to see if her sister had noted her movement, but the knitting needles clicked regularly on.

"Has the postman come yet, Heppie?" The commonplace question sounded unnatural to her own ears.

"Three, four—" The counting became audible. "Not yet, but he ought to be here now."

Silence fell again, dreadful and overpowering to Lucile, whose reiterating thoughts gave her no peace. Fitfully she sewed and peered down the road for the awaited postman's cart. Surely today some word would come. For days a restless expectancy had obsessed her, and the strain was telling. Her nerves were raw and the monotonous minutes were torture.

When he had come at last, she stared dully at the strange writing on the envelope, as if trying to arouse enough interest to break the seal. It was not what she had expected. Heppie stole a glance at her as she read, but spoke no word.

Lucile laid the letter in her lap. "It is from Frank's mother," she said, after a pause. "And she asks me to come to her for a while."

"His mother," Heppie repeated. "Where does she live?"

"Near Boston, and," she faltered, "she signs herself 'Nelson'."

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"Perhaps she has remarried." Heppie's voice was soothing.

Lucile shook her head slowly. Her eyes had a vacant stare, and for a moment she did not answer. "I am going," she asserted, with an air of finality. Her pentup emotions slipped the leash. "I shall go wild! This mystery is maddening." Her hand crept to her throat with a motion which had become a fitful habit. "Oh where is he? I can't stand it any longer, or I shall go crazy. Perhaps he is sick somewhere, or dead. His mother does not know."

Heppie arose and came over to her. In a dumb, helpless way she looked down at the slender, eager girl. All thru her colorless, useful life she had guarded and shielded her younger sister with a love half maternal, trying in her clumsy fashion to pour out on her the girlish joys she herself had never tasted. It cut her heart to see the suffering on the face she still thot of as a child's.

"He will come." Heppie's voice had the dull note of habit.

"He will come!" mocked Lucile cruelly. "You always say so, and yet two years have gone by. Two years, and not a word!" She was almost screaming. "Suppose your husband had disappeared." She was blind to the pain in the older woman's kind, near-sighted eyes, and she flung the words at her like a spoilt child. She was learning bitterly what her selfish life had not whispered to her before, that things do not always come when one beckons.

Heppie laid her large, soft hand on the tumbled black hair, and crooned softly, as she had done many times before. "Hush, child!" She knew the futility of her blundering words, tho she gave the comfort which she knew was expected as a right. To see the bright face so lined with pain, to hear the full throat so hoarse with petulance, was anguish to her.

Lucile drew herself away, impatiently, from the caressing hand. "I am going," she said with a new note of determination. "She says she wants to see me; no doubt to see what sort of an outlandish country girl has nabbed her darling son," she ended bitterly. "I'll show her that she need not be ashamed of me. I shall write tonight, and start Thursday."

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But Heppie pushed her back into her chair. "Sit and rest, dear, while I tend to things. You are worn out. Let me get you a cup of hot tea." Tho she gave a careless gesture of negation, Lucile obeyed like a child.

Left to herself, she wearily closed her burning eyes, and for the first time in many days relaxed her taut body. What a bungle it all had been, this life of hers, she who craved the glittering and happy. Why had she married him, the handsome tramp who had come to her father's door, as a common farm-hand, asking for work in such a polite manner? That he was different they had all felt instinctively, and his rich, cultured mind was a revelation to the girl who had tho she knew the world from a few years' boarding-school life. His quiet, retiring nature was an added fascination; that a man could live for a whole year on a large farm without going beyond the little village only argued that her power over him was supreme. To have been married for so short a time, to have had that one brief flash into the gay brilliance of the city, and to be forced to creep back, alone, bewildered, baffled, in the dark. Where was he? He had dropped from her world with no word or glance of enlightenment. The letter from his mother, slight hope tho it held, was a relief after the intolerable suspense of the past month. Perhaps some clew had been found, something they had dreaded to tell in a letter! Perhaps, perhaps— She checked the wearying flood of hopeless conjecture, and sought a thotless blank. At last she fell asleep, the letter, torn to shreds, tighly clutched in her hand.

Thus Heppie found her. Standing over her, a look which would have bewildered Lucile stole over her usually calm face. "Oh, why was he so handsome?" she moaned half aloud. "Isn't it enough that he is breaking her heart? What an old fool I am! But he will come. He will come!" and her eyes saw not the weary- sleeping girl, as her strong face worked convulsively.

The lazy weeks drifted by in the old farm house as best they could without the girl's vivid presence, and the first scarlet had come to the bushes before a smartly-dressed Lucile unexpectedly appeared. She found Heppie kneading bread in her slow, ponderous way.

"I am going to Wyoming tomorrow," she announced summarily. "I have my ticket, and everything is ready,"

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she added quickly, as if fearing disapproval.

Heppie gasped audibly. Accustomed as she was to Lucile's impetuous ways, she was always caught thus. She discerned with dismay that under the artificial repose of her newly-borrowed sophistication the old unrest peered forth. She wandered about the room as if something within her goaded her on, giving her no peace. To the older woman's beauty-loving, love-blinded eyes, the girl's pretty clothes were only a pathetic attempt of outward bravery.

"There is something queer about it all," Lucile rattled on. "His mother and sister are lovely; they have a beautiful home, and treated me as if I belonged to them, but all the time I had the feeling that they kept something from me, as if there was some dreadful secret between them."

"But why are you going to Wyoming?" At last she had recovered.

"Frank is there and wants me to come."

"Thank God," breathed Heppie devoutly. "What is he doing there?"

"I don't know, or why he left me." She was wringing her handkerchief into a string. "I had a letter from him, and he wants me to come. That is all I know. How could he have left me?" With miserable eyes, dull with hurt and dark with outraged feelings she gazed out over the fields, unseeing the gaudy beauty there.

Heppie finished her kneading with unwonted swiftness, and took off her apron with steady fingers. "I am going with you," she said with an air of aggressive decision foreign to her. "Do you think I am going to let you go out to such a place alone?" she ended almost savagely.

"Oh, Heppie," faltered her sister, turning with swift appeal in her outstretched hands. "If you only would! I am so afraid!"

Dusk had descended when they alighted at the bare Western station, and no familiar face greeted them. Lucile experienced a hopeless feeling of despair, the purpose that had burned in her died out, and she leaned toward Heppie with a childish dependence, when she caught sight of her husband on the edge of the platform.

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"Frank," she cried, running to him, "Oh, Frank. What's the matter?"

He caught her hands, without a word, and drew her away quickly from the little group of loiterers.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" Her hurt vanity mirrored itself in her voice. Tears sprang to her eyes.

He caught her arm with a grasp which made her wince. "Of course," he responded huskily. "I could get down on my knees to you for it. I did not think you would."

Turning, she saw his face fully. "Have you been sick?" she burst out. "Your eyes! Your hair!" Her own eyes took in his deep sunk, brilliant eyes, the short, scant hair, which looked as if it were coming in after a long fever. "Oh, Frank, your beautiful hair. Why didn't you let me know?"

He laughed in a manner he tried to make careless, but which sounded forced to her ears. A hundred questions arose to her lips, but a vague stir of disquietude held her dumb. "Oh wait; Heppie is here," she pleaded when he tried to lead her away.

"Heppie?" He turned, startled. "Why did she come?" he added, quickly recovering his balance. He laughed again, a jarring, unsteady sound, passing his hand over his trembling lips. "I am still weak, I guess," he muttered. But he met Heppie with his old-time grace of manner, and the courteous consideration he had ever used toward her, and led them to a small buckboard, which was hitched on the dusty road. All thru the rapid journey over the treeless country Lucile pondered over the mystery of it all. As in a dream she viewed herself traveling in a strange land, beset with shadows. Surely she would awake. Who was this man who sat by her side, this man with Frank's features, strangely altered, this man to whom Heppie was comfortably chatting as tho nothing wierd were happening. Yes, it was always Heppie, commonplace, unemotional, slow-witted Heppie who smoothed out the rough places for her smaller feet. What if she had come without her! What did it mean? Hysterically she moved her parched lips, and clutched her aching throat, then steadied herself with an effort.

It was quite dark when they drew up to a little cabin, alone on the open plain. Rude and simple the inside

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proved to be when the lamp Frank lighted flared out.

"It is plain," he apologized, shifting his eyes from Lucile's questioning, imploring face, "but we can be comfortable for tonight."

"Heppie laid her capacious reticule on the table, and drew Lucile from the chair into which she had half-faintly sunk. "When I get this child to bed," she briskly rejoined, in a matter-of-fact tone, "I will tend to supper."

When Lucile awoke to the world, the late afternoon sun shone thru the dirty, tiny-paned window. Slowly the old haunting uncertainty flooded in upon her, and she dressed quickly, softly, for fear Heppie would hear. There were few conveniences in the little room, but a huge basin of water, set on a chair, told that Heppie had been about her usual tasks of thotfulness. Fumbling in the rude washstand for a towel, she pulled out a bundle from the corner. It was a rough, striped, woolen thing. She held it up. It was a shirt. As if fascinated she held it before her uncomprehending eyes, while a slow, dumb horror possessed her. For some moments she knelt thus, then, still holding it, she arose to her feet, walked to the door and opened it. He stood, silhouetted against a window thru which the last beams of the sun were wanly streaming, shaven head bent questioningly forward, peering across the plain. So intent was he that he did not hear her, and as she stood there in the ominous silence, his sinistre outline held an awful meaning. His startled look when he turned to her, caused her heart to jump suffocatingly. She merely held out the shirt, then dropped it, as tho it were a loathed thing.

He laughed shortly, an ugly sound she had never heard before. "Oh, you know now?" His voice was cool. "It may interest you to know that they may track me down at any time."

Afraid to trust her voice, she only nodded. Her hand crept to her throat. "You are a convict?" At last the words came.

He made a motion as if to come toward her. "Stop!" her voice rang out sharply. "Who are you? You are surely not the man I married." Coolly, critically she surveyed the altered cynical face, the slightly stooping figure in the fading light. "Is that the reason you came to us in the first place? How dared you deceive me?"

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He put up his hand appealingly, cringing before the horror for him he read in her eyes. Then he hardened, all hope dying in him. "You didn't know you married an embezzler, did you? Or a man who had half killed a detective." He seemed to delight in hurting her, in cutting deep into her calm scorn. "But they caught me at last, even after I was idiot enough to think I had eluded them." Bitterly that nervous laugh came.

"If he does that again, I shall scream," she said to herself.

"But I got away with the garment you have just found," he mocked. "I am sorry if it distresses you."

Still no answer from the quiet figure.

"A fool there was," he sneered, after a pause in the darkening room. "I sent for you." He strained forward to see her face, then made that mirthless sound when he saw the hardness there.

She turned, opened the door, closed it behind her, clinging to the knob for support.

"Heppie," she gasped to her frightened sister, who hastened to her, fear and realization written large on her face.

"Oh child, do you—?" Her voice moaned the dreaded words.

"Hurry, hurry. Let's go."

"Surely not now when he needs you so!" Unbelief, surprise, almost a horror were in her words. But Lucile heard not, heeded not. She flung her arm across her eyes, trying to shut out the vision of the shadow-lined face which persisted.

"Pack our things," she gasped. "We're going back tonight."

SOME SUGGESTIONS AS TO DICKENS' GENIUS

By MARGARET DUPUY



OR one who has been but a superficial reader of Dickens to attempt a paper considering his qualities as a writer may seem not only uncalled for but presumptuous. The magazines have for years been full of articles dealing with every phase of the subject. But it may be that the few suggestions, made by various critics, which I shall sketch here will bring to some indifferent person a little of the enthusiasm my small knowledge has brought to me. This paper can merely suggest a few of the angles from which Dickens' work may be viewed. We are prone in these days to dismiss him with a shrug of the shoulder and a half smile for the utter exaggeration of his characters, a sort of treatment which is not only unfair to his genius but entirely unworthy of anyone who cares to be fair-minded.

Faults his work has, of course, many of them; yet necessarily there are many wonderful qualities as well, for how else could he stir up an interest the echo of whose power is a tradition with us? We of the younger generation are unable to realize the tremendous reach of this influence which overflowed from England to the Continent and to America during his life-time. Writers say that Englishmen almost knew his books by heart; they lived in his creations to such an extent that there was an "enormous Dickens religion." Friends and enemies were viewed in the light of his writings, and his expressions became the talk of the people everywhere. Almost, at Oxford and Cambridge, was "Boz the Bible of the undergraduates." So that even if we do not care to call him an event in English literature, we must concede, as one man puts it, that "Dickens was a great event in English history."

Yet his books are full of crudities. Perhaps the most important charges brought against his work are that it is often exaggerated, sentimental, and melodramatic. Certainly his written words retained many boyish qualities thruout his life—a rather maudlin conception of pathos,

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an unseeing judgment of women in many ways, an unconvincing treatment of the love-affairs of his middle-grade men and women. These weaknesses cannot be overlooked, though sympathetic study of the man and his work brings us into such warm personal contact with both that we are able to forget the unpleasing tricks of manner, as we learn to do with those we love. Mr. Chesterton, in his sympathetic book, gives the interesting opinion that readers do not appreciate Dickens because he exaggerated on the wrong side. The world is so pessimistic that people do not know what it is to feel a joy so vital and violent that only impossible creatures can express it. Characters like Mr. Toots in "Dombey and Son" are unreal in the highest degree, and yet, he says, they are somehow so real, so attractive, so human, that we cannot help loving the man whose heart poured itself out in their creation. No matter how mean and commonplace are the children of his fancy, Dickens always is true to them, unquestioningly expecting that others will give them the same respect that he does. If he ever felt them to be sentimental or melodramatic he conceals the fact. An article from Harper's "Easy Chair" states the simplicity of his attitude very well. "He was true to certain needs and hopes of human nature. He showed such tenderness for the poor, the common, the hapless and friendless that one could not read his books without feeling one's heart warm to the author, and imbibing a belief in his goodness which survived distinct proofs of his peccability. His work made always for equality, for fraternity, and if he sentimentalized the world, he also in equal measures democratized it. Mr. Chesterton, too, would have us understand that Dickens' greatness arises from his conception of the world as a democracy. "His best books are a carnival of liberty," and "his work has the great glory of the Revolution, the bidding of every man to be himself." Even the casual reader will not deny this spirit of democracy. The most insignificant and poorest characters are put on the stage in as much detail and as free from restraint as the most socially elevated. There is something in the author's treatment that answers this. He loved to watch and make record of the quaint sides of humanity; he was an "ever-watchful witness of the life of fields and

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cities," a life which he set down gently and sympathetically, not with the caustic cleverness of Thackeray, but with the consideration of a loving big brother. Mr. Chesterton puts this idea felicitously, when he writes that, in describing Mr. Toots, Dickens gives a picture of a type we all know, as a boy backward in his lessons but even then forward in certain cheap ways of the world. Dickens does not alter one single fact, but he manages "to make us end by liking, even loving and reverencing, the little dunce and cad. And the very point of the matter is that he does not alter Toots in the least. The thing he does is alter us."

It is in the description of his characters that the man is inimitable. Their speeches and actions, the little phrases thrown in to individualize them, make Dickens' work the wonderful thing it is. For it is by his characters and not by his books that the appreciative critic must judge. Most of the books are not novels; they are entirely too varied in their interests, too complicated in their multiplicity of plots. It is in his people, his groups and his episodes that Dickens' skill as a writer centers. "The primary elements," to quote Mr. Chesterton again, "are not the stories, but the characters who affect the stories, or, more often still, the characters who do not affect the stories." Much of his art consists in the creation of atmosphere in his subtle way, and more in his tremendous sense of words, which seemed instantly to appropriate just what was needed to make the descriptions perfect. Do not understand that many of his descriptions, especially of those elements he seems never to have understood, are not, to be frank, rather bad. His style is not on the highest plane, but the books are full of delightfully happy phrases. We all remember dear Traddles, who, with hair standing on end, "looked as if he had seen a cheerful ghost," and Mr. Micawber when (making punch) he "resumed his peeling with a desperate air." There are many remarkable sentences of which the following are representative: "Mr. Vholes gauntly stalked to the fire and warmed his funereal gloves," and "Beyond was a burial ground in which the night was very slowly stirring." Is there not something about these phrases that charms us and makes us understand the extraordinary popularity of the man's work?

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In the apt word lies a great share of Dickens' humor, that humor so often misunderstood and underestimated. Nevertheless, it is genuine, for all the words and experiences of the characters are emanations from their personalities; there is nothing forced about them. It is as if the author created his people and wound them up, so that their speeches and actions are the result of the unwinding of their natures. It seems that Americans are slow to appreciate this kind of humor. Their delight is in the more boisterous situations which have no vital connection with those who act as their medium. Dickens' situations, however, result naturally from the temperament of his people, so that the wonder of it lies in his ability to conceive characters so fascinating.

George Barlow is of the opinion that, despite these oftenest commented upon qualities, Dickens is at bottom a tragic genius, an idea which has never, I daresay, occurred to most readers of his work. The artistic errors he committed in, for example, the development of Dora's character, show that the artistic faculty pure and simple was not by any means the strongest of his powers as a writer. He is at his best when the greatest tenderness and gentleness are necessary, when he is able to display his understanding of the "inherent agonies of life, his comprehension of the heights which human beings may attain, and the depths of hell to which they may sink." At such times he forgets himself completely, if that be another way of saying that then he manages to be himself, ceasing entirely to be "sentimental and humoristic." We must agree, must we not, that it is a pity that a man capable of rising to such heights as in the description of Carker's journey to Paris and his death later must be judged by his mere ability to draw rough caricatures and clever portraits? Why must the world look always for the flaws, the foolish pathos, the glaring exaggerations? Why can it not take the man at his best, finding there the real Dickens?

Barlow makes a statement which will appear more and more true, I believe, as the student goes deeper into the man's character. To the casual reader it sounds preposterous, but the author's ultimate fame will rest upon the opinion of those who have searched far and sympathized much in their study. The critic's idea is this, that

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Dickens was remarkable for his conception of the highest kind of love and his recognition that it can be found in women as well as in men. The nobility of Carton's love for Lucie, and Agnes Wickfield's love for David Copperfield place Dickens in the very highest rank of spiritual and religious writers, because their loves were so pure, so Christlike, so infinite in their spiritual possibilities. His genius is invincibly Christian, invincibly tender, gentle and loving.

And having said this, are we not leaving the subject on the best possible basis for deeper study?

TO THE LINCOLN OX YOKE

Quaint relic of forgotten days of old,
Emblem of the patient, plodding toil
Spent ere deserved reward of hard-earned gold
Requited tillers of the prairie soil;
Fashioned by the same immortal hand
That struck the fetters from a captive race,
And when Disunion threatened, saved our land,
Thy makers' care in thee, too, may we trace.
An inspiration may we find in thee,
When wearied by performing some small task,
Of petty duties we would fain be free;
For great things now thou teach'st us not to ask.
To do well each day's work, however small,
Is only what the Master asks of all.

BEING FUNNY EVERY DAY

By CARL STEPHENS

Erect as a sunbeam,
Upspringeth the palm;
The elephant browses,
Undaunted and calm;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings;
Kind leaves of his covert,
Your silence he sings.

—Emerson.



HAVE often wondered what we should all do if there were no poets in the world from whom to quote. It were a mournful thing to have to start off unintelligible prose articles without some lucid wisp of song with a striking central idea to set us right, to give us a literary shove in the right direction, to show us what clarity really means. Besides, it is stylish to have a poet crank up for me; I can hear the professors exclaim, as they fight to get a peep at these pages: "There's nothing vaudevillian about him," and "He is an animate proof of my contention that a profound appreciation of the poets is the secret of prosperity."

Naturally, all this is educational, and inspiring to the young folks, but it has little to do with "Being Funny Every Day", the text that roosts on the ridge-pole of this epic. Always stick, nay adhere, to your subject when you deign to father typographical immortality. If I were a professor of rhetoric, I would keep a bucket of glue on my desk, and would stick every student fast to his/her subject.

I cannot help feeling a bit tremulous, as I begin talking about myself and the asylum on a corner-lot of The Illini known as The Campus Scout. Completely do I realize that nevermore will I have a better chance to toot my own saxophone than I have right now; on the other foot, I have to consider my reputation, and the long siege it would have in the hospital. WELL,—

Probably you would be interested to ascertain from

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whence all the literature that daily winks at you in the Campus Scout cranny emanates. Clearly, no one head, however shaped, whether like a lemon, or a pear, or a pine-apple, or a squash—would be capable of standing the strain. Therefore, the metaphysical content has to be subtracted from many craniums; frequently, however, two only are employed. Let me turn the spotlight on one example:—From one man's brain may issue fourth the backbone of a joke. Devouring this with gnashing gusto I cast myself into a trance, roll my eyes, and ejaculate in frenzied accents a dozen or so lines of Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*. In a few minutes I have the joke hopping around on one leg; another zephyr of inspiration, and I have a biped; another, and behold, a one-armed wonder, then a two-finned curiosity. Whistling to it gives it a voice—and the joke is created. Tenderly I lift it into the Scout corner, where it greets you next morning with a contented "Da-da".

Very simple, you murmur. Yes, my children, very. Of course you understand that back-bones, and even solitary ribs, are on some days not easily found. Hens at the Poultry Farm do not lay orange and blue eggs every day; not every night do most of the bachelor instructors shoot craps on Green street; and all professors are cross on Monday. To be sure, there is the *Ladies' Home Journal* page of jokes—why not lift one, to fill up space? Quite so. But consider what you would be lifting. The *Journal* copied the joke from the *New York Evening Mail*; the *Mail* took it from the *Louisville Courier-Journal*; the *Journal* was inspired by the *New Orleans Picayune*; the *Picayune* plucked it from the *Kansas City Star*; the *Star* had been looking at the *Commoner*—and who knows but what the Democratic mule told the joke to William Jennings in the first place? So you see that to lift a joke, the roots of which are strung from New York to Omaha, and draped on trellises in Philadelphia, would take far more power than the entire Illini staff could scare up.

"Study Nature, Not Books" is the inspiring motto embossed on the plush lining of the alligatorette case of dissecting instruments which I was requested to buy when I presumed to take Zoology 10. I do not recall of ever having occasion to use any of the cutlery, as my

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pocket-knife was handier, sharper, and more deadly all around; but that is neither here nor yonder. The momentous thing is that I bought the murderous kit of tools, and saw the motto, "Study Nature, Not Books".

So it must be in writing the Campus Scout. I am obliged to study nature—meaning particularly the human species, but not excluding squirrels, stray dogs, dray mules, assistant instructors, jay-birds, student politicians, Shanghai roosters, and other eccentric variations from the mean. I dare not pass by a bristle from a shaving-brush, without pausing to inspect it for symptoms of humor. By the way, here is a capital chance for some more poetry. Kindly remove hats, while I call up Stratford Bill:—

Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

This is putting the matter pretty strong, because there are no brooks around here except the Boneyard, which does not get as many book orders as the Co-op, and the few rocks scattered about the campus are chiefly class memorials; nevertheless you have at least one leg over the idea I am trying to crank up, namely, that there is nothing too trivial for my most sympathetic attention.

There seems to be some misunderstanding as to just how I go about writing the Scout literature. This is indeed a perplexing matter to some, and I shall do my best to explain. To begin with, I sharpen my pencil; this done, I pin my copy-paper to the table, because you see the Illini office is a windy place. Then I begin writing at the top of a sheet of paper, and keep on till the page is full. Now reverently I lay aside and begin on another, treating it in exactly the same way. This process I continue, until ten or a dozen sheets have been inscribed, after which I number the pages, so that the printer will know when to stop swearing.

Simple, you say? Why, so it is. There is really nothing much to this daily installment of tittering business, except plugging around. Wouldn't it be a great world, though, if every one of us had a flunky to do the plugging?

Yes, children, shaking the head, and expressing dissent, are practically synonymous.

STUDENT LIFE IN THE LATIN QUARTER

By D. H. CARNAHAN

THE Latin Quarter is a difficult object to define or bound. Roughly speaking, it is the territory in the center of Paris, a little less than a mile square, lying south of the river Seine, and inhabited (leaving out of consideration a few hundred thousand insignificant citizens) by a variegated population of over fifteen thousand hard-working creatures known sometimes under the name of students. Many colors, nationalities, and even tribes are represented, and were represented there three centuries before the discovery of America.

The origin of the University of Paris is rather vague. The eloquent teachings of the monk Abelard from 1102 to 1136, we know, drew throngs of students to Paris from all over Europe, and from this gathering grew up what is now termed the University of Paris. The regular organization of the University may be considered as dating from the papal bulls issued by Pope Innocent III in 1208, 1209, and 1213. The Sorbonne, now the College of Liberal Arts, was founded about 1253 by Robert de Sorbon, a confessor of Louis IX, with the object of furnishing food and lodging to a limited number of Masters of Arts, and students of Theology. The curriculum of studies was not extensive; if at the end of seven years a student had not learned to preach or debate (*discuter*) he had to leave the institution. In fact, the principal mental exercise enjoyed by European students for several centuries seems to have been to study theology and to debate philosophical questions. Many important questions were settled in those days, such as the well known query as to how many angels could stand at one time on the point of a needle, and others of equally vital significance. "*Discuter*",—"discuter", was the cry until the debates became an absurdity. In the words of an early writer; "The debate spoils no less the character than the mind. Men cry out until they are hoarse, they scatter vulgarities, insults, threats. They even come to

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kicks, blows, and bites. The debate becomes a quarrel, and the quarrel a combat; wounded and dead remain lying on the floor." Our ancestors evidently had little to learn from our modern debating teams in regard to emphatic presentation and rebuttal.

Other very commendable practices existed in those days. A candidate for the degree of Master of Arts in the fourteenth century was required by a decree of Parliament to distribute wine and spices to the teachers during the examination, and the candidate for the Doctorate was compelled to give a banquet to the members of the Faculty. Each Master, and "bedeau" (a combination of business agent and student adviser) was to receive two new caps apiece.

The furnishings of the class rooms up to the year 1400 were unostentatious; the teacher had a chair and desk while the students sat upon the ground, altho sometimes in winter extra furniture was added, straw being put on the ground for the students to sit upon.

It is a far cry from those days to these in regard to university equipment and scholastic offering, but the student temperament has remained unchanged. Notice the following letter written toward the end of the twelfth century by two students of Orléans:

"To our dear and venerated parents, salutations and filial obedience. Please receive the news that, thanks to God, we are dwelling in good health in the city of Orléans, and that we are consecrating ourselves entirely to our studies, knowing, as Cato has said, 'It is glorious to know something'. We live in a good and beautiful house which is separated from the schools and market-place only by one building so that we can go daily to our classes without wetting our feet. We have also good companions well along in their work and highly commendable in all respects. We congratulate ourselves greatly on this, for the psalmist has said '*cum sancto sanctus erit*'. But in order that the lack of working tools may not compromise the results we have in view, we feel it necessary to call upon your paternal tenderness and beg you to kindly send us by the bearer of this present letter enough money to buy ink, a writing-desk, and the other objects we need. You will not leave us in want, and you will be anxious to have us finish properly our studies so that we may

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return home with honor. The bearer would also be willing to bring any shoes and stockings which you may have to send us. You can also send us news of yourselves in the same manner."

It would be easy to create a mental picture of a modern student writing this letter home. Notice the same intense devotion toward scholarly attainments as in our day, the same pressing desire to have news of the dear ones at home,—and the same merely incidental touch in the matter of finances.

The modern Latin Quarter, interesting as it may be, can never surpass in romance the old wild days from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries when the student was often a composite of a scholar, beggar, bravo, and thief. Lively times there are still, but the impression which one gets is of superficiality, of much smoke with very little fire. When the "spring has come" feeling, otherwise known as the Orpheumistic germ, awakens, the students mass together into a "monôme", the ancestor of our own post-baseball snake dance, and march to the home of some unpopular professor singing revolutionary tunes and shouting "conspuez-le." Any political or religious "manifestation" in the city may be sure of its quota of students yearning for closer relations with the police force. Much noise and excitement ensues, but the results are rarely serious, as the Parisian police are gentle by nature or education, and the paving-stones in the city are cemented solidly down. In 1893, however, a formidable riot arose in the Quarter, caused mainly by a legislative decree affecting the "Bal des Quatz Arts", and in it one student was killed, and many others of the students and police were injured. The Quarter was barricaded for three days, until outside troops were called to the aid of the police, who were unable to handle the situation.

The University of Paris, distinct during the last fifteen years from the University of France, is composed of the five schools of Theology, Law, Medicine, Science, Letters and the Upper Normal School. The buildings form a group with the relatively new and beautiful Sorbonne in the center; the building of the School of Medicine stands a little apart but is easily recognizable by its continuous canine chorus proclaiming the cause

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of anti-vivisection. Across the street from the Sorbonne is the Collège de France which, while an important factor in the educational group, is not an organic part of the University but depends directly upon the government. Vacancies in this Faculty are filled by the Minister of Public Instruction from nominations made by the Faculty, and all the courses are free without examinations attached.

The regular fees at the Sorbonne itself are remarkably low, an annual fee of but \$6.00 being required. The main expense is incurred when an examination is taken for a degree, as for example the fee for a Doctor's examination is about \$28.00. The total cost of taking the bachelor's degree, including annual fees and the examination, is about \$26.00. As the regular French "Doctorat ès Lettres" is very difficult, if not impossible, for any but the best prepared of the native students, an easier "Doctorat" called the "Doctorat de l'Université" was established in 1897, mainly for the benefit of foreigners. This degree requires two years of work beyond our A. M., unless the time is shortened by vote of the Faculty, and carries with it fees amounting to \$40.00.

The cost of living in the Quarter is less than at our universities, if one has a sturdy constitution. Excellent meals may be had at many restaurants for twenty-five cents, and filling meals at other eating-places for fifteen cents. Of course at these latter places the service is not Delmonicoesque, and to one with a vivid imagination sometimes the "rosbif à la mode" may have a flavor of harness, but why leave the reins of fancy free? Moreover, there is a law in Paris against selling untagged horsemeat.

Rooms may be had from \$7.00 to \$12.00 a month, and one may be sure that although there may be no stove, nor lamp, nor soap, he will be more than recompensed by finding in his room several mirrors, and a couple of Louis Quinze gilt-faced clocks, with or without hands. In addition to these necessities there is always the "édredon" (also an inhabitant of Germany, I believe), consisting of an obese pillow about three feet square, balanced on top of the bed-clothes for the purpose of creating warmth. The results are commendable,

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for the amount of physical exercise required to keep it in equilibrium easily produces the desired effect.

The expenses in addition to room and board are not great; men's clothes are cheaper than in this country, and less attention is paid to dressing. Among the smaller expenditures we find the price of haircuts to be six cents with a four cent tip, and the ordinary price of a shave is four cents. The barbers do not become rich, however, as hirsute foliage runs wild among the students. Artistic as are the strivings of our senior classes in this country towards facial adornments, they fall far behind the foreign product, which ranges from thick forest-like growths to the sparser but more striking peninsular and archipelagian effects. The theory in the study of evolution that Nature protects her own finds confirmation here, for well heated lodgings in the Quarter are scarce. Many of the students simply sleep in their rooms, and live the rest of the time in cafés, the lecturerooms, and the libraries. However, conditions may have changed recently; much of this present data goes back ten years and more.

The libraries, and there are some nineteen general libraries available at Paris, are wonderful in their collections of books and manuscripts, but are poorly heated and ventilated, and few of them have any artificial light on account of a justifiable fear of conflagrations. Prolonged work in winter is difficult.

Many American girls, especially those who are not primarily interested in learning the French language, are to be found in pleasant quarters in the American Girls' Club, rue des Chevreuses, in the southern part of the Quarter. A few blocks away in the street Notre Dame des Champs are the quarters of the American Art Association of Paris, consisting of a comfortable house with rooms, a restaurant, a library of English books, a dancing hall, and other comforts.

Some foreign students take membership at a cost of about \$4.00 a year in the General Association of Students, with its large number of members, and here the money is well spent on account of the acquaintanceships to be formed, and the musical and theatrical privileges open to students supplied with the official card. Many of the students obtain reduced prices in the theaters, how-

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ever, by buying seats with the theatrical "clagues" (hired applause). Frequently has the writer of this article sat with the claque in the front row of the third gallery, with one eye fixed in fascination on the stage and the other watching intently the leader of the claque for the signal to clap. The leader of this abominable French invention is instructed beforehand by the actors as to the proper time for the applause, and usually gives a slight hiss at the slated time to attract the attention of his fellow criminals. Needless to say this wooden clapping kills spontaneous applause.

A more elevated but more decidedly strenuous dramatic feat for the musically inclined students is to "faire figurant" (to supe) in the Grand Opera. From personal experience the writer can affirm that to be an Austrian soldier in the first act of William Tell, a conspirator in the second, and a wave of Lake Lucerne in the third, requires considerable versatility, and knowledge of the French language.

Many others of the pleasures and privileges of the student in Paris might be mentioned here but space forbids. It is a great education to spend a year intelligently in Paris. "Allons-y!"

AT THE CAPITAL

By RAE GOLDMAN



THE days and weeks following the election of Sim Turner as senator from the state district of which Blank County was the most important portion were busy ones for that local statesman with his combined duties as politician, grocer, director of the bank, and the thousand other responsibilities that fall to the share of large hearted, popular, capable men. One evening, while he was sitting in the stiff little parlor talking to his wife, he said suddenly, "By the way, you'd better begin to get ready to go to the city. You know session begins next month."

"Why, I haven't much to do to get you ready. You know I always keep all the buttons sewed on, and your socks—"

"But I guess you'll need something more than my shirts and socks to wear. You'll want lots of new dresses and hats and things like that."

"Sim Turner, what are you talking about? You talk as if you thought I was going, too."

"Of course you're going! I'll tend to the work, and you'll take care of the other end of the line, of the social part. I don't know but what that's come to be the real purpose of the sessions now, just to have an excuse to take our wives along for a good time."

Instead of the delight that he expected to see expressed in his wife's sweet face, he saw her look troubled and worried.

"I can't go! I couldn't, Sim."

"Can't go? Why, what's the matter, little woman? I don't understand."

"Don't you see?" she asked, eagerly, pleadingly. "I can't leave the house and the chickens, and I've got to be here for the church supper, and the Endeavor Society is going to meet here, and—" she stopped, perplexed, as she watched Sim throw back his head and laugh until he had to stop and wipe his eyes.

"Well, well, well!" the big man gasped out. "And you're serious about it all, too. Maggie, dear, the session's the biggest thing you've ever seen! No little church sup-

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per, or ladies' talking societies. Its real receptions and dinners, with evening dress and flowers and real ladies and gentlemen, and—

"That's just it, Sim. That's just what I mean. I couldn't enjoy that kind of thing. All the rest of the women there know all about those things, but its different with me. I'm afraid of them."

The blue eyes of the man, generally so full of humor and kindness, seemed to grow angry, and his mouth shut squarely and firmly.

"I'm ashamed of you, Mag, ashamed! Why, ain't I as good as any of those men, and aren't you my wife? I guess you are as much a lady as any of them. Why, little woman," and the strong voice softened, "little woman, there's not a lady there that couldn't be proud to know a lady like you. I guess I wouldn't ask you to come if I was going to be ashamed of you. I'd let you stay home with your chickens and clubs."

The following days were very busy ones for Mrs. Turner. She sewed and shopped and cleaned and prepared in a thousand ways, although Sim laughingly complained that he couldn't understand why the house had to be cleaned just when they were going to leave it.

On the day of their departure she felt so excited and happy, so proud of Sim, that she forgot her fears and looked forward to their stay in the capital city with as much pleasure as a young girl going to make her debut into society. They registered at the hotel where the senators always stopped. They spent the afternoon in their room, unpacking, planning, and having a good rest.

"You will meet the women at dinner tonight, and then you'll not be lonely," he said, confidently. When she dressed for the dinner she was not quite sure what clothes were proper for a public dining room. Her husband looked at her simple dress and said, "You look like a young girl, your cheeks are so pink and your eyes so bright. But don't you think you ought to wear some pins or things like that, and not make them think you never had any jewelry?"

"I didn't think of that," she exclaimed, pleased at his superintendency of her appearance. She took out of a small bag several brooches, rings, and a heavy gold chain, that had a large, old fashioned watch hanging from

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it. She pinned on the brooches, put the chain around her neck, and looked up to him for approval.

"There, that's better," he said, and took her downstairs. They were introduced to the others. Mrs. Turner felt confused and embarrassed by the stares and undertone remarks of the women. Sim, however, was soon talking and laughing, and was one of the leaders of the conversation. Once he stopped in his discussion as he heard the soft, timid voice of his wife saying, "He's always worked hard. Why, he still sometimes waits on customers just like he used to do." The man felt a sudden anger toward her, and seemed instantly to lose a little of his self confidence. He listened further, and heard her telling about the Endeavor Society, about the women of their town, even about their children. A woman who sat facing Sim was listening to Mrs. Turner with an amused smile. It filled Sim with a mad desire to shake her. When they rose from the table, Sim felt relieved. His wife's face, as they went upstairs, was full of pleasure and happiness, but it only made him all the more angry.

"I've enjoyed it so much," she whispered to him. He did not answer until they reached their room. She noticed for the first time that he was displeased with something.

"What is it, Sim?" she asked. "Did the men say something you didn't like?"

"No," he answered, shortly. He was silent for a moment, then he said:

"Look here, Mag. Why in the world did you have to tell those women all our life history? They don't have to know all about us. Talk about things like—," he stopped, as he saw her eyes grow wide and hurt, her mouth tremble, like a child's. Angry at her and at himself, and at those who had laughed at them, he cried out, "Can't I even talk to you without your crying like a baby? I didn't aim to hurt your feelings, Mag. I just want to talk to you about it all."

"I had to talk as I did. They asked me all sorts of questions, and I had to answer. I couldn't just sit there and not say anything, and I couldn't lie to them. Could I?"

"Of course not. Those women will ask all about our whole life history, but you've got to know how to answer them or rather, how not to answer. Can't you understand, Mag? Don't lie, but don't tell them every-

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thing you know. Don't give them a chance to laugh at us."

He was to meet the men downstairs, but when he started to go towards the door he hesitated, and looking away from her said, "By the way, Maggie, I guess I was wrong about the pins and things. The women didn't seem to wear things like that. If I were you, I'd sort of watch and see what they do wear." He tried to assume a laughing, light tone. "You'd better go to bed and get lots of rest, for you're going to be out every night after this, I guess."

She did not say anything, so he stood there awkwardly for a moment, then went out.

Two days went by, and still Mrs. Turner was not invited out. She and Sim both knew that there were affairs given, and that the other women were going to them. Mrs. Turner did not say one word about it to him, but as she watched the departure and the arrival of the women from between the lace curtains, her eyes were so filled with hot, burning tears that she could hardly see. She did not feel hurt at the slight to herself, for her own sake, but only for Sim's. "He's so ashamed and hurt," she kept thinking over and over again.

One morning he said to her, with a cheerful tone that he had almost lost, "Mr. Sim Turner requests the pleasure of Mrs. Turner's company this morning for a walk."

"O, Sim, I'd just love to go!" she answered, so pleased and grateful that it hurt him a little bit.

They were soon walking in the business district of the city, looking at the shop windows, admiring, talking, and enjoying it all, when Sim said, as if on a sudden impulse, "Let's go in and buy some of these things. I've got more money than I know how to spend."

"But we don't need anything, Sim."

"That's nothing. We are going to be extravagant for once and buy lots of things we don't need."

Sim seemed to his wife to have lost his mind. He bought almost everything he saw, all for her, dresses, scarfs, pins, wraps, laces, and everything else that he could see or think of.

"I couldn't wear that, it's so loud," she tried to remonstrate once.

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"Loud?" The pretty clerk shrugged her shapely shoulders, smiled a superior smile, and condescended to say to Mr. Turner, "Why, it's the latest thing."

"We'll take it," Sim answered, and before poor Mrs. Turner could say anything else, the article was being wrapped.

At last, after the whole morning and a great amount of money had been spent, Sim seemed to regain his sanity.

"Now you'll have as good things as any of 'em," he said.

That evening, after dinner, Sim came up to the room tired, worried about political affairs, and nervous.

"I saw you talking to that Mrs. Jason," he said to his wife. "I suppose she asked you to that reception she's been talking about?"

"No, she didn't say anything about it."

"I don't see why she didn't. I'm sick of it all. I can't see why she shouldn't. I've got lots more money than he ever had or ever will have. Your clothes are better'n hers, too. Why, I spent a little fortune today, and I didn't mean it to be wasted, either. You've got to be invited to these affairs. How do you think I like it, having the men know you're not considered good enough for their wives? You've got to go to that reception, if you have to ask for an invitation." His voice rose until it was loud and angry. When he stopped, the little woman seemed too quiet. Sim looked at his wife, felt as ashamed of his temper as if he had struck her, and tried to think of something to say to take away the sad, hurt look in the brown eyes.

He was just ready to mutter something about being sorry, when he was interrupted by a knock on the door. A boy handed him a small envelope. He opened it, read the message, and stood there, looking so surprised and troubled that she forgot her own hurt at the thought of his.

"What is it, Sim? Anything wrong?"

"No, only a note from some woman named Jane VanLand, asking me to meet her tomorrow night in the hotel waiting room, as she has something of great importance to tell me. Wonder who in the dickens she is?"

"It's funny she wants to meet you in a public place like that, isn't it? But I guess it's something very important, or she wouldn't ask it."

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Sim went out a few minutes after that. As soon as he had left the room, Mrs. Turner threw herself on the large, ugly bed, and cried. All the fears and worries and hurts of the past week were contained in that cry. After a long time, she got up, put a wet cloth on her forehead to stop its pain, and began to think.

"It's the best way. He can tell them I was called home, and I guess he'll be glad himself." She stopped crying, except for a sob that broke out now and then, and began to pack her clothes into the small trunk. For the first time in her life she was regardless of order or neatness. She worked as if there was urgent need of the greatest haste. She felt all the while as if she were committing some horrible crime. In an incredibly short time she had packed and locked the little trunk.

It was only when she began to write the note to her husband that she doubted the wisdom of what she was doing. She wrote with fingers that trembled so that she could hardly write, "Dear Sim: I couldn't wait until you came home to tell you, but I have decided it will be the best thing for all if I go home. Nothing is the matter except that I couldn't stand it here another day. Tell them, if they ask, (I don't guess they will) that I had to be home for my club. You know I did invite a missionary to speak before the club, and it wouldn't seem right if I wasn't there. Besides, its only two more days, and I'm so tired I couldn't stand it here. Mag."

She placed the note on the table. In a short time she had bought her ticket, and was on the train. She felt an unusual happiness. "I ought to think of what I'll tell them all at home. I'll just tell them I was tired of all the good times there. Guess I'll not stay at home by myself tonight. I'll get Fanny Blake to come over."

When she reached the little house, the first thing she did was to call the little dressmaker over the phone. Fanny came. "Mrs. Turner, what in the land are you doing here alone?" she asked. Fanny and Mrs. Turner had no secrets. Mrs. Turner opened her mouth to express the words she had decided to use, but, as she looked at Fanny, broke down and cried. In a few moments she had told the whole story to her friend.

"Maggie, Maggie, I don't know why, but I feel like laughing at you. I'm ashamed of you, Maggie dear,"

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but she squeezed her tightly to her. "What do you think Sim's friends will all say about you and him? They'll say you had a quarrel and that you ran away. Yes, they will," she reaffirmed, trying not to see the look of horror on Maggie's face.

"What can I do now, Fanny?" Mrs. Turner asked, with trembling lips. "Oh, if I hadn't been such a little fool!"

"It's not too late yet. You go back—"

"O, I can't. It's too late, now, and Sim will be so angry."

"Too late, nothing! You go back tomorrow, and we'll tell everybody here that you had to come to get some important papers for Sim, that he left here."

"O, Fanny, you're so clever! I don't know what I can ever do to thank you. I just can't let Sim's friends talk about him like that."

The next day several of Mrs. Turner's friends took her to the train.

"Good-bye," she cried from the train. "We'll be back in two days."

Mr. Sim Turner, meanwhile, had come back to the room full of anger at himself, full of humility and kindness. He opened the door, shouted a cheerful hello, and waited to see a dear little figure come flying to meet him. The stillness of the room, its disordered appearance, seemed to tell him that something was wrong. He saw the little white note on the table, hurriedly read it. He read it several times, and at last, as he seated himself slowly in a chair, he wiped away the tears from his eyes.

"I'm a brute, and I aint fit to live," he said. Then he jumped up from his chair. "I'm going straight home and tell her. As if all the parties and women and even politics mattered! I'll have to tell her how much above these women she is, yes, how much above me she is, too." Then he stopped. "I can't go. I've got to be here tomorrow to work for the bill. I've worked for it so hard, I can't see it fall through, now. I don't know what to do, I can't tell what's right." The big man was fighting the biggest fight of his life. All night he stayed up, and early in the morning appeared before the leading men of his party, pale, disheveled.

"What's the matter, Sim? You haven't been on a spree, man?"

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"Spree, nothing! Look here, I've got to tell you something. My wife's sick, and gone home. I'm going to go home today and—"

"Go home? Home? Man, you're crazy! You can't go! You've got to stay here until the bill goes through, and you know it. I'm sorry about your wife. It's hard luck. Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Well, no, not serious, but I've got to go. It's my duty—"

"Duty? What about your duty to the party, to the people? You're going to stay here if we have to lock you up."

They talked it over, until Sim was convinced that he owed his larger duty to the party. That evening he remembered his engagement with the woman who had written the note. If he had thought of it, he would have asked the men about it, and they could have told him about her; how she was a clever, useful tool of politicians, to help them carry out all sorts of underhand plans. She was well known among all older politicians, but Sim was too new to the trade.

That evening, at the time specified in the note, there were lined up in the hotel lobby several well-known representatives of the newspapers, who had received word that it would be worth their while to watch Sim Turner that evening. Sim himself walked up and down the lobby, nervously waiting. A porter entered, carrying a traveling bag. Following him came a small woman, dressed in a light gray suit, and wearing a simple, little gray bonnet. The reporters looked up, eagerly. The little woman started to go directly upstairs, but she stopped suddenly. The reporters saw her as she stood there, watched her face lighten up, and then stared, as they saw her run across the room and throw herself against a big, red faced man.

"O, Sim," they heard her say. They watched the big man and the little woman go upstairs. A short time later they saw a handsome, showily dressed woman enter, look around the lobby and waiting room, ask something of the desk clerk, and then go away.

"Nothing here," they heard her say to a man.

"Guess it's 'nothing here' for us, too, fellows. Come on, let's go," one of them said.

WHEN SUCCESS FAILED

By HOMER HALL

THE station agent leaned back in his chair, and gazed meditatively down the tracks, where a yard engine was cutting out a couple of empties, before he turned to answer the question. The questioner, standing familiarly by the stove, in plain defiance to the "Private" painted on the smoke-begrimed door, repeated his inquiry.

"What do you reckon the old man's coming down here for?" he drawled.

"I don't know, any more than you do," replied the agent, "But I do know we've been slicking up around here to beat the cars; maybe you didn't notice we'd swept out, and blacked the stove. It isn't every day that we have the General Manager down at this end of the line."

"They say," remarked the man by the stove, settling himself into a more comfortable position, "That they're going to extend this line down to connect with the K. C., and make this a through route; maybe that's what the old man's coming down for."

"I expect he'll bring down a car full of directors, and officials, and what not," said the agent, "And they'll stand around and condescend, and tell us how we ought to run things, and twist everything up generally. Folks say that the General Manager was brought up down in this part of the country, but he's never been back. I don't blame him. It's a dead place for a man with any spunk. There ain't any chance for a man to rise now like there was when the old man started in, either. Hello, there's the Long Meadow call," and he turned to his key.

While all along the southern division preparations were being made, the manager's special was clicking over the rails, and curving in and out among the hills. Contrary to the general impression, the General Manager was alone; even the stenographer had been given a day's holiday, and the great man sat in solitude, with an open book before him, gazing now and then at the flying scenery. He had promised himself this trip for years, and had for a short time managed to forget the cares

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of the office, and turn his memory back to the old days spent in the little New England village.

"I wonder if there's any of the old crowd left," he thot. "Twenty-five years is a long time to be away from a place, but there should be a few left that ought to remember me. Why, there's the old Farmington," as the train swung around the end of a long ridge and began to glide along by the side of a rapid, foam flecked river. "We can't be far from Long Meadow now." His face, severe and impassive when among his associates, softened as he brought back to memory the scenes of his boyhood. Then, moved by some spirit of loneliness, he touched a button by his side. A tall negro appeared.

"Did you wish something, sir?"

"Sam," said the official gravely, "You've got relatives, I suppose, brothers and sisters, and a wife perhaps, and children?"

The astonished porter hesitated; never before had the Manager shown the slightest interest in his personal affairs. Then, "Yes, sir," he answered simply.

"You enjoy yourself, I suppose; have a good time when off duty; have friends you've known all your life?"

"Yes sir, back in Reedville. I was brought up there, sir. I guess I know about everybody in the neighborhood."

"Hm," said the General Manager, "I guess that's all. Stop, you might hand me that book on the table." But when the porter had gone the book remained unopened, and the returning wanderer kept his eyes on the views outside. They were getting into a more hilly country now. One long ridge sloped steeply up from one side of the track, so near that the bending chestnut boughs almost touched the flying coaches, and the top was invisible from the car window. On the other side there was a sharp descent to the tumbling waters of the river. Beyond that there was a narrow flood plain, and then another long, dark, parallel range shut out the view. Beeches and chestnuts covered its slopes, save that here and there a massive granite ledge was thrust out from the hillside, or a giant pine left by the ax of the woodsman towered above its companion trees. Here and there also there were breaks in the long ridge, revealing other more distant hills, dim and misty in the background. At in-

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tervals the train rattled through the switches of some little mill town set in some convenient hollow in the hills. The Manager grew more impatient as each successive station passed. Then he gave an exclamation as the special glided into a narrow pass through which the river had cut its way. The lofty, jagged, rock walls rose almost perpendicularly from the edge of the stream, whose waters were thrown into cascades and rapids by the fragments which had fallen into its bed. Finally came a stretch of level country. "There's the old covered bridge. How old-fashioned the people are down here. I wonder if my initials are still there. There's old Round Top, and the trout creek. I guess we have arrived!" The train began to slow down as the first scattered houses of the village flashed past. The conductor came in.

"Just one thirty to a second," he remarked, in a tone of satisfaction. "But it's hard to make time on these curves."

The agent and several others of the railroad employees were waiting on the platform, but the expected army of officials did not materialize. A very ordinary looking man, of medium height, and slightly gray, and a rather severe expression, stepped off the car, and without manifesting any interest whatever in the station started down the street alone. He strode along, not with his usual determined steps, but rather aimlessly, reading the names on the store windows as he passed. Before one he paused. "Thomas Hardy! Why, that ought to be Tom Hardy. I'll go in." The proprietor, struck by the personality of the supposed customer, came forward. The two men stood there for a moment, then, "Tom!" said the visitor, and "Alex!" murmured the other, and the two long-separated friends clasped hands. For two hours in the little office of the store they talked over the old days, the General Manager inquiring after one or another of his old companions. "George Severns is dead, you say, and Rachael Nash has gone to California with her husband. Let me see, she married the younger of the Nash boys, didn't she?" Then he hesitated a moment. "Ruth, Ruth Fellows, where is she? She married Stanley Vance, didn't she?"

"No," replied the other. "Everyone thought she

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was going to, but he went west, and never returned, and she never married. She died only about four years ago. The village missed her when she went, for there wasn't a more respected or more loved woman in the whole town." Their conversation paused for a few moments. Perhaps Tom Hardy knew what was passing in the mind of his friend, but he said nothing. At last the Manager rose.

"I'll have to leave you now, Tom," he said. "There are a number of places I want to see, and I must get back to the city tonight. You know where my office is, right there on the Common. I'll be glad to see you any time."

Down the well-remembered streets the stranger walked. Before one ruined, abandoned house he paused for a while, leaning on the broken picket fence, gazing at what had once been home, and at the bramble-covered yard that had once been his playground. At length he passed on, and some distance away stopped before another house. But the modern dwelling, hideous in bright yellow, with white trimmings, suggested little to him of the cozy, shaded cottage of other days, and he hurried on.

Down at the station the conductor was becoming impatient. The time for departure was long passed, and haste was necessary if they were to connect with the city bound express at the junction. He started out in search of the missing official. Several of the villagers had noticed the great man, and directed the conductor in his search. He passed an old brick church on the outskirts of the village and beyond saw the object of his search. A small plot of level ground dotted with white stones lay between the church and a dark ridge beyond, which already cast its shadows over the lower valley. Before one of the stones stood a motionless, impassive figure, unmindful of time or the notice of passersby, and the conductor stole away like an intruder.

The whole valley lay in the shadows when at length the special pulled out of Long Meadow. The lonely passenger kept his eyes fixed on the tall spire of the village church, till the train swung around a curve and it vanished from his sight forever. The book he had been reading in the morning lay open by his side, under-scored here and there by a firm hand, but with head resting on his hand he still gazed out of the window with

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unseeing eyes, as though that spire were still in view. Then came a break in the long ridge, lying athwart the west, and the last rays of the setting sun flooded the car in a ruddy glow. A stray beam fell upon the open book, illuminating a paragraph.

"No man ever forgot that visitation to his heart and brain that to him created all things new. That was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; that filled all nature with purple light, the morning and the night with varied enchantment. That made him all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone."

Then the long ridge shut out the sun, and darkness came down upon the valley. On and on down the course of the Farmington swept the train, toward the tumultuous city. The porter came in on tiptoes to light the chandeliers, but passed out again as quietly, and the solitary man sat there motionless in the gathering darkness.

FRESHMAN THEMES

(Editor's Note: On these pages will be printed, from month to month, such freshman theme work as in the opinion of the Magazine and of the English department best deserves reproduction.)

"EVEN AS YOU AND I"

By P. W. SCATES

WHEN he awoke that morning, it was with a delightful sense of being at peace with the entire world. He greeted his roommate with a cheery, "Good morning", much to that individual's surprise; he whistled a merry tune as he dressed; as he walked to his first class, those that passed him on the campus observed his serene smile. He apparently had never before realized what a bully old world he lived in, nor how many good fellows he knew. He almost chuckled, he whistled, he hummed, he wanted to run, to shout,—truly he was happy. His friends idly speculated on the cause of his strange demeanor. "A letter from home, ending with, 'Please find enclosed——'" ventured one. "Hot biscuits for breakfast", suggested another, less imaginative. As the day wore on, his happiness increased. He pitied the rest of humanity, struggling with unsolvable math problems, stammering through pointless recitations. What would they not give to learn the secret of his joy? How must they envy him his peace of mind, his confidence in the goodness of the world and of all that dwelt therein. Ah, but the secret was so simple; strange that he had never stumbled on it before. But it was his now,—his for all eternity. He breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving that he had been so signally picked out by providence and entrusted with this treasure of treasures, this magic key of perfect peace and happiness. True, its use involved labor, its treasures were not to be obtained for the asking; but then, nothing good in this world is obtained without laboring for it, striving and suffering for it. And after one has acquired it, what a sense of duty well done fills the mind! One forgets

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his trials and tribulations—time blots them from his mind. Yes, now that he had the key to the mystery, he would use it daily to unlock the riches of happiness and joy and take therefrom as he willed.

But man is weak. On but the following day he arose with his usual seven o'clock depression, he grumbled at breakfast, he sulked through his eight o'clock class. His friends said he was "natural" again. But why? What had he done that he had forfeited his claim on this priceless gift of the gods? The secret had been his; it was so simple—so ludicrously simple. And yet only once had he availed himself of it; only once had he carefully, thoroughly, and conscientiously prepared all of his lessons for the following day on the night before.

DELIRIUM

By VERNE PERRY



HERE are such queer thing bobbing around! Dark shadows chase across the wall. It makes me feel as though I were the Lady of Shalott, watching the quickly passing reflections of all sorts of things. Mine are black, though. It might be a funeral procession, but the movements are too jerky for that. They are all marching up the wall toward my head, and on past. One big black fellow is going the other way! He has queer bumps on his head. Probably he has the measles, too. My eyes smart from watching. When I close them, I see bright, burning lights instead.

My head feels so light! It buzzes and rings—I can't hear what people are saying. Perhaps my head would feel better if I could put it down on the same level with my feet, but I can't do it. There is something funny about it all. I laugh and chuckle and fling out my arms. Now the bedspread is revolving slowly. All kinds of queer people are starting up near the foot. They grow larger and larger as they come nearer. I can almost make out what they are—they have disappeared!

I am so hot! My whole body, the bed, everything in the room is beating, beating.... A regular rhythm. I cannot see a thing. I am falling, but I am glad, because there is a wind coming from somewhere. It is such a cool wind!



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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“To enable the industrial classes to realize the benefits of higher education in practical life, we need a University for the Industrial Classes, with its consequent subordinate lyceums, institutes, and high-schools in each of the counties and towns,”

said the virtual founder of the university, Jonathan B. Turner in 1850. The “University for the Industrial Classes” of which he spoke then Illinois still needs, and needs more than ever before. The present state institution will soon have reached its maximum of material development. When that hour comes its only remaining task in fulfilling its destiny will be to make more lucid the window through which its light shines out upon the masses. Next spring there is to be held at Urbana a reunion of the graduates of the Illinois Industrial University of 1867-1874. Those who then revisit the campus for the first time, and who are unfamiliar with the drift of modern education, will be not less surprised at the perversion of the original ideals which might so vividly

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have colored the existence of the institution than at its physical growth. In ten brief years Turner saw the location of the University, its regency, and its administrative policy all disappoint his wishes. It is curious that he, a Yankee and Yale-bred, should have felt so bitterly the loss of its industrial character and its later narrow adherence to the eastern ideal of higher education; but he saw clearly the truly broad and unconventional mission of the state university.

"As things are now," said Turner, "our best farmers and mechanics, by their own force of mind, come to know at forty what they might have been taught in six months at twenty. We need a state institution to apply existing knowledge to all practical pursuits and professions in life, and to extend the boundaries of our present knowledge in all possible practical directions." The industrial classes in Illinois, except of course the farmers, are as little aided now by any central educational institution as they were in 1867. "No species of knowledge," he continues, "practical or theoretical, should be excluded; but whether a distinct classical department should be added or not would depend on expediency. To facilitate the increase and practical application of knowledge, the professors should conduct, each in his own department,—agriculture, the mechanic arts, chemistry, mining, merchandise, and transportation,—a continued series of annual experiments. Daily practical and experimental instruction should be given each student in his chosen sphere of research or labor." Turner's plan of industrial education was to be furthered by holding the regular term during the six winter months only, and giving an optional course during the remainder of the year. It will be seen that the College of Agriculture of the University has partially fulfilled his plans for the separate departments; but it stands alone in the attempt.

In Wisconsin the state university has recently founded an annual brewers' institute, and is contemplating an indefinite extension of the plan to other trades; in the same state a nominal fee entitles any citizen to a correspondence course in any technical or cultural branch of knowledge; lecturers and free libraries from the university penetrate every county; and the system of soil and crop experiment stations forms a complete chain through-

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out the commonwealth. We have been so occupied with our mushroom growth,—in providing for the increasing scores who come directly to our door—that we have been unable to project such agencies of extension. This excessive preoccupation will soon become a thing of the past, and the rulers of the institution may then open the doors upon the newer and greater phase of its future. "Let these beautiful walls," Turner said in 1870 at Urbana, "rise until their light shall shine far abroad over this great green sea of prairie-land, with its woodland aisles and ravines, to gladden every farm and enlighten and exalt every soul." This is the destiny of the university, yet to be fully fulfilled.

English university youth, says Bryce, are predisposed to an interest in national political affairs by the circumstance that they come largely from the office-holding class, in a nation where political office, no matter how poorly paid, is held to be a distinct honor; and they are directly stimulated in it during their college days by the fact that both Cambridge and Oxford are parliamentary constituencies, electing two members apiece. Some reason analagous to this last one might well move Illinois men to their first civic activities. Successive attacks have been unable to demonstrate here that the collegian cannot vote in his college town, and local municipal conditions yearly prove that his vote may be valuable. An inviting field for the young leader or civic reformer lies at his very hand; and our leagues, clubs, and publications could not be turned to any better single advantage, practical and immediate as well as educative, than in organizing and directing the university vote. The student ballot turns the balance of power in each of the Twin Cities. Since the expulsion of saloons five years ago the community has been largely moral and wholesome; but a few vestiges of the corruption of long ago remain, and should be wiped away. There are a sufficient number of unlicensed venders of liquor that places and means of securing it are known to all the "wide-awake" men of the university; while there exist a corresponding number of

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gambling houses and disorderly resorts, concealed from the public but yet catering to a not inextensive clientele. Students are led astray by them, and their very presence near the university should arouse general resentment. They may be attacked through the inefficient administration which tolerates them. It has been suggested that the *Illini* print an exposé of the more flagrant evils, and it is in possession of many facts bearing upon them. Whether the liquor question is definitely raised again or not this spring, the average student should need but little coaching to understand that his ballot may decide a very real moral issue.

THE HERMIT

BY HENRY PAYNE REEVES

Beside his hut, upon a fallen tree
He daily sat, nor moved,—save when the sun
Waxed high, or waned, reminding of the tasks,
The barest necessary acts for life,—
Elbow on knee, beard clutched in palsied hand,
Eye set in vacant downward stare; as if
He peered within some yawning deep abyss.

About, in freedom full, the wood-life teemed:
The blue jays shrieked their rancous quarrelsome gibes;
The beavers built their dam and stored their twigs;
The cautious woodcock hovered o'er her young;
The quail their echoing whistle shrilled and shrilled;
The great gray squirrel, filling winter's hoard,
Barked bravely at the slinking fox below;
Among the leaves, like Fall's first far-off songs,
Thrushes poured out their full melodious souls.

Amid this joyous throng the hermit grey,
His head low bent, back warped by weary years,
Sat mute and still, nor heard the songs, nor saw
The flitting forms; but ever gazed and gazed
Into the embers of life's dying fire;
And there, child-like, he fashioned in the glow
Grotesques and masks from out his memory's store.

SEEN BY THE WAY

A COMMENTARY UPON STUDENT ACTIVITIES

**Grades, Credits
and Certain Other
Considerations** A member of the faculty commented on student activities rather forcefully during the recent finals. He wrote on a term report: "92—you could do better." Better was twice underlined. The man to whom this was directed is maintaining an average of over 90, takes no interest in student activities, and at the expense of his health acts on the principle that he has no time for exercise. He has, however, confined himself more than ever, if possible, and has resolved to "do better." This past semester a student, contrary to University regulations, was allowed to register for twenty-one hours. Although he had always before done work of a high quality, he failed to carry a passing grade in some studies. The University permitted the heavy course because of his reputation for unusual ability. He has, however, no superhuman strength, and the authorities should protect him and other over-ambitious students against themselves. At any rate, if the rules for undergraduates are to be thus easily set aside, the faculty might do well first to make absolutely certain that the general principles which caused their adoption are not applicable in the individual instance.

The first semester brought with it an unusual number of new University organizations. Several fraternities of one sort or another and even more
New Organizations non-fraternal societies have been successful in obtaining official recognition. In nearly every case not the slightest official investigation has been insisted upon. In these days of over-organization, when few students serve well any one association because of the demands of others to which they belong, the Council seems to lay itself open to criticism. Yet to put obstructions in the way is useless, and the Council, even though it may secretly regret the ever-increasing number, does well not to raise obstructions.

There is a definite survival, not always of the most worthy but of the fittest, and when a society is once

THE ILLINOIS

launched it may still die just as speedily and naturally as if the Council had refused to pass favorably upon it. Let there be easy organization. It does little harm, and even though the organization is short-lived it is usually useful in fostering a legitimate activity.

Lincoln League, which was organized to create interest in local, state, and national politics, is succeeding. The

Lincoln League and Politics

problem now will be to keep it out of politics. Already the organization has been diplomatically approached by designing politicians, who would like to win its influence. As the political pot begins to simmer the first object of the League begins to disappear. Interest, which was indifferent a few months ago, is becoming strong and divided, and the real problem presents itself. By an unguarded move this organization may shortly bring upon itself disrepute. Fortunately it has, up to the present, steered clear of any partisan entanglements, but its directors will require an even more watchful lookout in the future.

F. C. D.



THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

"Times are progressin'," says Uncle Ezra; "I see they've got a closed baby-buggy now, with an isinglass winder, so's th' kid can watch th' passin' scenery."

ESOTERIC DICTION.

"Well ma, what do you think of this—Henry writes that he has uh' class in 'poultry husbandry'. Course he must mean a course in rooster judgin'—funny he can't say what he means."

SOLITUDE.

I remember, I remember
The library so dear,
And the charming co-eds there
Whose chat I loved to hear.
They never worked a bit too hard,
Nor moved away too far,
But now, alas, I'm banished
To a Lincoln Seminar.

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LITERALNESS.

"Did I understand you to say that he always walked the straight and narrow?"

"Always."

"But he cribbed in my class."

"I didn't mean to say he was honest, I merely insinuated that he had alternate classes in University and Lincoln Hall."

SOCIAL TROUBLES.

'Twould drive one to dolorous dumps,
Or to scratching one's cranial bumps,
To imagine the chance,
Just before the big dance,
To come down with a case of the mumps.

IN FEBRUARY.

By doze is lige a modar boad,
Id's rudding very fide
Because I shoog by overcoad
To ged to math od tibe.
Dabbit.

HELLO—IS THIS YOU, DR. JOHNSON?

"But what is a cross-cut saw, professor?" asked the perplexed co-ed.

"A cross-cut saw," responded the professor, "is a tool designed to sever by attritious and lancinating association, resulting in furfuraceous disintegration, the cross-fibers of a given billet."

C. S.

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The Illinois Magazine



MARCH, 1912

VOLUME III

NUMBER 6

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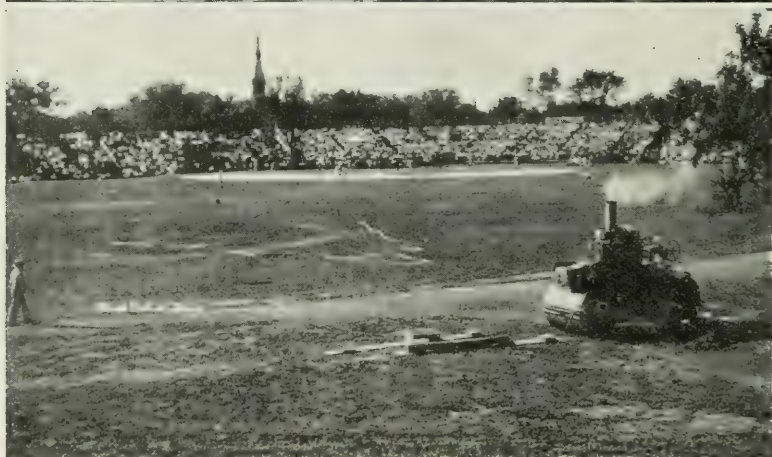
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WHEN SPRING RETURNS

THE ILLINOIS

VOL. III

MARCH, 1912

NO. 6

SUGGESTED IDEALS

By MARY E. FAWCETT, Dean of Women



USKIN says, "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy them—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice".



MARY E. FAWCETT

statement that a University education should prepare one for life is a platitude which admits of no dispute. Just how this preparation is to be attained is the point at issue. Aristotle says, "The community exists for noble living—those only are citizens worthy of the name who contribute toward this end". Seeking for truth through what we call knowledge is the purpose of an education. If high ideals of life and conduct are fixed in the mind and heart through this searching for truth we have the highest test of education. It is fallacious to assume that a mere knowledge of facts, no matter how far-reaching in scope, constitutes an education. One must know how to apply facts in a practical manner, and one must be capable of appreciating standards and values before one can be truly educated.

True education is symmetrical development of body, mind, and heart in order to secure the best possible equipment for life work. It is the exercise and expansion of the powers of the mind which have already been awakened. Any girl with ordinary preparation who takes full advantage of the opportunities afforded here at the University of Illinois or any other reputable institution of learning will find herself well equipped for the duties of life. The simple elementary

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A student who has made the most of her college life will have gained a clear view of proper values; she will appreciate the obligations of citizenship; she will possess that courtesy of heart which, in its usefulness, leads to the thoughtful consideration of others; in its power brings self-control; in its democracy develops breadth of view in all intellectual and scholarly relations. All education is useful, according to Ruskin, so far as it tends to give power over ourselves first, and through ourselves over all around us.

The aim of any institution of learning worthy of the name is to impress upon those connected with it high ideals of power, service and culture. Mrs. Evelyn Wright Allan* says that the "University offers for the four best years of one's life the opportunity to be at home in all lands and all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance, and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of friends among students of your own age who are to be the leaders in all the walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasm and cooperate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christian". Such experiences may come to anyone, but since nothing happens by chance, and everything is governed by law, to expect results without antecedent is foolish. Character and efficiency do not drop from the air like snow or rain. Even snow and rain do not fall without a long previous history, neither is character formed without years of drill and experience.

Life is called the finest of the fine arts. Education teaches this fine art—but not without the effort being made to learn final values and true proportions. Knowledge of books and true scholarship are necessary, but "what goes in as knowledge should come out as character, power, efficiency".

*Mrs. Evelyn Wight Allan, Dean of Women, Leland Stanford. Association of Collegiate Alumnae, December, 1908, Series III, No. 18, page 74.

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An English woman in writing of American colleges says, "they are the places where girls go to find 'life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness' ". It is true that the function of a University is to teach life—not only how to make a living, but how to live; how to unfold the physical, mental and moral possibilities which nature has conferred upon each individual; how to gain a larger appreciation of service to humanity. This preparation for life with its accompanying liberty of thought and action and consequent happiness, is the natural outcome of hard concentrated thought persistently directed toward something worth while.

The question of vital interest is how our girls may best prepare themselves in their four years of University work for the art of life. First, they must be impressed with the importance of the life they have to live in the world as it is organized about them; secondly, they must be fitted to play their part in it with grace and dignity. No action, no life is an end in itself—nature looks to the future.

No one can say a University education must produce such and such a woman, no one can point out a particular type or form. One cannot bring girls from different homes and varied environments and predict that after four years of college training all will be molded and fashioned alike—any more than one can plant a garden with cowslips, asters, and roses and expect all to produce roses. One has a right, however, to expect to develop the best that already exists in each individual until there results completeness of womanhood. One interested in the education of women expressed herself as follows: "I would educate her highly, educate her deeply, educate her broadly, I would let up on accomplishments, less embroidery, more physics, chemistry, and biology; less bridge, more biography and history and psychology; less sordello, more economics and sociology; fewer chafing dish recipes and more domestic science; fewer pseudo-graces and more knowledge and love of humanity; less talk about great names and more familiarity with what made them great; less of the purely feminine, and more of the highly human".

Education must truly include all of these things in the physical, intellectual and moral growth to produce the desired results.

In this age of athleticism and physical culture a woman, whatever her occupation, has only herself to thank if she fails to attain her full growth and her proper symmetry. Ruskin in his "Sesame and Lilies", where he seeks to define "woman's queenly power", tells us that the education needed to fit a woman for her proper place in life, is "such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health and perfect her beauty, the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without the splendor of activity and of delicate strength". The body necessarily is actively engaged in the processes of education. If it is run down, dyspeptic, unsound in any way, everything is black, disordered, and untrue. Hence no opportunity for physical education should be neglected. Health is one of the greatest assets of life—and since education is preparation for life, everyone should take time to be healthy. Health brings happiness—happiness brings helpfulness—helpfulness brings beauty—for the basis of all real personal beauty is a kindly helpful being, who desires to scatter sunshine and good cheer everywhere; these characteristics shining through the face make it beautiful. The human face has been called poetically, the masterpiece of God. There is no beauty like that produced by a lovely character, which is the product of the whole nature delineated in God's masterpiece. This life work truly engages the body as well as the mind and spirit. Just as snow and rain are the effects of former causes, so character and efficiency result from just as definite and inevitable causes. Every girl then should look to her physical development by proper and systematic exercise. Beauty and service depend upon the proper development of nature—nature in its highest form, according to Emerson, is character. Many centuries ago Plato declared the best education to be "that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable."

Intellectual development and intellectual discipline are just as essential in our education as the physical development and physical discipline we have spoken about. Only brain cells that are used grow, all others atrophy. The young woman who is most likely to be useful in society is the one who during her University life has stored her mind with facts, thereby gaining a

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certain mental discipline which adds to her strength, and her ability to make use of her power in practical and normal activities. This intellectual development and intellectual discipline which are the results of conscientious effort on the part of a student will help a girl to make the most and best of her life; it will fully prepare her for her rightful place in society—a well-educated, refined, pure-minded girl, whose influence will be helpful wherever she may be placed.

Education, we have said, develops character. Character is moulded by thought and association; thus it would appear that one's moral growth must be just as carefully guarded as one's physical and mental development. Education, whether physical, mental, or moral, is a constant process going on in us uninterruptedly from day to day. Some one has said, "the completed beauty of a life is often only the added beauty of little inconspicuous acts". Every girl who would know the real value of life should realize the beauty and strength of little things.

"No act falls fruitless: none can tell
How vast its powers may be;
Nor what results, unfolded, dwell
Within it silently."

Habits acquired during a girl's life at college will cling to her. If she forms habits of indolence, neglect, and dishonesty, her nature will surely be warped and her whole future life be marred and imperfect, but if she loves the good, the true, and the beautiful her whole nature will grow in harmony with the good, the true and the beautiful.

The girl whose physical, mental, and moral development has been carried out in the manner indicated will be one who possesses that spirit of true womanliness, culture, refinement, and attractiveness which will make her a self-determining power in the world.

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

—*Epilogue to Beaumont and Fletcher's "Honest Man's Fortune"*.

HER LEAP-YEAR POSSIBILITIES

By KATHERINE CHASE.



HERE were three leap-year possibilities for Lizzie Barnes. It might be well to say, first, that Miss Lizzie Barnes was head clerk in Smith and Little's general store at Shaw Station. Head clerk embraced many responsible duties in this store, too. To begin with, there was no other clerk, except when some small boy was hired to go on an errand. A small girl was necessary for a position like Lizzie's, for she sold everything from pepper and salt to the "Singer" sewing-machine, which had been in stock for almost eight years, but of which Lizzie always had bright hopes of making a sale. Lizzie was equal to her position, however, and her employers knew it, for she had been with them for nearly three years. Previous to this, Lizzie had taken a business course of three months in Harrison, fifteen miles away, and could write the best letter in the village. So Lizzie was valuable.

Lizzie, however, had her own ideas of the future, and had no intention of accepting a position for life in Smith and Little's general store. There were few young people at Shaw Station; in fact there were only five other girls about her age, and three young men.

Lizzie was the most fashionable girl in town, for she had acquired certain "touches" in Harrison that she still retained in her dress. She always wore a low collar, and a piece of black velvet in its place around her neck. Her hair was always elevated in a tremendous "pompadour", and at parties was topped by a huge "Merry Widow" bow, flopping jauntily on one side. For work she wore a very short, dark, walking skirt, and her oxfords had huge black bows on them.

Lizzie was not *fast*—she was just on familiar terms with everyone and was loud and jolly by virtue of her position. Everyone liked her—she was easily the belle of the evening at parties, to say nothing of her popularity in the store; yet no one dared to go quite so far as to take her from the store to make a home for him. Lizzie laid this hesitation to fear of jealousy from the other girls, or else to mere country bashfulness. So she had

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fully made up her mind to hurry matters after January first.

The only question was—which should it be? It was perfectly legitimate for *her* to propose, for she had been in the city and could do things the other Shaw Station girls could not. But which man? Hiram Brown was a wealthy bachelor of forty-odd years, probably near the fiftieth. His sister, who had kept house for him, had died only a few months ago, and Hiram himself acknowledged that he sadly needed a woman's hand at home.

Still, there was the mayor's son. Now, Shaw Station had had a mayor for only two years, and it had chosen, as the only natural thing, its leading citizen for this honorable office. But Silas Watson, Junior, was so impossibly red-headed and raw-boned that, whatever social position his family held, he did not appeal to Lizzie's taste.

The other eligible youth—Lizzie had a level head, she was sensible and business-like, worthy of her position, and these fruits were alluring to her practical mind,—still Lizzie had a heart, too, and that was set on Tom Jones, her girlhood playmate and favorite. Tom's father, however, was only a tenant on Mr. Little's small farm, and Tom had only the money he himself earned as a farmhand.

Lizzie joked with Hiram in a friendly manner every time he came into the store—took pains to speak to him; and she "jollied" poor Si within an inch of his life, only to end by doing him some favor to win his heart before he left the store.

Tom had asked Lizzie to share a humble home with him before she went to Harrison, but she could see nothing but money then. Now she wanted the home. Could she still have one with Tom? She thought Tom still loved her, though he was disappointed in the effect Harrison had had on her.

At the party New Year's night in the town hall, Lizzie danced mostly with Hiram, and went home with—Si. After he left that night she thought it all out, considering each case carefully; and went to sleep with complete plans and a light heart.

The customers as well as the proprietors of the Shaw Station general store had a surprise waiting for

them the next morning, but the chief person concerned, besides Lizzie, was the young man who came in for some nails about ten o'clock. It was a changed Lizzie who waited on him. Her hair was done low in the old way, and a collar, slightly brighter from non-usage than the waist, was about her neck. She wore an old skirt that was more in keeping with Shaw Station, and a sensible pair of high shoes.

"You look like—you used to, Lizzie," the young man said.

"Yes, Tom; I'm goin' to quit the store. I told Mr. Smith so this mornin'."

"What you goin' to do?" he asked with apparent carelessness.

"Don't know," she answered in a low tone, with her head bent over the box of nails.

"I say, Lizzie,—don't you think—perhaps you could keep house fer me now; I c'n get a little one—real nice—here in town?" He regarded her anxiously.

"Well, maybe I could," she assented cheerfully, raising her head and giving him a bright smile as she weighed the nails. "You come over tonight and we'll talk it over an' see."

As the young fellow walked, whistling, out of the door, Lizzie watched him with a happy smile,—*"An' I didn't propose, neither,"* she murmured.

THE UNIVERSITY GIRL AND POLITICS

By IDA DEWEY



THINK I have a right to be interested in politics, for I seem to have been surrounded by people of various party affiliations all my life, from a lawyer uncle, who turned Republican from Democrat and now preaches a regular "stand-pat" doctrine, to a Social Democrat grandfather, not to mention my father, who insists on voting the Socialist ticket simply to be contrary—"different from other people", as he says himself.

Not long ago an aspiring young lawyer remarked that he had found, to his surprise, a girl who was interested in politics. He seemed to be able to give no other excuse for his surprise than that he had never before heard a girl give the slightest evidence even of knowing what the word meant; however, I am inclined to believe that that was because he isn't particularly observing, for I tried several times during the same evening to find out something definite about a certain political situation, and he would give me absolutely nothing but the most general answers. As some of the rest of you men are very unobserving, too, I want you to come to realize that if you would only give us a chance we girls would, with some training, make very good politicians. Of course, it will be guessed by this time that I believe in equal suffrage, and I'm certainly a ranting, if not a militant, propagator of my convictions. In an enlightened community like this of our University, where every girl's vote is sought for as if it were pure gold, it is of course unnecessary to advance any arguments in its behalf, for that would be like insinuating that the politicians act in direct contradiction to their beliefs. Perhaps it will be possible, however, to show you how the training we are getting here will be able to affect our ways of thinking when we are at last given our just rights.

Those who know say that formerly the condition of politics in the city community was extremely disgraceful and that the students were involved in them to a large

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extent; now that they are improved, the corruption seems to have been inherited by your unfortunate selves. No, I am not going to make any startling revelations, because that is what you are expecting, and girls like to be contrary. But some of the things that are done are disgusting and not at all fitted to training up a child in the way she should go. You know how a certain political fraternity runs things under the rule of a typical "ward boss" on the basis of "to the victors belong the spoils"; how you have paid the girls' class dues as well as persuaded your fair listeners by means of threats and more or less taunting remarks to your way of thinking; how you have flaunted tags and ribbons, and driven voters to the polls. In fact, it is all the prototype of the lowest practices in the exercise of the privilege for which very many of us would almost give our lives, as our ancestors did before us. But I am waxing too eloquent.

It seems that not until recently have the girls of the University taken any interest in politics as such, prob-



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ably because there have always been comparatively few of them and they were an almost negligible factor. There has been of late a tendency to a general arousing of interest in things at large, which shows the vitality and strength of the people behind them. The interest in class politics is one manifestation of this awakening, and it is

but natural that the girls should come to take an active part now that they share the rest of this complex life. At present the conception of the average girl on the subject of elections is something like this: "Oh, yes, it's Junior election today. Do you know, when I went up to school, there was a *regular mob* of fellows, and they all wanted me to vote. I said I didn't have any money, and they all offered to pay for me if I'd vote for Frank; so I did. Yes, I know I promised to vote for George; but then he never was very nice to me, anyway, and Frank'll look lots nicer to lead the Prom." It rather hurts to confess that we are, for the most part, so easily influenced; but I am going to ask you men to tell me in all fairness whose fault it is.

It is generally agreed that the object of education is learning how to live in the manner most beneficial to society at large. The political organization is only one phase of our order of living; but a study of it ought not be neglected, especially when there are so very many advantages in the way of courses in political science and history, to say nothing of the moral standard that is always before us. A great university, as a center of learning, should be the place where high ideals are held, where reforms start, where advancement really takes place; in just this matter of political education is there an opportunity for some practical results.

A certain minority leader in the lower House of our State Assembly once told a prominent suffragist that he would not allow his wife nor his sisters "to mix in the dirty mire of politics" and gave that as his argument against equal suffrage for men and women. Of course, he knew whereof he spoke; but that is not a valid reason, as some of the rest advanced today actually are. One of these is that women are not experienced nor educated enough to exercise the privilege of suffrage intelligently; and taking everything into consideration, I'll confess that they aren't. Nevertheless, it is bound to come at last, as any other reform that is so universal in its effect, and it may be just as well to start educating us girls to our duty in plenty of time, while we are still young and impressionable.

In the first place a girl might learn much here of the theory of government, perhaps being required to take

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some general courses, for it is almost appalling to discover how very little most of us know about the workings of our own federal, state, and city governments. It is at present not just the thing that we are most vitally interested in, but we should be made to know in a case where our own ways of living are affected. Yet that can be neglected, to some extent, for I imagine that many intelligent voters are rather ignorant when it comes to theory, and practice is a much easier thing to work with.

That isn't a question for students to consider, unless you make the requirements for these courses yourselves, in the way of public opinion, while giving us a knowledge of the technique of voting should be your duty. Most of us know nothing of customs at the polls, nor of the way to mark a ballot, to say nothing whatever of understanding registration and primaries. Is it too daring a suggestion to make, that you put some of these practices into effect here and explain them, so that we shall be able to act intelligently when in the future we have to enter a voting booth?

A thorough knowledge and understanding of people is another of the things to be gained here. Not being a politician, I can't explain how that would help from the "inside"; but I imagine that it might aid very largely in judging of the worth of various candidates. You know that we girls are often accused of being ruled by our likes and dislikes, not by our intellects. Now in almost any election that takes place here, the candidates are very nearly equally matched as far as personality is concerned; how are we to judge as to their fitness for the office? By what people back of each man say? But that is not likely to be in anything but a prejudiced form. By what some of his personal friends say? But that is, if anything, more in his favor than the other. By what he has done and can do? But that is such a relative affair, with our constantly changing standards. There is clearly but one thing left: as in the case of "real" politics, to judge by the sum of these sundry bits of information, not by any one or two. Here, indeed, would be a good opportunity for you to teach us how to ascertain a man's true value, as well as that of the principles for which he stands; to show us how to vote regardless of party, regardless of the political beliefs of the various "men of the family";

to explain how we can judge of the men back of the candidates. As it is, we *can't* do anything else very well but decide by our prejudices and our admirations.

Then there are the issues themselves. Very few men keep closely in touch with political questions if they are themselves not affected by the outcome under consideration. Unless you are intensely "alive to the situation", unless you keep constantly reading, it is almost impossible to understand what is going on, even if you are a man. How much more liable is a girl, with her present training, to neglect such things, when she has not been accustomed to studying them out. There is no question but that she ought to know of some of the changes and developments in the world as well as in her own community. Isn't college the place to broaden one's horizon? Many a girl is truly tired of the inane conversations that are carried on and would gladly listen to a little dissertation on something that is worth while. I suppose I shall have to grant that a dance is not the place for intellectual improvement, nor even a Sunday afternoon "At Home"; but I have felt many a time that people who could really have added to my store of knowledge and interested me exceedingly besides, have kept a strict silence on what I would have liked to hear, simply because I was a girl. Most of us have the ability to appreciate at least some of the present-day situations and developments; and if we come to understand the workings of the different factions here, as well as the things for which they are striving, we might be induced to investigate somewhat beyond our own vicinity, perhaps even into the world at large.

Of course, if you don't care to instruct us, we shall probably be able to learn for ourselves; but you might at least try to be honest in the politics you are running here. You could at least set forth an ideal that would show you to be trying earnestly to better conditions, that would foretell that as men of an educated community you meant to profit by your superior knowledge, so as to prevent the possibility of further disgrace being cast upon our state. Then by your very interest, integrity, and patriotism, we should be so inspired as to work out for ourselves the knowledge we wish so much to gain.

FOUND AT THE CARNIVAL

By CARL STEPHENS.

THE merrygoround stopped with a final discordant wheeze of the calliope, and the passengers climbed reluctantly down. The weary engineer stopped the steaming gasoline engine, and plodded across the carnival grounds to his supper. Hanson paused a moment, as he stuffed the last handful of tickets into the can. His head ached with the dizziness of exhaustion, and the side-shows all around seemed to be dancing about in a circular waltz. Hard work? Well, rather harder than anything he had done in college.

Still, there was Jane La Rue—he had asked Castillion who she was—who sold the merrygoround tickets, and sat all day in a warped ticket-box in front. Somehow Hanson had not felt exactly free to urge an acquaintance with this girl. She was so unusually attractive that he was almost afraid of her. Besides, these show girls, you know—

“Well, how’re yuh this evenin’?” were Castillion’s first words, as he strolled suddenly around the corner, and rested his lanky arms on the ticket-box. “Ain’t it rather hard on you to stick here all day?”

Jane laughed, as she swept the piles of dollars and quarters into a big canvas bag. When she laughed, Castillion’s handsome face always brightened; and it fairly shone now.

“Let me help yuh down, Jane,” he commanded softly.

“How’s th’ new ticket-taker by this time? Looked as if he had enough of merrygoround ridin’ fer one day,” he continued, as they walked slowly toward the headquarters tent.

“I hadn’t noticed,” replied Jane, “just how he took it. He’s nothing but a college student.”

Castillion watched her intently as she spoke, and was apparently satisfied.

The hustle and bustle of the carnival had now quieted to a supper-time lull. The mellow autumn sun in its setting splendor lighted up with a dusty brightness the gilt and tinsel of the side-show banners, and brought

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out golden glints from the gaudily decorated animal wagons. All of the "show" men were at supper. The "sucker stages" in front of the tents were practically deserted, although a trick monkey dozed fitfully in the evening sun on one stage, and the brawny negro in the "Drown the Coon" attraction sat grinning and unmolested on his dripping perch. Only the ticket-takers were on duty, and Hanson, back under the merrygoround tent, felt more and more lonesome and out of place.

He did not have long to ponder over these things. The stolid engineer returned, and started the wheezy gasoline engine; Jane La Rue appeared with a new roll of tickets, and mounted the high ticket-box; and the blantant calliope began to toot, as the merrygoround started.

Jane meanwhile was having trouble in stepping over the seat of the ticket-box. With both hands full she stood helplessly on the outside edge, while the waiting crowd watched her curiously. She could not climb on in, and she could not step out backward. Then she saw Hanson jump from the merrygoround.

He leaped with a rash, inexperienced whirl of his feet that landed him all sprawled out behind the ticket-box. His eyes tingled with the irritation of a blinding cloud of dust, and as he rose to his feet and unsteadily turned to help her, Castillion came sauntering up.

"Foot caught, Jane?" he asked solicitously, helping her over the seat. Hanson walked moodily back to the merrygoround. He heard Castillion laughing uproariously, and thought he heard Jane's silvery giggle. The humiliated fellow did not blame the girl for laughing. But Castillion—that boy had better not go too far.

The rush of the evening was now on. Jane tore off ticket after ticket from the big roll in front of her, and the stacks of money grew steadily as the nickels came in. Sometimes she turned to watch Hanson swinging from seat to seat, but he never glanced her way. Yesterday she had noticed that he always looked toward her as he swung around. Her interest in his direction became so marked, finally, that she apparently forgot what she was there for. She was aroused by a querulous voice at her elbow:

"Is this whar I git tickets?"

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"Yes, how many do you want?" replied the girl, turning mechanically to see a red-faced farmer and his young, broadly-smiling wife. Both were agreeably talkative, and their honest ruralism interested the girl.

"Two's all I need, I reckon," he explained, winking broadly at his wife, who chewed all the more energetically on her pepsin; and he playfully tilted his derby rakishly over one ear. Both laughed heartily, and kept it up until Jane found herself laughing with them.

They enjoyed their ride immensely, and questioned Hanson in a general way at first, and in a more particular fashion later. The red-faced farmer was especially inquisitive.

"Yer wife out there's all right, she is," he continued in a friendly fashion. "Yep, she knows her business—"

"But—"

"Muh' wife, she says so too. She got to talkin' to her 'bout you—yuh' know she seen you a-jumpin' around there when you fell off th' merrygoround, an' she blushed, that is yer wife did, when Maria told her how her ole' man nearly broke his neck trying to help her intuh' th' box. Haw-haw haw!"

The happy couple departed finally, eyeing each other lovingly as far as Hanson and Jane could see them—and they were both watching. He glanced more frequently in her direction, and she in his. She was a show-girl, he soliloquized, as he stole a glance at her from his rocking seat on one of the carved horses. He was a college man, she reflected uneasily, and what those college ruffians wouldn't do—nevertheless she purposely dropped her handkerchief, and shrieked appropriately when he leaped down to pick it up. And he did not fall this time, either. He came up smiling.

"You see I didn't tumble this time," he began, as he handed her the handkerchief. "I guess the young farmer's talk steadied my nerves."

She grinned as he nervously scratched his head. Then she began to laugh, and before either knew how it came about they were both shaking with laughter. It was all so shriekingly funny—

"Wot yuh' laughin' at, Jane?" enquired Castillion, as he abruptly walked around the corner. "Seem to be

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gettin' on quite well together," he continued, looking significantly at Hanson.

Jane looked demurely at Castillion, and then began to laugh harder than ever.

"Gettin' on?" she mocked; "Oh yes."

Castillion's swarthy face took on an ominous scowl. He had been drinking again—and when he drank, his friends wisely kept out of his way. Even now in the squat grub-tent the grinning cook stopped to watch fearfully the outcome of Castillion's latest wrangle. Over in the "Fat People's" show the fat boy and the hideously corpulent woman peeped over the railing at the impending catastrophe.

"Fight on, Ikey?" asked Mme. Rizpah, standing on her pudgy tip-toes.

"Ha-a-a! Cast's a-goin' tuh beat up th' college sport," exclaimed Ikey, puffing with the exertion of his mental accomplishment. "There, there, he's swingin' on him. But looky there, will yuh'? Someone's separatin' um—he got uh' belt, whoever he is—"

The red-faced farmer looked stupidly around, as Hanson helped him to his feet. "This peace-makin' business don't pay, I guess," he ejaculated, grinning broadly at the crowd. "No, Maria, I ain't hurt. Didn't have no business anyhow in mixin' in here. Whar's that show feller that was tryin' to bust things up? I've seen him somewhere, Maria, yes I have."

Castillion had gone, and Jane, who was accustomed to see all kinds of brawls, began selling tickets again with her usual serenity. The red-faced farmer and his good wife mingled again with the crowd, and the merry-goround tooted mechanically on.

Jane was a bit worried, in spite of her outward composure, about Hanson and Castillion. Come together they must, she reasoned, and—why should she care? What was he to her? She caught herself wondering about this several nights later, when Castillion and she were dining late in a fashionable café down town. He had been drinking, and was growing more quarrelsome every minute. The head waiter had been calmly watching Castillion's tipsy actions, and stood speculatively near the door.

Jane thought swiftly. How could she get him out

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and away before he became any more demonstrative? Already he was fighting drunk, and within fifteen minutes would probably be kicked out of the place. She looked appealingly around—and saw Hanson sitting not a dozen tables away—Hanson, with three other young fellows. She tried to attract his attention. She failed. How could he sit there and be so jolly when she was so miserable? There, he had turned; but no—he had not seen her. Wait—he is turning again—

Hanson saw her, and his face went ashy gray as he grasped the situation.

He beckoned to the waiter.

“Take this note to that fellow there, will you?”

Castillion half rose to his feet, as the note was thrust into his hand. He started violently as he read:

Lion out. Come—hurry, hurry!

—JOHNSON.

“It’s—it’s Hurry-up Johnson, J-jane. Says Baldy’s out! L-lord, what’ll happen to th’ show! Less go—less go!”

Unsteadily he helped her through the crowded café, and into the street. Castillion muttered like one demented.

“It’s old Bal-deeee, Jane; can’t you see-ee? Can’t you t-talk? Here’s th’ car. Can’t you hurry more? Oh—Lord!”

Fifteen minutes later the bumping car squeaked to a stop at the carnival grounds. Jerking the girl along in a breathless patter, Castillion fairly cannonaded into “Hurry-up” Johnson’s tent, and found him snoring. He rolled him out with a great thud, and shook him into consciousness. N-naw, he hadn’t heered ’bout Baldy bein’ out! “S’matter, anyhow?”

“You didn’t send me any note, yuh’ say?”

“Naw, I say. Naw—naw—no! Is that plain? I say”—and here he scrambled to his feet with a snort of rage—“is that plain?”

Noticing Jane for the first time, his fat features worked comically in a combination of wrath and chagrin. Growling and rumbling he sidled into a closet and slammed the door.

"Guess we'll go now, Jane," said Castillion finally, in a queer, strained voice. He escorted her to her tent door, and abruptly left.

Jane sat down in the moon-light streaming in at the door, and allowed her fancies to run riot. The man she had snubbed, slighted, if you please, had done her the biggest favor that anyone had ever had the privilege of offering. And then besides—she looked swiftly around the tent to see that no one was near—he was a man, a big-souled, likable man, with nothing small about him. She musingly compared him with the jealousy-tinged, quarrelsome Castillion, who, despite his magnetic handsomeness and dash, became almost repelling at times.

Certainly he looked anything but attractive as he once more entered the café, and sought out the waiter who had given him the note.

"The young fellow sitting over there," explained the waiter, "gave me the note. Gone now."

"Which way did he go?"

"Well, I didn't notice."

Castillion strode out on the street again, just as the clock in a nearby tower struck four. The eastern sky was already dull red. He wondered where Hanson might be found, and glanced into several cafés. Impatiently he went over to the depot, and consulted the city directory. Hanson had told him once that he lived in town. Yes, there was his home address—214 North Chestnut.

Quickly he walked the twelve blocks to Chestnut street, and paused uncertainly on the corner. Yes, he would have it out with Hanson now. He hurried up the walk, and knocked fiercely. An old woman with a coal-oil can uncertainly opened the door.

"Elmer's not here," she quavered. "He works out at th' carnival grounds, an' gener'lly sleeps there. Did you—?"

But Castillion was gone. Fiercely he walked back the way he had come. He hurried down to the depot, ran the three miles out to the carnival grounds, and dashed up heated and blustering to the merrygoround, just as the first few toots of the day's misery for the calliope were disturbing the morning air. Hanson stood at ticket-box, talking to Jane, and he barely had time to dodge

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Castillion's headlong rush. With demoniacal ferocity the infuriated showman jumped at Hanson again, just as the red-faced farmer came hurrying up. Valiantly he leaped between the men. "Why, its old Castillion, M'ria," he yelled—"him that killed Joe Buoy, y' know, and was sent to th' pen fer life. I know 'im now, Maria!"

"Shut up, you," hissed Castillion hoarsely, backing away, for a crowd was rapidly collecting.

"An' yer wife," added Maria. "Oh, yer poor wife—"

Castillion looked fearfully around. People on all sides. He moved uneasily again, and backed into the waiting arms of a burly detective. Another officer snapped the handcuffs on, whistling meanwhile the sprightly tune of "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—and all three moved unconcernedly away.

Then it was that the warped old ticket-box felt somehow embarrassed to have all that crowd looking on while a pale-faced college man and a hysterical show-girl hugged each other with passionate fever.

GRATITUDE

By J. P. BUTLER

A cumulus cloud in the heavens
At sight of a rose below
Ceased idling through the heavens
That the flower in shade might grow;
And the flower's subtle fragrance,
Forsook its petal shroud,
And, like prayer ascending incense,
Rose up to bless the cloud.

ILLINOIS AND THE WESTERN CONFERENCE: A SYMPOSIUM

I.

THE CONFERENCE DEFENDED

By PROFESSOR G. A. GOODENOUGH



UCH of the recent criticism of the Western Conference seems to arise from a lack of knowledge of the functions of that body. If the primary purpose of the conference is to furnish athletic competition for the colleges represented on it, then some of the criticism is just. However, the conference has always assumed that its function is to regulate competition and not necessarily to provide it. The arrangement of schedules has been left to managers and coaches, and with two or three exceptions the conference has not attempted to interfere with the freedom of a college in the making of schedules. The only restrictive rules now in effect are: 1. The rule forbidding competition with colleges that have withdrawn from the conference. 2. The rule requiring each conference college to play at least four football games with other conference colleges.

The make-up of the conference has been criticised. It is urged that only institutions with strong teams should be represented. This contention might have some weight if the function of the conference were to provide competition instead of regulate it. If, however, the contention be granted we are confronted with the difficulty of shifting conditions. The college that is athletically strong this year may be weak five years hence. Should it be automatically dropped from the conference as soon as it falls below a certain arbitrary standard? It is true that certain colleges have asked for admission to the conference and that such requests have been refused. There is little doubt that the conference action in these cases was wise. If, however, the conference continues to exist it is likely that there will be additions in the near future.

A charge that has been persistently made without the slightest foundation is that the University of Chicago

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dominates the conference. It may be stated unreservedly that in all conference relations Professor Stagg has been fair and impartial.

The present strained relations in the conference have been brought about by a difference of opinion as to the value of the so-called amateur rule. The question at issue is not, as has been stated, amateurism vs. professionalism, but rather amateurism in fact versus amateurism by definition. Most of us at Illinois believe that the question of whether a man is an amateur or professional is not a matter of definition at all; but that if for convenience we are to have a definition, the scholarship test furnishes a safer and more rational basis for it than the money test. Illinois stands as firmly for genuine amateur athletics as any other institution.

The differences in the conference are perhaps so radical that they cannot be reconciled and the conference may be forced to dissolve or split. Such a result would be deplorable from every point of view; it is to be hoped that reason will prevail and that the situation may be saved. The conference has been instrumental in raising athletic standards throughout the country and it is hard to conceive that its period of usefulness has passed.

Regarding the proposition to withdraw Illinois from the conference, it may be well to recall to those who urge such a course the old adage of the frying pan and the fire. The frying pan is not yet so hot that the fire should be given the preference.

II.

THE REFORM OF THE CONFERENCE

By DAVID KINLEY, Dean of the Graduate School



THE purpose of college provision for athletics is in general the same as the purpose of the college in promoting the study of the subjects in the curriculum; that is, to develop the student's physical, intellectual and moral health. The promotion of athletics aims particularly to train the student in the spirit of true sportsmanship, which is a spirit of strenuousness, generosity, and fair play. Provisions for the regulation of

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athletics as well as of other subjects should aim to promote this spirit substantially and therefore be as free from technicalities as they can be consistently.

From the point of view of the above general principles, it seems to me that the present definition of amateur in collegiate sport, while in purpose excellent, in expression overshoots the mark. As Mr. Clarence Deming remarked in *The Outlook* some years ago, if a student "takes a dollar for private athletic instruction, he is unfrocked as an amateur; yet, he may have daily and intimate contact with a high-salaried professional coach, and take from him all the tricks of the trade. He must not enter a contest for the smallest money prize; but he may barter his athletic fame for a commission from a tobacco trust or be subsidized through college by the grant of a score card privilege".

We are all agreed that only those who are in sport from the love of it should be called amateurs. Among these, however, may well be a high school or college boy who himself gets a prize, or is a member of a team that gets a prize, at a Sunday-school picnic or a county fair. We should bar the "taint of commercialism", but its odor does not hang around such incidents. Therefore, I think the amateur rule should be amended so that while excluding all students who in the summer play on athletic teams which are professional or semi-professional, in the sense that the members are playing as a means of livelihood, it should not exclude *bona fide* students who meet the scholarship and residence tests, even though they may have taken part in a casual prize athletic contest or have won a money prize for individual success in a similar contest. I believe the distinction is a sound one and can be made.

I believe that the rule should be amended so as to permit a student to represent his institution in intercollegiate contests in one line of athletics only. If he plays on the football team, he should not also be on the baseball team. If he plays on two or three teams he is devoting a larger proportion of his time to athletics than is consistent with the purpose of his attendance at college; and such a course of action indicates in substance a professional spirit, because it implies that athletics is his principal purpose in attending.

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As to the organization and work of the conference, I am inclined to think that its membership should be enlarged. There are some good teams in various branches of athletics in institutions not now members. It would not be necessary for every member to play every other member in every branch of athletics each year. Alternate schedules could easily be framed. The enlargement of the conference would bring about good relations among a larger number of strong and growing institutions.

Again, while all the present members of the conference have conducted themselves admirably, I think that there would be an advantage in forbidding the appointment of a coach or other member of the department of athletics as a representative of his institution.

Further, I think that the machinery for making and considering protests is not as good as it might be. A protest against the member of another team should be made in the first instance to a committee of the conference. The intermediate process of sending such a protest to the institution concerned is useless and serves only to arouse ill-feeling. Protests should be made long enough before a game to admit of investigation. It is not fair to "spring" a protest on the eve of a game. If evidence against a man is discovered on the eve of a game, the game should be played and, if his team is victor, the result either should be cancelled or the game awarded to the opposing team if the charge is proved.

We must all remember that this is a country of majority rule. No institution can play intercollegiate games by itself. It must have an arrangement with at least one other institution, and therefore of necessity is a member of a "conference". It is proper for us to urge our views and to put up constructive plans for reform. After we have done our best to get them adopted, we should abide by the result.

In forming our own University student opinion, more weight should be given to the judgment of players themselves than to that of mere spectators. I doubt if it is wise for the student body at large to insist that some of their members shall play under conditions that they themselves would rather see different. Therefore, in forming our University public opinion, let us remember the likes and views of the players. Above all, let us re-

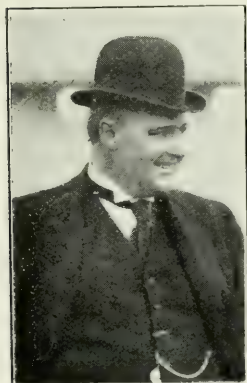
member that it is a sign of strength and rectitude to move in important matters quietly and conservatively. Secession is justifiable even for a large number only when it involves a great issue; for an individual or a single institution it is more likely to be simply ridiculous.

III.

SEPARATION MAY BE A NECESSITY

By C. C. ROBERTS.

THE recent agitation over our athletic situation has developed into a very acute problem, in the disposition of which all students must feel a very vital concern. Just what it will all mean, and how far the general viewpoint of our own school will be considered are the questions largely in our minds. A true



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expression of student sentiment is rather difficult, because of the delicacy of the whole situation. At the mass-meeting the other evening the main idea conveyed to the general public was the fact of the students' willingness logically and sanely to consider and debate the problem. We have our ideas in the matter, and being perfectly human, we feel them more or less strongly. Yet had any sentiment expressed that evening been of a drastic nature, many of the faculty would have immediately construed it all as

hasty, ill-timed and ill-considered.

We feel that the conference as existing today is absolutely valueless and more or less of a sham; that rather than promoting proper and friendly cooperation among the universities of the Big Eight, it develops bitter and strained relations; and that if the convention of the University Presidents fails to alter present conditions

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we had better withdraw from than continue in the present organization.

I feel assured from all actions thus far taken that on some of the proposed issues the sentiment of the student body is decidedly fixed. We know pretty well what we want, and know also that we are not alone in some of our contentions. The prevailing sentiment of the student body that the one-year residence rule and scholarship should be the only tests of amateurism has been heartily indorsed by many prominent alumni, and one alumni association has gone so far as to go on record communicating the same to us. Indeed, many of the faculty express the same opinion, and many others feel that such a plan merits at least a trial. We also feel that the conference has exceeded the bounds of good faith in enacting some of its recent resolutions, and in this the student opinion is unanimous. If the ideas of the universities comprising the Big Eight are so widely contrasted as to make a permanent policy agreeable to all an impossibility, why not permit those who feel one way to go that way, and the others to follow what will be best suited to them. We don't advocate a break of the conference if these things can be settled in a suitable manner; if they cannot we assuredly will.

I sincerely hope that the sentiment of the student body be given fair consideration, and be not treated as the mere passing whim of an excited student body, which will die out after its first explosive demonstrations.

IV.

THE NEEDED READJUSTMENT

By OTTO E. SEILER



HERE can be no doubt of the fact that the Western Intercollegiate Conference Association has accomplished a great deal for the uplift and purification of athletics. It is folly, and a lack of sane thinking to say that a conference is useless, simply because difficulties present themselves at the present time.

It is so easy, now that the conference is passing through a critical crisis, to show how badly it has been managed, or to say how useless it always has been. It is

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always easy to find fault, even though the person or object criticised has previously accomplished much of worth. The facts are that the Western Conference Association gave athletics in the west a firm foundation and standing throughout the United States; it developed order, system and wholesome competition out of the chaos which existed among the western competitors up to 1896. We might even go so far as to say that Illinois owes a great deal of her present athletic prestige to the system and organization of the conference.

If, then, an institution has been successful, and suddenly seems to fail in its function, there must be definite reasons why such a change has taken place. This fact is true of the Western Conference. Definite changes and actions of the conference have brought about the present crisis.

In the study of history we learn that almost every state and nation has been forced to make new laws, or even adopt new constitutions to fulfill the changes and conditions which time has brought about. The constitutions which governed our states in colonial days are not applicable at the present time. In this same manner many of the rules layed down by the conference in 1896 are no longer to be applied to the present athletic situation in the west. I believe the conference has failed to realize this fact, and in trying to enforce rules, which by virtue of existing conditions are dead, is failing in its primary function, that of being a governing body.

This lack of progressiveness has been the prime factor in bringing about the crisis with which we are now dealing in western athletics. Some of these facts are: 1. The conference is failing in the very thing for which it was organized. Instead of causing chaotic conditions to cease, it is bring confusion and chaos through its own actions and regulations. 2. The conference has been too exclusive. It has not been necessary to keep the doors closed to other institutions in the west, especially when some of these colleges eclipse several of the conference members in athletic prestige. Nebraska, Missouri, Ohio State, Notre Dame, etc., would have strengthened the western athletic situation; keeping them out has weakened it, and from an Illinois standpoint it has narrowed out athletic reputation. 3. The conference has

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shown her inability to enforce her own rules and regulations, and unless she can make better attempts to revise her rules than the recent bit of legislation, the western colleges will be much better off without any controlling organization at all.

From an Illinois point of view the writer believes a conference is to be desired, and yet we want an organization which will prove to be a governing factor in the true sense of the word. Rules can be drawn up which will govern western athletics to the satisfaction of every one, which will put the west at the top of athletics, which will bring harmony, friendliness, and clean competition among sister institutions.

The proper kind of legislation can bring about the above mentioned conditions and this is what Illinois desires, and she believes it can be attained if the conference representatives will meet with a view to produce new legislation which will fulfill requirements of the conditions. If this cannot be done, Illinois students favor a withdrawal from the conference, but such a move is to be desired only as a last resort and then only after calm, sane, and deliberate consideration.

In conclusion one other matter presents itself to the writer.

I believe that this promiscuous talk about "Stagg running the conference" is bosh. There are seven other keen men of brains on the conference board, who understand the athletic situation. If Mr. Stagg is able to rule these seven men with an iron will, as many Illinois students think he does, this same Mr. Stagg is worthy of much credit, and the other members of the board are to be pitied. This condition of affairs is not true, and I fully believe that the Illinois representative, Professor G. A. Goodenough, is capable of defending what is best for Illinois. The same, I believe, is true of the other members of the conference board, exclusive of Mr. Stagg. If the truth were known, it is to be believed that Professor Smith of Iowa has the keenest understanding of athletic situations and is the most influential man on the conference board.

V.

WHAT THE AGITATION HAS ACCOMPLISHED

By RAY C. McLARTY

THE recent agitation concerning the athletic relations of Illinois in regard to the Western Intercollegiate Conference, which culminated in a mass meeting called by President James, has accomplished its purpose. In the first place, it forced the student body to give a definite consideration to the present conference situation, causing many students, who heretofore had been partially disinterested or ignorant of the question, to investigate for themselves the actual state of affairs, and to ascertain definite facts in the matter. Secondly, the action of the faculty, or more particularly that of President James in calling for a display of student sentiment on the question, was directly due to the agitation which was aroused. The result was the first official recognition of this factor in the appointment of a student committee to confer with the University Senate concerning the future action of that body relative to the determination of athletic policies.

Many have expressed the opinion that the agitation was a mere flash in the pan, and resulted in a failure on the part of certain students to bring about some radical step, possibly immediate withdrawal from the conference. The idea of such a hasty and ill-advised move was farthest removed from the thoughts of those who were responsible for the circulation of the petition. The speeches of the student representatives at the mass meeting gave evidence of this fact. Not an immediate and unconditional break with the conference, but a prompt and satisfactory abolition of the grievances which are opposed to the ideas of fairness and justice, from the standpoint of athletic welfare at Illinois, was the real demand of those who fostered the recent movement.

The result was the answer of President James in his action on the matter. Not relying wholly on the advice and counsel of his colleagues of the University Senate, who are in the end the supreme authority, he called for an expression of student sentiment. This, he secured in

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detail by personal conferences, and openly, by a general assembly of the undergraduates. In addition, he has fortified himself with all the information necessary to a complete understanding of the situation, analyzing it carefully from all sides, and considering minutely the best possible solutions of the difficulty.

Thus equipped, the President of the University of Illinois will enter the conference of the college heads at their gathering in the near future for the consideration of the conference situation. The interests of Illinois students cannot be placed in better hands for a fair, honest, and satisfactory settlement of the problem, which demands immediate action.

THE DREAM OF DREAMS

By BERTHA E. BOURDETTE

Let me hide away and slumber in some quiet woodland
spot,
Where the hoyden rose may woo unseen the wild for-
get-me-not;
Let me dream away unnoticed centuries of happy hours;
Let my slumber song be soft and but the whispers of the
flowers;
Let the cool, green, velvet mosses make my dreaming
pillow sweet,
And the fragrant, frail arbutus trail a covering for my
feet.
Let me hide away, my darling, yet in some dim, wooded
isle
The awaking will be sweeter for the dreaming on awhile.

THREE GAMES

By ETHEL I. SALISBURY.

JESS was sitting in the hammock swinging her little white slippered feet gayly. It was her first day at the home of her old chum, where she was to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Addison before they all started for Europe in the fall. Marie, who was attending her household duties, would be with her presently to embroider and talk over the old Smith days not so long past.

The hammock was in a little grove of trees not far from a hedge which separated the Addisons from their neighbors. Presently the little feet stopped swinging and Jess listened to masculine voices on the other side of the dense shrubbery.

"Fine old place you've got, Harry," drawled a lazy, good-natured bass.

"Well, rather. Eve and I like it. Pretty little lake, quiet resort, and we've company enough with a visit from a good friend like yourself now and then. Can't you stick around a while, Laurie?"

"By Jove, that's generous of you, Bill. I declare I'm almost tempted. How's the fishing? Bass or trout?"

"Nice little heiress next door."

"The very thing!" was the enthusiastic exclamation, and then the same voice continued in a lazy drawl: "Yellow frizzed hair and a double chin, I haven't a doubt."

"You must have seen her, my boy." Some one sighed heavily, and the pleasant bass went on:

"Well, the combination is to be expected, I suppose. But a dumpling with a hundred thousand dollars is not to be sneezed at if she does have fat ears."

The two men chuckled softly on the one side of the hedge, and on the other side the small white slippers were planted firmly on the ground, and a daintily gowned little figure started for the house, pausing just a moment as these words floated over the hedge:

"I'll see you and the heiress through June, and thanks for the tip, old fellow. Is her name Olga?"

That night as Jess shook out her fair curls there

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was a saucy, determined look on her face that boded ill for somebody. Mrs. Marie was sitting on the edge of the bed explaining in detail the garden party for the morrow. She was naming over and describing the guests. When she mentioned the neighbor Burns and their visitor, Laurie, Jess yawned sleepily, but there was a glint in her blue eyes that was scarcely consistent with her well-feigned indifference.

It was a demure little Miss Sackett to whom Mr. Laurie was presented by the hostess the following day. Yet with all her quiet, retiring way, he found her to be a bright, entertaining companion and was thoroughly delighted that they were partners for the long walk to the river and the picnic lunch. Miss Sackett was not unconscious that she was charming that afternoon. She had meant to be. She looked at the handsome, honest face of her companion and thought of his perfidious greed for her wealth, and she flirted with a vengeance.

Once Mr. Burns approached and found them in an enthusiastic discussion of the relative merits of Venice and Naples. He greeted Jess cordially, and then turning to Mr. Laurie with a quizzical expression said:

"Have you seen anything of Olga?" The young man blushed furiously, and Jess could scarcely refrain from adding to his confusion with a revelation of her own eaves dropping, but she turned away and did not appear to notice his discomfort.

That was only the beginning of their acquaintance. All through the remaining June days they were together. July came and went and Laurie did not depart. Mrs. Addison helped things along. Jess thought she was playing a good game. She knew now that this big fellow who had talked so flippantly of her fortune was going to smart. He thought he was going to win, and she gave him added occasion to think so. Yes, he should smart and get only humiliation for his pains. She was glad that she had known what he was in the beginning. One would never detect his insincerity. But would he be the only one to suffer? Had there not been something indefinitely pleasant in the long days together—something inseparably linked with his presence? Could she—but she would not.

And then one day he came to her with an earnest expression on his handsome face. She was arranging

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flowers in the arbor, but the moment she heard his step and looked up she knew that the crucial moment had come. She began to hate herself for what she was going to do.

He came and stood before her. Jess was schooling herself to an answer so hard that she scarcely heard what he said. She only knew that he had proposed.

She selected a ragged bit of burdock, unconsciously placing it with great care in her bouquet, cocking her head on one side to make the effect. Then she said icily :

"Ah, I remember ; a yellow-haired dumpling with a hundred thousand dollars is scarcely to be sneezed at."

To her dying day Jess will never forget the look on the man's face as he left her. If she had hoped for vengeance, it was hers.

That night she told Mrs. Addison the whole story, and cried herself to sleep in her friend's arms. The last thing she said was : "Oh, Marie, I know now that he is true. It is I who am contemptible, and he will never forgive me." Mrs. Addison had said, "You go to sleep, dearie."

No one knew just how it was managed, but Mr. Laurie and Jess met face to face in the garden the next day. Jess' eyes were red and swollen ; he was haggard. Neither spoke. Presently the girl sank down in a pitiful little heap on a log, and began to sob out an incoherent, heartbreaking apology.

Mr. Laurie managed to say that he thought her perfectly justified. That was all there was to be said. He backed up against a tree, put his hands behind him and listened to her sobs like Prometheus bound.

Presently a yellow straw hat appeared in the path, and the blue-jeaned messenger boy waved a yellow slip above his head, shouting : "A telegram for Miss Sackett." Laurie took the slip and handed it to the girl. She dabbed her eyes with a little wet wad of lace and tried to read it, but gave it to him in despair. He read it aloud :

NEW YORK, AUGUST 18, 1910.

MISS SACKETT :—

Newling & Harker failed. Your entire fortune lost.
Details later. M. A.

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It wasn't two seconds before Mr. Laurie was at her side, pleading his case with an ardor that could leave no doubt as to his sincerity.

Two hours later they stood before Mrs. Addison, awaiting her blessing. There was a curious little smile about her mouth as she read the telegram that was a part of their explanation.

That night as Jess prepared for bed, another message came from New York. It read:

MISS SACKETT:—

False report. Newling & Harker safe. Fortune
O. K. M. A.

Jess gasped.

"Isn't this the luckiest coincidence, Marie," she said. Then she scrutinized the signature.

"Mr. Acer always signs his full name," she mused. She looked up to find a guilty look on Marie Addison's face, and a light dawned upon her.

"You old dear," she cried. But Marie was gone, and from down the hall came a soft chuckle.

THE TALE OF GAWEIN AND GUNNOR (WHOM SOME NAME GUINEVERE)

By ARTHUR J. TIETJE

BEGINNETH the tale told by Ulphin, knight of the prince Arthur, when that he was well of twenty years, and written down by Blaise of Northumberland, the master of Merlin, anent the marvelous adventure of Gunnor the queen.

Befell that after Arthur the prince had smitten the men of Rome and of Allemayne under the wall of Trèves, Gawein and Bretell and I with three thousand knights more of the forces of Ban and of Bors, the kings, followed by the May moon Arthur the prince secretly into the land of Tannelide, whereas Arthur the prince was to espouse Gunnor, daughter of Loedegan the king, and the fairest of all women living save only that she sat by Guynadans and played at chess in the Wood Perilous. But Gawein and the prince Arthur rode apart; and the face of the prince Arthur was as the black clouds that gather over Logres in the time of the rains, and the face of Gawein was as of one who had been sore disdained by one who loved him well. And wit ye well that when we were come by dawning of the fourth day into Tannelide, there came against us Loedegan the king with more than five hundred knights, all lords of much prowess. And thence rode we (after much embracing and kissing, whereof Master Blaise may put it into the tale if he will) into the city; and when we were entered we found Toraise all hanged with rich clothes and strowed with fresh herbs, and found ladies and maidens caroling and dancing, and the most revel and desport that had been since the espousing of Ygrain La Belle to Uterpendragon.

There met Gunnor the fair, daughter of Loedegan, with Arthur the prince. But then I, for as I had received all those great buffets in the war before Trèves, drew apart and passed down by the long window that is near the Hall of the Round Table, into the garden to be alone. And so marvelous sweet was the garden that I had long sat before that I took notice of ten men, all armed. And

they were unkenned of me, albeit that I had well learned of the knights of Leodegan in the war aforetime when that Rion of Iceland would have beset the realm. Sobeit, they seemed vigorous and wise warriors and also true knights, and much of stature.

Withdrew I myself behind an old oak and harkened.

And one spake, a lord of such form as the son of Cleodelas, steward of the realm. Yet was he grimlier and blacker of beard, and across his face from ear to ear ran a cut such as no other man than he or Gawein might sustain and live.

"And whenas Gunnor the queen shall—"

But another lord had touched the hauberk of the one like unto the son of Cleodelas and spake words so low that I might not hear aught save a whispering. And above sang a little bird and then ne might I hear at all.

With that passed they all ten down a long alley of cedars and I abode still for a time and then followed them. Now wit ye well that near the great gate that openeth on the high road that leadeth to the bridge of Dove across the river Severn is a fair path that runneth to the steps of the palace and on the right near the steps is such a clump of firs and other bushes that there well twenty men may hide. And underneath the steps is yet a smaller place where well four men may hide and ne more. And from the garden turned all the ten men (and it was not yet matins) to the clump of firs which I have aforesaid. And I had followed. And once more the knight of the great thrust spake.

"Here shall ye all—"

But once again sang a little bird and I ne might hear at all.

Yede they then down the garden path and out of the great postern. And I was nigh mad with wrath to think that had ne the little bird sung I might have forewent the plot to seize the queen Gunnor.

"How know ye that they will seize the queen?" And wit ye well he who spoke was great and long of stature; but brown he was, and lean, and rough of hair more than any other man. Then wist I well that it was Merlin, who has ever helped Arthur the prince.

On one knee I dropped and Merlin laughed loud. "Do not they, my lord, Merlin?"

Yet laughed Merlin louder. "Know ye of the stars?" he spake. And the voice was as the voice of Merlin, round and strong and of the sea not wroth.

Then bowed I my head low, even to the feet of Merlin that were black as of the dust of battle. "Do not they, my lord Merlin?"

Yet laughed Merlin louder. "Know ye what the little bird that sang was?"

"Ne, my lord Merlin."

But anon Merlin laughed no more and came upon his face such look as came when he japed the prince Arthur for cowardice in the war with Rion, the Giant of Iceland. "Neareth the time, Ulfen, when Nimian shall hold me in the rock of Delavaise. Yet must great work be done. And they that ye have seen be enemies of Cleodelas the steward of Leodegan. And yet must more work be done. And as soon as the great dragon shall move to go to the Great Britain, the Lyon crowned shall come him against. And yet must more work be done. And abide thou still, for wit ye well that I was the little bird, and this adventure must thou and Bretell and Gawein achieve alone, for that Gawein may thus be friend with the king. And Arthur is wroth that Gawein came not near when he was sore bestead in the war by Trèves. And at evensong thou with Gawein and Bretell must hide thee here."

Thus spake Merlin and I stood alone.

Howbeit, such is always Merlin's speech, one word light, and the other dark. But so much understood I of all he spake, that Gawein and Bretell and I must achieve the adventure alone; and that Gawein would be friend with the prince were we well favored.

Then fled I into the great hall and sought Gawein. But Bretell alone I found. And there were Arthur and Gunnor in the midst of the hall; and the archbishop them blessed, and before all the people wedded them together. And the maiden was of so great beauty that, as has been aforesaid, none there were that might be near her save as stars by the moon, save only she that sat by Guynadans and played at chess in the Wood Perilous. And she is fairer. And Gunnor was with hair dishevelled, and had the fairest head that any woman might have, and had a circle of gold on her head full of precious stones, the

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fairest and richest that any man knew, and was clothed in a rich robe that trailed to the ground more than two fathom, that set so well with her beauty that all the world might have joyed her to behold. And anon me it seemed that they should be marvelous traitor knights that would harm the lady Gunnor.

Soon as the prince Arthur had taken Gunnor by the hand, Bretell I drew apart into the great window all hanged with silk and him I bespake. Then came Gawein and when I had told him he was feely wroth. Then that clep him "Light o' Love" ne know the prince Gawein. For never had he lover save only the prince Arthur.

Then spake Gawein. "What would the traitors do?" And for love of Arthur the prince, he waxed red, then white, then once again red. And sore it pained him that Arthur was ne glad with him since that he had fled in the battle by Trèves.

Then I told once more that that Merlin had said. "Ne was there more."

Anon before evensong Gawein and Bretell and I were well armed under our robes and asked we leave of the prince Arthur to go down into the garden that was so marvelous sweet. And when as we yede from the great hall there was Gunnor the queen by the side of Arthur the prince, whereas she held to him warm water in a basin of silver. And she was the fairest of all women living save only she that sat by Guynadans and played at the chess in the Wood Perilous. And us all it seemed that the knights of the clump must be marvelous traitor knights. And Gawein prayed low to the Saint Marie.

And under the steps of the palace where we hid anon, all was quiet, save only now and then sang a little nightingale. And it played so sweet that I thought only of Nimian as she had sat by the well Dolorous whenas Merlin had come to her; but she was for Merlin, and he had come to her all in guise of a young squire. And Bretell thought only of Helen of Iceland. And Gawein peyned him sore for that his lover, Arthur the prince, was wroth with him. And the brook that ran adown the garden, afar off, that was most clear and right fair and delectable made little noises. And of the scent of the flowers there was a great wonder.

So had we set our watch. Long while abode we still, and nought was there. Then came pulling at the great postern, for by the stars could we well see down the fair alley. With that passed in the ten men, all armed, and last he that was marred with the great thrust. And by the side had he one fair and sweet to behold, much like the queen Gunnor.

Started we all up. And Gawein would have sworn a great oath by Saint Marie whenas before us stood a man slender and lean, and had on low voided shoon and black hose, and his clothing was black fustian with bands on the sleeves, and gird with a girdle of harness. Yet was he long and brown and his head bare without cap, for that it at his shoulders was hanging behind by the laces. And well could we see by the star light.

Then bowed Gawein low. "Wit ye well it is Merlin," he spake, yet so soft that ne might the ten knights hear at all. And by then were the ten knights and the maiden much like the queen Gunnor halted by the great postern.

Spake Merlin then. "The maiden, ye shall know, is not the queen Gunnor. Abide ye still till that the queen Gunnor cometh down the steps into the garden." And with that was all the man gone.

Now wit ye well that from the great postern to the steps of the palace is by three hundred paces. By now had the ten knights and the maiden like to Gunnor the queen reached the clump of firs and hidden so within that ne might they be seen at all. But the maiden, meseemed, was lower and less fresh of color and with less hair than had Gunnor the queen.

So abode we still and ever whenas the nightingale sang thought I of Nimian, and Bretell thought of Helen, and Gawein of Arthur the prince.

Anon came steps within the hall above us and spake a clear, high voice.

"Dame, shall not we dally in the garden? It is marvelous cool, and, meseems, the little birds sing of my lord Arthur."

Then spake the old mistress of Gunnor the queen. "Yea, lady."

So came they adown the steps, Gunnor the fairest queen and the old dame. And Gawein pained him sore to grip his sword under his robe. And anon came the

queen Gunnor with the dame to the fair path that leadeth to the great postern. And then leaped out from the clump of firs the ten men, all armed, and the knight all marred with the great thrust reft away the queen Gunnor, and her that was lower and less fresh of color and of less hair than the queen gave they into the hands of the dame Gunnor. And they two would have gone into the hall.

But by now was Bretell off with his robe, and Gawein, and I also.

"Traitors," spake Gawein whenas he was near the ten knights, "Yield ye the queen Gunnor!" And ever his face waxed red, then white, then red again.

And on the steps made stay astonied the old dame and she that was like Gunnor.

But when the ten knights saw that we were but three, all they laughed in great disdain. And five would have borne away the queen Gunnor and five would have abode to fight against us.

"Praise we ye at nought," spake he of the great thrust. And all they laughed yet once more.

But Gawein waxed wonder wroth.

"Let drive then!"

So fought Bretell with two knights, and I with two other, and Gawein with the knight of the thrust.

But when the queen saw herself led away by other five in that manner, she had great dread, and fell to ground upon the path; yet they lifted her up and bare her away maugre.

"Lady Saint Marie," moaned she piteously, "me help and succor!" Then to we three knights she cried yet again and smote one hand against the other. "For God's love cometh and help me, for ye see the great need that I have."

Then heard she the nightingale sing louder, and brake she rudely out of their hands that held her and down the garden she ran till she came to a fir, whereas she held it in her arms full hard. And by the stars could we well see.

And anon had Bretell slain two knights and I two other and Gawein had smitten the knight of the thrust so that he slit him to the teeth, and the two halves of the head fell to the ground. And ran we then to the queen Gunnor.

The five knights had travailed for to take her away. But might they ne her remove; and yet they pulled and drew, but more did they nought. And they were nigh mad for sorrow and anger, that for a little they would her have slain.

With that had come up Gawein and Bretell, whenas I stayed to seize the maiden like Gunnor, and they were all plucking at the queen Gunnor that nigh they rent both arms from her body. And Gawein fell upon two knights, and Bretell upon two other, and whenas the fifth knight saw so many good men lie slain, he fled by the great postern.

And by now was the palace all in a medley and within the great Hall of the Round Table was much crying and shouting. Anon burst through the door Arthur the prince all in armor and with the great sword Marmadoise the which he had reft from Rion in the slaughter by Narblaise flashing in his hand. So dark was his face as when the Saxons had all despoiled the land and Arthur the prince wist ne where to turn. "Where is the traitor Gawein?" he cried, and like a quarrel out of arblast his voice was swift and sharp.

So befell that I, Ulphin, had seized the maiden like Gunnor, and held her roughly, binding her hands behind her.

But in the star light like a great flashing was Marmadoise above me. "Thou traitor, Ulphin," spake the prince Arthur, "Let be the lady Gunnor!"

Then fell I on my face before the prince Arthur and spake softly, the while Marmadoise glittered ever above me. "Ne is this the lady Gunnor, my lord Arthur!"

And Arthur the prince raised me up, and one stood by, and the nightingale sang no more. Ne might I look on the prince ne on Marmadoise. And I saw that the man had a great beard and a long that covered his breast and was all white, and had a chaplet of olive upon his head, and was clothed in a robe of black and for age held him by a staff of oak.

"Merlin!" spake the prince Arthur astonished.

But now I looked adown the fair path into the garden and nothing might I ken of the five knights or of Bretell or Gawein or of the queen Gunnor. Ne might I see for a great black mist that spread over all the fair garden.

Then spake Merlin. And as ever were his words, the one dark, the other light. "Yet is there work to be done, my lord Arthur. And fools are they that clep knights cowards in battle whenas the knight is departed only to seek out his friends and fellows till that he has them found and assembled that so when all come together there may be great befouling of enimies. Yet there is work to be done, my lord Arthur. For the king Rion of Iceland, for that he was befouled in the battle near Delavaise, hath sworn an oath that there shall be in Tannelide ne man ne woman ne child ne beast yet living. Yet is there work to be done, my lord Arthur. For the great leopard that shall join with the lion crowned against the uncrowned lion is at hand. Yet is there work to be done, my lord Arthur. And the maiden here that is like to the queen Gunnor is naught save the daughter of the steward Cleodalis who has been bred up, for that her parents ne love her not, in a far country, and they that would have exchanged her for the queen Gunnor are ne friends of Cleodalis but would have done thee foul wrong that so they might take the true Gunnor to the king Rion of Iceland. And the dame yonder is a foul traitor, for that she was given ten silver basins."

With that wist no man where that he was become. And of all that Merlin said I speak but by the rote. Yet of it all so much I understood, that Gawein had ne been coward in the war by Trèves and that Gunnor the queen would by the ten knights have been reft into Iceland had it ne been that Gawein and Bretell and Ulphin were in the garden.

And by now was gone the great black mist. And came adown the fair path Bretell and Gawein and Gunnor the queen. And Gawein led the queen Gunnor by the hand. And by the fir lay slain the four knights, and the fifth had fled by the great postern.

And Arthur the prince stood by the steps and sweet and comely was his face.

Explicit the tale of the marvelous adventure of Gunnor the queen.

FRESHMAN THEMES

THE LAST THEME

By H. G. WOOD



WHY is the last recitation of the year the longest, driest, most unsatisfying of the whole course?" This profound question had to occur to me, of course, just as I had settled myself to write a biographical sketch of the "late lamented" John Paul Jones. Such profound (or foolish) ideas always strike one at unfortunate moments. Resolutely, I banished the unwelcome intruder, and chewed the end of my pencil for inspiration. This theme was to be the last of the semester. "Write on anything," the instructor had said. Well, wasn't I doing my best to close my rhetorical career in a blaze of glory, by submitting an unexpected "A" theme?

The suffering pencil was reversed, and it slowly began: "Of all the men whose heroic deeds brighten and fill with interest—" My sentence hung fire in mid-air, as my mind wandered back to that last recitation. "It's almost as bad as Mark Twain's old lady," I mused, half aloud.

"What's like whose old woman?" cut in my roommate.

"Why, the one Mark Twain tells about. She wanted to know why they always had a rear car on a train because that one always got more damaged in a wreck. Don't bother me. Can't you see I'm trying to write?"

Properly silenced, he returned to his Philosophy, or whatever it is that L. and A. people call work, while I plodded on.

"—with interest the pages of history, there is no character—"

"Say, you in there," this from the next room, "you with the curly teeth and patent leather eye-brows," (I have black hair) "how in thunder do you spell 'politics,' with an 'i' or an 'o'?"

"Aw, spell it with a 'c', and remember, the 'j' is

silent, as in prunes." An excited ruffling of paper announced that the seeker after knowledge had sought refuge in that last resource of the theme-writer, the dictionary. Silence ensued. (Did I say silence?)

—"character more admired than that of the first and greatest officer of the American Navy, John Paul Jones. Like all great—"

Sounds of distress from across the hall—a sound of scuffling rises—a chair tips over—a book slams against the door, and then a slightly injured voice growls, "Get your feet out'a those instruments, yuh stiff. What chuh think this is, a barn?"

Answering drawl, "Looks like the corner of the United States at two o'clock. Don't get on your ear 'bout a little thing like that."

Injured voice, "Well, if you had helped pay for an automobile" (pronounced 'auto-mo-beel'; accent on the last syllable) "and then got bawled out for not keeping your mouth shut about it, you'd get peeved, too. Makes me mad every time I think about it. 'Sides, I got to finish this here home plate. It's the last one, though, thank heaven."

"Aw, cut the rough stuff," I growled, and returned to John P.

"Like all great men—" That "all" don't sound right. Better make it "many". "Like many great men, he had an humble birthplace. He was born in Kirkudbrightshire, Scotland, in the year—"

"Say, Homer, when was old J. P. born, anyhow?"

"I dunno. Some time 'bout 1809, wasn't it? Naw, that wasn't him—that was Lincoln. Somewheres 'round 1730, or '32, I reckon. Call it 1732."

"'32 it is, but I'll blame you if I'm wrong."

"—in the year 1732. Little is known of his boyhood. He—"

From beneath came the tortured sounds (no adequate word has yet been coined to fit the case precisely) of a much-abused piano. After a few trills in the treble and a toodle-oodle in the base, a shaky tenor attacked (attacked?—he simply murdered the poor thing), "Asleep in the Deep."


A wail of anguish arose from the four rooms at once. "Please, Mac, shall we kill it now, while it's

happy?" "Little lower on those last notes. You're sharp, 'way sharp." (This last from the musical architect in the south room.) "Who left the gate open?" "Ossifer, he's in again."

I couldn't write in such surroundings. Who could? In desperation, I resolved to break my otherwise perfect record and hand in no theme on the morrow. My conscience at first rebelled, but as the seductive strains of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" floated up, and the sound of many shoes, that did not "float" down, drifted in, I surrendered. The "Biographical Sketch of John Paul Jones" met an untimely end, and the last theme had ceased to bother me, forever.

PROM AND PREPARATIONS

By JAMES L. CHURCHILL

HE Prom reminds me of a thunderstorm in the summertime. The distant roll of thunder is plainly discernible early in the afternoon. The lightning flashes and flares across the sky. The storm reaches its climax, and the heavens seem to be in eruption. Then the noise gradually dies away in the distance, and besides a sweet smell in the air, there is nothing left to indicate nature's ravings.

The rumble of thunder that betokens the approaching Prom occurs when first the committee meets and begins to form definite plans. For a while there is a lull. Then the lightning starts to play across the sky; here and there we see advertisements, gradually increasing in size until they flash up in all glory,—the large sign is tacked upon the score board at home coming. The thunder becomes deafening, all you hear is prom, Prom, PROM. It sprinkles a little when you buy your ticket, but not enough to settle the dust. The skies, at last, break forth in all their anger and grumbling when the dress shirt studs are not found, and when the tie is all mussed up in the tying. There seems to be a promise that the storm is nearly passed when you roll away in your cab, but the wind changes, and the thunder regains its volume, and

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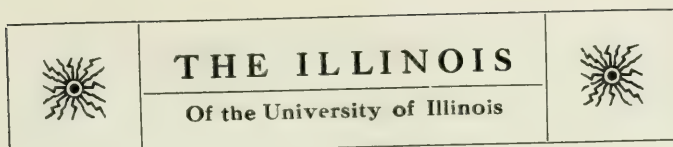
the lightning its violence, as you feel frantically for your programs. This reaction passes away, however, when you remember that you put them inside your hat band in order that you would not forget them.

The Prom proper is the storm receding in the distance, and as the evening progresses things become more and more quiet. The sun even peeps out once or twice when you are dancing with—. Finally, about four o'clock in the morning, the sun shines out with full radiance as you shin wearily up to the top bunk of a double-decker. Your dreams are the *afterglow*, and the next day you breathe the pure air as you fondly reflect over the enjoyment and excitement of the last few weeks.

SONG OF SIRISH

By BERTHA E. BOURDETTE

Oh, thou little timid bride,
Lakamooni—lo, thy maidens
Lead thee blushing to thy lover.
Thou art silent, oh my love—
And thine eyes are cast down in modesty.
Truly art thou the Beloved:
Draw near and raise the purdahs of those mysterious eyes,
Standing unabashed before me. And behold!
Thy crimson sari half reveals
Thy body fragrant as the odorous flowers
That strew our bridal chamber. Oh beloved!
Thy lotus feet are rimmed with the rich red dye,
And thine ankles are musical with tinkling bells.
A thousand jewels gleam about thee
Encircling neck and forehead
And glimmer in those shadowy tresses
Like fireflies dancing wantonly among
The trembling leaves at Even. Oh Beloved!
Like to the cool shade in the desert heat,
Like to the perfume on the summer breeze,
Like to the golden light that ripples,
Like to the vagrant melodies of Houris' harps,
Like to all these thy Love indeed is—Oh! Beloved.



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The craze for the faculty advisor system that ten years ago swept over this country, with its attempt to bring the student into direct academic relations with the faculty, fortunately failed to germinate and grow at Illinois; and so completely did it fail that the need of a modified substitute for it has now appeared. The theory that every college teacher should set himself up as a dispenser of counsel to a half-dozen students—in this age of self-reliance and personal independence—was ridiculous, and wherever it was applied the issue proved it so. Students east and west resented benignant interference and condescending advice in their affairs, and left to atrophy the system that would provide it. They visited their adviser only at those rare and crucial points in their college careers when some tape-bound obstacle of college regulations confronted them in their journey toward graduation, and implored his assistance only to evade and nullify it. The result was, as a teacher at Columbia remarked, that the faculty adviser came to take the position of a corporation lawyer, whose chief

THE ILLINOIS

service to the community is to betray the corporation; at least, he may be presumed to have taken such a position in all those institutions in which sweeping faculty regulations were subject to frequent and just exceptions. At Illinois the class-adviser has voluntarily assumed this position at the outset. He emerges to light only at the opening of each new semester, and serves only as a supplementary official in the process of registration, untwisting tangles in credits and conflicting hours, making a snap judgment as to the value of a particular course for a particular man, and sounding incessantly the fog-horns of warning concerning prerequisites, prescribed majors, and required language courses. For two days he lives a life of hurry, care, quick decisions; and multifarious activities; then he ceases to advise even a stray visitor, and relapses into office-hours of comforting solitude.

For those underclassmen who are not taking rigidly prescribed courses the hap-hazard and strenuous advisory system that grants them only two minutes of an instructor's time and a rapid "O. K." at the bottom of a study list is insufficient. Compulsory preregistration has proved only a partial remedy for its defects. In liberal arts and science there are few students who can deliberately plan from the beginning, and thereafter consistently follow, a genuine excellent grouping of studies; and there are far too many who come to really serious grief upon misunderstood group requirements, or whose range of elective choice in their last two years is severely limited by the fact that they have not laid a broad foundation for advanced work. A frank acquaintance with some faculty man, and a required visit to him at least once each semester, to confer with him concerning plans for an adequate scholastic preparation, at a time when this conference might be leisurely and thorough, would benefit many an undergraduate.

It is gratifying to note that in the midst of all the discussion and heat relative to conference reform, our athletic authorities have not forgotten that the problem of inducing general student participation in college sports is of far greater, and of equally pressing, im-

portance to the university. The new plan for class athletics, which will place some twenty competitive teams in each distinct sport upon our athletic fields, has so many practical merits and has already met with so completely favorable an expression of student sentiment, that there seems but little doubt that it will greatly improve the physical outlook of the student body; and whether it more than partially succeeds or not, it at least bespeaks the aggressive attitude of the controlling board of athletics toward the present indifferent situation. "Dedicated to the love of manly sport" is the motto above the door of probably one out of five of every American college gymnasium; yet 'love of manly sport' is a sentiment that apparently needs widespread inculcation. Probably no more than twenty percent of the undergraduates of the university, according to Director Huff's estimate, really secure any efficient physical exercise through their participation in sport. To blame intercollegiate athletics for this is fatuous, for the American youth so wholly lacks the Oxford belief in the inherent pleasure of sport that intercollegiate competition has heretofore been the only potent stimulus in developing college athletics. To blame our athletic department, however, for devoting its whole attention to the intercollegiate aspects of athletics would once have been quite within the lines of justice. Its present attempt to create an interest in all-university sports deserves the earnest and practical backing of the student body.

A RAINLESS APRIL

By JAMES N. MATHEWS

No rain, no dew, no vapor, high and bright
The sun climbs up and over, and the sky,
Is one vast pearl. . . . Day after day goes by,
Green kirtled, flinging blossoms right and left;
The prairie fires are crackling, and the night,
Is ribboned round with flame—while from the dry,
Fire-eaten fields the frightened wild-birds fly.
Before the burnt lands, in bewildered flight,
As when a strong man stands beside the dead,
Blanched with unutterable woe—and tears
Come not to soften and subdue his pain—
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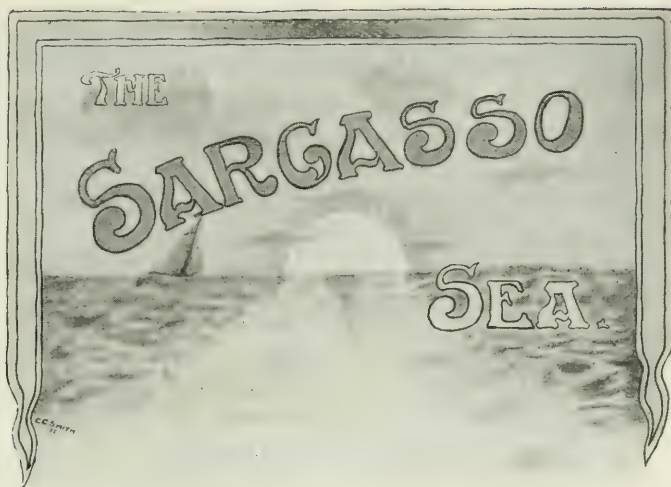


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A CONSTRUCTION TRAIN IN MONGOLIA

THE ILLINOIS

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APRIL, 1912

NO. 7

ENGINEERING IN THE ORIENT

By MORGAN BROOKS.



ENGINEERING, if defined as an approved method of construction, or approved way of accomplishing a result economically, is subject to greater variation than is commonly admitted. Differences in underlying conditions often make what we call established practice applicable only within a very narrow zone.



Perhaps the most interesting of foreign sights are found in the contrasts and seeming incongruities. We grant scant recognition to the progressiveness of the country that scarcely knows the use of tables, chairs and beds, not to mention glass windows and chimneys. We watch the Japanese cabinet-maker drawing a plane of curious design toward him instead of pushing it as our carpenters do. The word clumsy comes to mind if we do not stop to think that he is an expert in his line; but we still think the method outlandish, unless we happen to remember that our wheelwrights thus use the spoke-shave, and that everyone uses the inward motion of a penknife in producing a fancy point upon a lead-pencil. In Tokio the path of an elegant automobile is freed from dust by hand-sprinkling from a primitive skin of water borne by the sprinkler upon his back. One is forced to admire the dexterity of the man in laying the dust with so little water, showing the maximum of efficiency, while wondering at the small area covered in a day, showing the minimum of engineering performance.

This simple illustration forcibly calls attention to the low price of labor, often the controlling factor in the unexpected engineering methods of the Orient.

In the British colony of Hong Kong draft animals are conspicuous by their absence. Porters carry extraordinary weights, or drag in strong wagons the huge packages of freight that continue to come from those shippers from other countries who persist in ignoring the demand for moderately portable packages. Even wagons are not indispensable, for three coolies for the equivalent of fifty cents each will carry a piano up the steep incline to the Peak, the fashionable quarter, 2500 feet above the sea level, made accessible to residents by an inclined cable railway. This railway has not attempted to usurp the goods traffic, for which it is admirably adapted, for fear of labor hostility. The English imported some draft horses years ago, but the attempted innovation resulted in the skilful use of poison by the coolie porters. The only horses to be seen on the island are the polo ponies, which have been free from attack, as their use on the grounds of the country club does not diminish the demand for labor.

Perhaps the most painful exhibition of cheap labor conditions in the east is seen in the rapid coaling of the big ocean liners at many oriental ports by manual labor, including that of women. The merciful introduction of coal-hauling machinery, I trust, will not long be delayed by the adverse conditions. Perhaps we might go further and wish that hand firing of ocean boilers be supplanted by some other method. The Japanese have been the first to introduce the burning of petroleum on a large scale in the passenger service of the Pacific. Crossing in the Tenyo Maru, a splendid triple screw steamer of noble proportions and sumptuous appointments, built at Nagasaki, a feature of the voyage was the absence of smoke and cinders. A visit to the boiler rooms revealed ideal conditions for the few boiler attendants watching the combustion. There was no reduction in space occupied by the boilers, as the furnaces were so arranged that coal could be substituted for oil, if the liquid fuel were not to be had.

Some have attributed the absence of labor-saving

machinery in the Orient to native ignorance of its value, while it is usually due to the impossibility of making an intricate machine, operated by well-paid mechanics, compete with experienced but ill-paid laborers. A visit to a large dynamo works at Osaka, Japan, showed that steam hammers and hydraulic presses are appreciated, while the power traveling crane is purposely omitted. Well-meaning attempts to force the use of machinery made by those who have not carefully considered the situation must often fail. It is well to remember that the Japanese military engineers gave the world evidence of advanced ingenuity in the applications of the telephone and wireless telegraphy in the siege of Port Arthur, and in the annihilation of the Russian fleet.

Japan appears to be the only oriental country to have any interurban electric car service. The railways of Japan operated by the government surprise one by frequency of service and cheapness of fares. First class fare is about two cents per kilometer for long trips, while second class fare is just half as much, and the service is equally swift and comfortable, unless the second class carriages are overcrowded. The classes are equipped about as similar classes in Europe. The gauge of the government railways of Japan is one meter, permitting sharp curves among the mountains, but tending to slower speed. Modern engineering is splendidly shown in the new viaduct through the city of Tokio, connecting the railways of the south with those of the north, and operated by electricity from a distant water-power.

In China primitive methods of travel, such as that afforded by the wheelbarrow in and about Shanghai, where two or more passengers are trundled by a single coolie, are more of a surprise than the use of camels in the frigid north, for the camel is a winter animal in China. The relatively slow introduction of the railway in so populous a country is at first a mystery. However, one need not look for a public eager to donate a right-of-way, or for a government willing and able to give many square miles of rich land as a bonus for the development of a railway system. Instead a very real difficulty is encountered in the ubiquitous family grave-mound, made so sacred by the national ancestor worship, that no law of eminent domain could ever be enacted. It must be re-

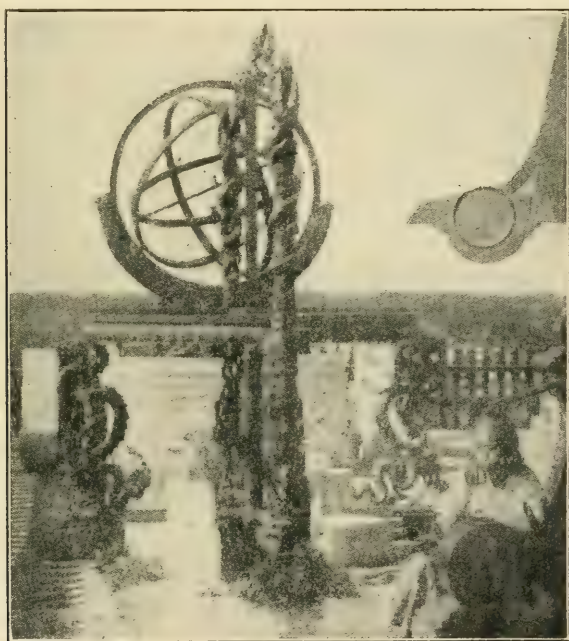
membered that China is an old country, and that its hundreds of millions of living must be greatly exceeded by billions of dead before it is at all possible to imagine how these graves cover the landscape everywhere. They do not seem to be collected in cemeteries, except near the very large cities, and they are said to be a material embarrassment to modern agricultural development as well as to railways. Sometimes elevated viaducts have been constructed by the railways for no other purpose than to prevent the desecration of a family mound, which could neither be purchased nor avoided. Moreover, railways may not enter a walled city, and all cities are walled. It is difficult to obtain a concession for a new gate, that might yield convenient access to a favorable location without the wall.

Under such difficulties are railways developed in China. The French syndicate which constructed the principal railway from Pekin to Hankow, nearly a thousand miles across China, found that the demand for high class service required but a single train equipment of first and second class sleeping and dining cars, as the service offered was weekly. The service is called "de luxe", and deserves the title in the train lighting, since tungsten lamps are found operated from a dynamo carried upon the train, and driven by a gasolene engine. Even for the day passage of tunnels the dynamo is started. In respect to the heating, however, the service is intolerable. The steam pipes had evidently become useless, since an American old style stove was installed in the central compartment of each sleeper, roasting any one who ventured within, but giving no perceptible heat elsewhere, as no provision for the circulation of hot air had been made. The water facilities at the ends of the car were frozen in both the first and second class cars!

No doubt the French were discouraged at the meagre passenger receipts, even allowing for local daily train service, and for considerable travel third class in slower trains, and were willing to sell out to the Chinese government, which now operates the road. The travel desires of the poor Chinese have been encouraged by the introduction of a fourth class, consisting merely of open cars, no better than our coal cars, without seats, attached to freight trains. However, to judge from appearances,

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the Chinese fourth class-passengers thoroughly enjoy traveling, for they were laughing and chattering, never minding the cold rain. No doubt this service pays the railway better than the first class, for it should be noted this traffic requires no terminal facilities, that it handles itself automatically at stations, and pays in advance. The development of travel instincts encourages the Chinese to be optimistic about the railway future of China. No longer does that country require the services of foreign engineers. Her own men, perhaps educated abroad, are amply able to solve the peculiar problems. The career



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OBSERVATORY

of Jeme Tien-Yu, a classmate of our Professor Breckenridge, as chief engineer of the Imperial Kalgan Railway, is evidence of this. The difficulties of double-tracking that line running northwest from Pekin through the

mountains that carry the Great Wall into Mongolia, has been done with an elegance of construction that excites admiration and wonder, even in one familiar with the Pennsylvania system through the Alleghanies.

M. Jeme Tien-Yu told me that the substantial construction adopted was made feasible from the low cost of labor, which he complained had risen to 12 cents per day in our money, rendering possible the unusually wide road bed with gentle grades, the rip-rapping of all slopes, and the use of the stone arch or the reinforced concrete bridge to the exclusion of the inferior iron bridge, the type of advanced practice with us. He said further that as soon as the work in hand was completed, and the additional equipment received, the camel trains, then needed to care for a large fraction of the enormous traffic over that route, would be forced back into the Desert of Gobi to act as feeder lines, and for maintaining the through traffic, up to the time when distant connection with the Trans-Siberian Railway near Lake Baikal may be built.

Now that the Chinese have found that paying traffic can be secured, its own merchants stand ready to become Captains of Industry and support their own engineering enterprises, and the opportunity for foreign capital to promote such projects is fast diminishing. The Captain of the Waseda Nine, which visited us last year, was kind enough to attribute to the introduction of baseball into Japan a knowledge of the value of team-work, or coöperation. In their previous sports only the element of personal contest had arisen, as in archery or in wrestling.

The growing self-reliance of the Orient in matters of engineering is one of the evidences of the "awakening" that is in progress. This is further seen in the establishment in Japan and in China of schools of engineering, with technical courses taught in English, and these already in the case of the former country are serving to diminish the number of students seeking engineering training in foreign lands.

In quite a different way the awakening is seen in India in the practical boycott of many manufactured goods formerly imported from England. Cotton mills were established by English capital near Bombay, but they have recently been purchased by Parsee merchants, and operating economically are able to command the mar-

kets of India for muslins and prints. Lack of sympathy with local conditions would seem to be preventing the vigorous employment of British capital in industrial development in India. Since the rapid building of the Indian railway system a diminishing interest seems to be taken in engineering, although two or three water powers have recently been made to develop electricity for use in mining, and in the city of Bombay for railway operation.

In the matter of protection against accidents the Orient is commendably active. Not only are its railways always securely enclosed and patrolled in a manner that would be rated extravagant with us, but factories are adopting gates and other safety appliances. A picture of the interior of a Japanese electric power station shows the attendant seated upon an insulated chair, the more noteworthy since the Japanese seldom use chairs.

Although varying underlying conditions will cause corresponding variations in engineering practice, yet increase of travel will tend to diminish differences due to judgment, for the individual will gradually accept the best judgment of the world for similar conditions whenever they exist. It is interesting to note the rapid growth of foreign membership in our American national engineering societies, which may thus soon be classed as international. It is a notable fact that the Tokio membership of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers exceeds the membership in any city of continental Europe. Just as the exchange of commodities between nations is of mutual advantage, so the exchange of engineering ideas internationally will become more common and acceptable, as our world acquaintance grows.

SIKSIANG, OR THE CHINESE ROMEO AND JULIET

By H. Y. MOH.

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR:—This drama, called *SIK-SIANG*, which means 'a west side-room', was named after the room in which Mr. Chang, the hero of our story, stayed. It was written in the Yuen dynasty, about six hundred years ago, by an unknown person. This drama was entirely based upon fact, and there are no additions of imagination; only the names of the characters were changed. After the criticism of Mr. Kin Seng-tan, a great writer during the reign of the Emperor Ji-lung of the present dynasty, this drama became very popular among the learned Chinese. It is now well known not only to the learned men but practically to all Chinese who visit the theatre. It is without doubt both in substance and style one of the best dramas in Chinese literature.

I.

In the Yuen dynasty there was a Prime Minister named Tsö, who was possessed of both firm ability in administration and a kind disposition which made him beloved and esteemed by all at that time. Even in the height of his splendid career he desired to get an able man to take his place, and to pass the remaining days of his life in a peaceful manner. But he died and left his desire unfulfilled.

After the demise of Mr. Tsö, Mrs. Tsö and her daughter, named Yingying, were staying temporarily in the Salvation Temple which had been built entirely with Mr. Tsö's generous subscription. Though their daily life was not so splendid and agreeable as when Mr. Tsö was living, yet the mother and daughter were well and happy. Miss Yingying was about sixteen years old, kind, lively, and exceedingly beautiful. She was well educated; she was able to sing, play music, and write poetry as well as prose. She had a servant girl, named Hungnian, who was one or two years younger than her mistress, and who was also bright and beautiful. The servant girl

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attended her mistress very well; they were always together and were somewhat like sisters.

III.

Mr. Chang, who is the hero of our story, was descended from a common family, but he was an able, good-looking young gentleman of about twenty years of age. His knowledge was profound, his disposition was kind and humorous, his countenance was fine, and his carriage was graceful; yet in rank he was not equal to Miss Yingying. As he was possessed of many good and manly qualities, he was ambitious. He always said to himself with a sigh, "No girl whom I have met is worthy of being my spouse. It is very cruel if nature made such a fine man as myself without making a woman to befit him." On his journey to the capital for examination, he chanced to take a ramble in the Salvation Temple, where he caught sight of Miss Yingying, with her servant girl, plucking flowers in her own garden, the door of which was left open. "What!" he thought to himself. "Is there such a beauty in the world? Is she an angel or mortal?" Thus thinking, he gazed at Miss Yingying, mute, motionless, and utterly abstracted.

"Who is bold enough to stand there, peeping at my mistress?" Hungnian cried out.

Miss Yingying raised her head and saw a gentle-looking young man standing there, as straight as a wooden statue. "Hungnian," she called in a low voice, smiling, "let us go in. That gentleman seems to be out of his mind." Scarcely had she spoken when they disappeared. At last Mr. Chang came to himself and went back to his room in low spirits. He kept awake the whole night, thinking how he might see her again, speak to her, or, what would be more satisfactory, marry her. At dawn the following morning he went there again, but, to his great displeasure, he found the door of the garden bolted and nobody there to answer a knock. He went to the abbot, and from him he learned many details concerning the family of Miss Yingying. As he determined to sue for her hand, he urged the abbot to let him stay in the temple for a few weeks, artfully saying that a quiet place was best for his studying. The abbot complied with

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his request, and it happened that Mr. Chang got a room just next to Tsö's garden.

IV.

The wall between the garden and Mr. Chang's room was not high at all; the blossoms were usually seen on both sides and the heads of trees grown within and without the wall were in close contact. One evening when the breeze blew gently, the moon was full and bright, and the shadows of the trees were seen moving lazily on the ground, a sweet musical sound fell on Mr. Chang's ear. He listened and said to himself, "It seems to come hither from the garden." He hastened to his room, took a brass flute, quietly climbed up into a tree, and seated himself at the top of the wall. He played it over and over again—playing, as was his wont, with great perfection. Miss Yingying heard it and appreciated it very much. "Where does that sound come from?" she asked her servant girl, who was standing by. Hungnian walked in the direction of the sound and saw Chang sitting on the wall. "Oh, a gentleman is sitting on the wall and playing a flute!" she exclaimed. Immediately Miss Yingying, followed by the servant girl, went into the house. On the succeeding nights Mr. Chang climbed up the wall and waited till very late, but could not see the young lady any more. He blamed himself for his rudeness, which had made her avoid him so suddenly.

V

One day Mr. Chang learned that Mrs. Tsö would give an imaginary "salvation" to her deceased husband and he urged the abbot to let him take part in it, falsely saying that he would also give a "salvation" to his deceased ancestors. He was allowed to do so by Mrs. Tsö through the medium of the abbot. In the early morning of the appointed day, he dressed himself in his best and went to the hall to await the presence of Miss Yingying. "I saw her twice," he thought to himself, "first at a distance, then under moonlight. I did not see her clearly. Well, today I will be able to regard her with minute observation. How fortunate and happy I shall be!" As he was thus engaged in deep thinking, he felt a puff of fragrance. "Strange!" he murmured, looking around about him. "Where does the sweet smell come from if

there are not fragrant flowers near this place?" No sooner had he spoken this than a door was suddenly opened and Miss Yingying moved in with slow steps. "Oh, she is coming," said Mr. Chang, in a low voice. "She is of moderate stature, neither tall nor short, nor thin, nor fat; she has a soft, white complexion. Her hair is black and smooth as well, while her face is white and her cheeks are rosy; her black eyes, her long, finely curved eyebrows (each of which is somewhat like a new moon), and her well-set nose make her the most beautiful of women. Her red lips and small mouth are worthy to be kissed; inside these there are rows of silver teeth. Her neck is small; shoulders, sloping; and fingers, as tender and fine as tips of bamboo shoots. Her waist is thin and graceful. How beautiful she is! I will court her in spite of everything; in spite of everything I will court her." Finally he spoke to himself, pacing round and round in the hall, as if he were going mad.

"May I present Mr. Chang to your daughter?" asked the abbot of Mrs. Tsö.

"Certainly," she answered.

Then Mr. Chang and Miss Yingying nodded their heads to each other smilingly; the former gazed on her raptly, and the latter was in turn much struck by his appearance. But they interchanged no words and parted.

"Miss Yingying," called out the servant girl, "he is the young gentleman who sat on the wall, playing a flute the other night."

"It is of no importance. We girls should not speak of young gentlemen," Miss Yingying answered. She said so, but she could not avoid thinking of him.

Mr. Chang, upon coming back to his room, fell into a deep reverie over the event of the day; he thought of her beauty, of his own inferiority in rank, of his having no friend to help him, of the stiffness of Mrs. Tsö, and of the coldness of Miss Yingying as well. He spent the whole night pacing about in his room, devising some plans which might prove successful, but none would do any good. "May I drop this matter from my mind?" at last he said with a deep sigh. "No, I prefer death to disappointment." He was gradually losing his appetite, getting weaker and thinner, and finally he fell sick with love.

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VI.

"My men," cried out the chief of the notorious band of robbers of that locality, named Sung Fe-fu, who was desirous of taking Miss Yingying by force, "let us make our way towards the Salvation Temple and reach there as early as possible." Many hundreds of robbers, holding torches, sabres, and spears, hastened their way to their destination.

"We have reached the temple," reported one of his men. "Shall we break in or watch the places of entrance and exit?"

"No," the chief answered. "Lay siege to the temple, shouting that if Miss Yingying is not given up within three days, nobody in the temple will be allowed to live." They did so and all of the inmates were greatly scared.

"Danger, danger," reported the abbot, telling the news to Mrs. Tsö, his forehead wet with perspiration and his face pale and ghastly.

"Alas, is it so?" Mrs. Tsö screamed, supporting her body on a chair, her limbs paralyzed. After a while she said, weeping, "Can a daughter of our family be married to a robber? No, never!"

"What is the number of the robbers?" she finally asked.

"More than one thousand," the abbot answered.

"How many monks are there here?"

"About five hundred."

"Ah, that won't do," she said at last. "We cannot fight with them. Have you any good method of relieving us from the impending danger?" she asked with much eagerness.

"No, ma'am, I have none," answered the abbot.

After pondering a long time, Mrs. Tsö told the abbot to summon all the people in the temple hall in order that she might address them in person.

VII.

"Now," Mrs. Tsö addressed the public in great sorrow, "as our danger is imminent, I have no time to select a son-in-law for his rank, his knowledge, and his appearance. I will marry my daughter to any one, except the robber. Hear! I am willing to marry my daughter to the man who can save us from danger."

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Scarcely had she uttered this than Mr. Chang cried out faintly, "I can."

"With what method?" inquired Mrs. Tsö.

"I have a friend, named Li," he answered, "who is now a general of an army stationed not far from here. His troops may be expected here within three days if he receives my letter."

"But how can your letter be sent him under present circumstances?" Mrs. Tsö asked puzzlingly.

"Make your mind easy. I have another design to carry out," Mr. Chang comforted her. Then turning his head to the abbot, he asked, "Have you any man who is exceedingly strong, or able to box, to brandish sabres, spears, and other weapons?"

"Yes," the abbot answered, "I have a cook who is possessed of the merits of which you have spoken."

After delivering the letter to the cook, Mr. Chang told him to slip through the robbers' camp at midnight, if unnoticed; otherwise, to fight his path out. The cook did so and succeeded in fighting his way through. The troops came and the robbers disappeared. Without losing a minute, Mr. Chang told Mr. Li, the general, to be his go-between and pay a visit to Mrs. Tsö about the marriage. When Mr. Li paid a visit to her, Mrs. Tsö expressed her hearty thanks for the rescue; after this she said that she felt unwell because of her fright and, as to the marriage, she would settle it with Mr. Chang a few days later. As his post was important, Mr. Li left for his own place on the same day.

VIII.

"Thank Heaven! We are safe now." Mrs. Tsö murmured in her chamber, smiling, and went on to reflect, "Indeed, we owe Mr. Chang very much. We do not know what would have been the result if he had not helped us in time of trouble. But as to the marriage, it is a hard matter to be settled. He has neither high rank nor great wealth; whether his knowledge is great or not is unknown to me, though he has an exceedingly graceful carriage. I cannot see why the daughter of a prime minister has to be married to a common person. But how can I refuse his request?" Mrs.

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Tsö fell into deep thought, her forehead wrinkled. At last she burst out into a good laugh and cried out, "Hungarian, come here!"

"Yes, ma'am," the servant girl answered. "What shall I do for you?"

"Take my card and invite Mr. Chang to dine with us at noon tomorrow."

"All right," she answered, and went out with a light heart, for she had taken a deep interest in the young man. She pursued her way to his chamber, and rapped.

"There is a knock at the door," said Mr. Chang, getting up from his bed, in which he had dreamed every night since he had caught sight of Miss Yingying. "Let me open it and see who it is."

"Ah, Hungarian, come in, please. What wind wafts you here? Have you brought me any news from your mistress?" asked Mr. Chang in a transport of joy.

"No, sir, not a bit," she answered coldly.

"Have you any oral message for me?" questioned he eagerly.

"No, not a word."

"Well, anyhow you were sent here by your mistress," Mr. Chang said smiling.

"No, by madam," she answered calmly.

"What! By Mrs. Tsö?" exclaimed Mr. Chang, looking surprised. "What is the matter? Tell me the truth!"

"A kind invitation," the girl answered.

"It is too early. Better to invite me after the marriage," he murmured to himself.

"Marriage! I didn't hear Madam, my mistress' mother, speak of it. I don't believe she is thinking of it. Excuse me, I will go and meet my mistress in the garden."

"Will you please give her my compliments and tell her that I am thinking always of her?" requested Mr. Chang, bowing his head before the girl.

"I see no reason," the girl answered, "why I should tell my mistress about that. Should she likewise think of you, your 'thinking' would be of some use; otherwise, you will be disappointed." She left the room as soon as she said that.

"To invite me to dine with them," thought Mr. Chang to himself. "What does it mean? Will Mrs. Tsö tell me about the marriage? No, she cannot do that in

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the very presence of her daughter. Well, she is going to make inquiries about my lineage and test my knowledge, I suppose. How happy I shall be! I shall see that lovely and beautiful young lady again."

At the appointed time Mr. Chang, in full dress, went to Mrs. Tsö's house. She received him cordially, saying that she was indebted to him very much for his kind help in their time of need. When dinner was ready and when Miss Tsö came downstairs Mrs. Tsö called out, "My daughter, come here and meet your brother, Mr. Chang, the very man who saved us from danger."

"Brother!" Mr. Chang started back at hearing this. "What do you mean?"

"I will explain it to you," said Mrs. Tsö. "I do not think that my daughter is fit to be your wife," she continued; "and as a return for your kindness, I will take you as my adopted son instead of my son-in-law."

"What was your promise when you addressed the public on that evening?"

"Well, it is the same to you."

"No, it makes a great difference. Are you resolved in the matter?"

"Yes," Mrs. Tsö answered quickly.

"If I am unfit to be your son-in-law, I do not think that I am worthy to be your adopted son," said Mr. Chang in much anger. "I leave it to your honorable name and your conscience whether you are acting justly. I should die rather than be deceived in this way," he added, and went away in great indignation. Miss Ying-ying was standing by, hearing the whole conversation. She could not say anything to interrupt them, but she felt shame, displeasure, and clemency mingled in her thoughts. She left her mother without saying a word and flung herself on her bed with tears in her eyes. She had much to say, but she could tell nobody.

IX.

After a few days, hearing that Mr. Chang was seriously ill, she, too, fell sick with love. She had no mind to play in the garden, she was too lazy to dress herself well, and she lost her appetite by degrees. As Hungnien knew the cause of her mistress' sickness, she suggested that her mistress should pay a visit to Mr.

Chang in order to devise some plan to relieve his distress.

"Ah, Hungnian," Miss Yingying cried out, "how can I do that? Can a daughter of noble family visit a young gentleman in the evening. No, I am afraid that our reputation would be ruined if any one knew it. Besides it is absurd to do that without my mother's permission."

"You are right," Hungnian answered, smiling. "But if your mother is sensible enough, you will have a happy time pretty soon. Your mother's breaking her promise simply puts an end to the life of a man, young, able, and handsome. I cannot bear to see such a tragedy. Can you bear it, my dear mistress?"

Miss Yingying was greatly moved by Hungnian's eloquence. Finally she said, "I will go and see him. Hungnian, go with me."

"There is a knock at the door," said the valet to Mr. Chang, who was lying on his bed, indignant, miserable, and seriously ill; "I will go and see who is coming."

"Ah, Mr. Chang," cried out the valet, "Miss Yingying is coming to see you in person."

"Is that so?" Mr. Chang bounded from his bed, as if he were entirely recovered. "Ask her to come in; and you go out."

Miss Yingying walked in rather slowly, leaving Hungnian outside the door. "How are you?" she inquired with a shy smile.

"Thank you, I feel much better in your presence," answered Mr. Chang.

"What is the cause of your illness?" she asked, bowing down her head to look at the jadestone in her breast.

"Why, don't you know it?" interrogated Mr. Chang with much surprise. "My sickness," he continued, "was caused by the loss of someone whom I heartily loved. I should have been successful if I had not been deceived."

Miss Yingying blushed very much at hearing this. "What are you going to do?" she asked at last, "if you are not successful?"

"Success or death," the other answered, looking at her with an air of melancholy. "I tell you honestly that you are the one whom I have a strong desire to marry. I believe that my knowledge and talent may equal yours, though my lineage is quite inferior to yours. But if I am successful in passing the examination, I shall be on

the same level in rank as you now are. Will you promise me now?" Mr. Chang eagerly asked, taking her hand in an ecstasy of hope.

"Be patient, Mr. Chang," she answered, smiling. "As I am a young lady of noble family, I should do anything within the limits set by propriety. I do not think it is right for me to give a promise to any one without my mother's consent. Remember, my mother has really a high opinion of you; she is simply dissatisfied that there was no proof of your education. What I should say to you is to do your best in the examination and come back to see us again. Cheer up," she said, standing up to adjust her dress, "do not pass your valuable time in bitter repining. I shall leave you now, lest my mother know of my visit. Adieu!" she said with a smile. "I am waiting your coming back again."

X.

"Why does my daughter not come to see me after supper tonight?" Mrs. Tsö thought to herself. "I have noticed," she added, "that she has seemed unhappy these last few days. I will go and see what is the matter with her." Thus thinking, she went along to her daughter's chamber. "Ah, they are out," she said with surprise. "No light within and the door is locked. I don't know where they can have gone in the evening without telling me about it. This is something strange and I will look into it." She came back to her room through the garden, but she saw neither her daughter nor the servant girl.

After half an hour Miss Yingying and her servant girl came back and Mrs. Tsö called them to come into her room and inquired in an angry manner: "Where have you been all this evening without my knowledge?"

"I-I-I," stammered Miss Yingying, her face suffused.

"Hungnian, where has your mistress been? Tell me the truth," Mrs. Tsö demanded suspiciously.

The servant girl remained silent.

"Did your mistress go to see the abbot?" Mrs. Tsö asked.

"No, madam, she did not," Hungnian answered coolly.

"If not, where did she go?" asked Mrs. Tsö impatiently. "You know everything; tell me immediately."

"I accompanied my mistress to see Mr. Chang, who has been seriously ill for some days," Hungnian answered slowly, knowing that it could not be concealed any more.

"Oh, my dear daughter," Mrs. Tsö screamed. "You paid a call to Mr. Chang? You are not ignorant and not very young. You ought to know something if you have not gone mad. Even the girl of a common family cannot call on young gentlemen, especially in the evening. Ah, you forget that you are a daughter of a prime minister. You are very wrong in doing so. I will not be lenient toward your misconduct unless you give me a good excuse."

Miss Yingying sat in an easy chair with tears in her eyes and said nothing.

"Madam," said Hungnian hurriedly. "On behalf of my mistress, I take the liberty of explaining it to you. It is indeed customary that gentlemen should call on girls instead of being called upon. But this limit is placed only on friendship, not on relationship. If your promise be kept, my mistress is the future wife of Mr. Chang; if not, he is still her adopted brother. Is it not right for a future wife to see her husband, or for a sister to see her adopted brother, who is seriously ill? Mr. Chang is the benefactor of my mistress. He kindly saved us from danger, but he was cheated. His sickness is entirely caused by disappointment. My mistress is very right to go to see him and I am sure there must be one who should answer for his disappointment."

"Ah, Hungnian, you dare to offend me?" Mrs. Tsö cried out with much anger, standing up and trying to beat her.

"Beat her not, mother. She speaks justly and truthfully," said Miss Yingying, and conducted her servant girl to her own room.

Time finally softened the mother's indignation. Mrs. Tsö dropped this matter and treated her daughter and the servant girl as kindly as ever.

XI.

A few days later Mr. Chang started on his journey to the capital in high spirits. It was a very long journey—it took him one month to reach his destination. He stayed in the capital and paid much attention to the task of re-viewing. The examination was to take place in the

spring of the following year. Candidates came from different provinces, numbering not less than twenty thousand. They were examined on different studies for two weeks, and the result was that Mr. Chang's name was in the first place on the list of three hundred successful candidates. This list was circulated throughout the whole empire. Mr. Chang's name was widely known and everywhere he was pointed out with pride and respect, not only by the members of the Tsö's family but also by those who were not acquainted with him. He was presented to the emperor, by whom he was allowed to have a six months' leave for marriage before he accepted a post in the government service.

He was well attended and was welcomed by the people en route. He came back to the Salvation Temple and took his lodgings in the same room which he occupied half a year before. Mrs. Tsö seemed to have become a different person. She received him with cordiality and complied with his former request without a murmur. On the evening of their nuptials the young couple sang together joyously:

"We hope all the lovers in the world
Will like us some day married be."

LA VIE GAIE

By JULIUS GOEBEL, JR.

My way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.



HERE is, without doubt, no more difficult, and at the same time, distinguished occupation than the editing of a humorous magazine, unless, perchance, it be connection with a publication which devotes itself to purely literary lines. The editor of a humorous monthly is, necessarily, a *rara avis*, for not only must he possess the four cardinal virtues, but he must likewise, have a very complete and intimate acquaintance with the seven deadly sins. You wonder, timid reader, why these manifold and complex prerequisites, but a glance will reveal the reasons for such complete versatility.

In the first place, there is the delicate problem of outside contributions. These pour in through the mails in various stages of *deshabille*, particularly the poems, which usually bear a rather compelling resemblance to the lame, the halt and the blind of Biblical fame. The verses are seized with avidity by the staff bard, who, acting in the capacity of poetical veterinary, supplies the missing members, gives them a general doctoring and hands them to the editor. The latter occasionally reads them in their new and rejuvenated shapes, and always accepts them. In regard to poems, the editor acts the role of rubber stamp. He exercises no temperament and makes no changes. He simply gives his consent.

In the matter of jokes, however, we see the editor in the full flush of his greatness and power, for in this realm he is supreme, and here he can make or unmake the careers of any timid and would-be jokesmiths. A contributed joke is invariably headed by the shrinking and inobtrusive phrase, "a little pleasantry of my own", by which it evidently seeks to apologize for its existence, with about the same submissiveness displayed by an instructor accepting an invitation to dine with prexy. There are other jokes, too, besides the "little pleasantry" type, but these are much in the minority, as the following table will show:

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"A little pleasantry of my own"	237
Eats	150
Girls (single)	101
"A bright thing my youngster said" (contributed by professors)	99
Former Orpheum jests	50
Prexy	25
Tube skirts and Hinglishers	12
Dean Clark	I

It is in the examination of the unheaded species that an editor's training in the fine Satanic arts comes in, for he must be able to detect the least little shadiness in a joke, such as in the one which escaped the vigilant eye of a Michigan editor:

"Do you drink pale beer, Miss Milwaukee?"

"No, dear, father buys our beer in bottles."

By the elimination of objectionable features such as the above, the editor wins not only the esteem of the elderly unmarried females of the University, but also the unqualified approval of the old maids of the town. Such jokes as,

"Do you chew Wrigley, madam?"

"No sir, straight up and down."

are vigorously applauded by these rigorous censors of morals! Engineers and Aes are also taken into consideration, and jokes after their respective hearts and intellects are carefully procured.

When the editor has finished rounding up his supply of jests, he turns his attention to the exchanges. The exchanges are the editor's staff of life, for more than anything else do they serve to keep him in good humor. Here, I must confess, I feel constrained to divulge one of the great state secrets of humorous magazines and one of the foundation stones of their existence. It happens, occasionally, that an edition of the sheet may not quite measure up to the usual standards. In this case, to alleviate the impression which it seems doomed to make, the editor will cleverly insert all of the very worst jokes of his foolish contemporaries, a little device which never fails to be successful. A former Princeton editor, however, tells how another magazine retaliated, for he discovered to his horror that every one of the worst

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jokes which they had exchanged were of his own vintage. To this day the editor wonders how they ever knew them to be his.

The exchanges having been selected, the "dummy" is laboriously put together and when, in the wee sma' hours, the editor has finally turned out his tungsten, and climbed into his little bed, he suddenly remembers that there is no prologue poem. Then comes the last and saddest act of all, with drooping lids, sans temperament, sans sleep, sans everything (except his nightie), he finished the last line, and echoes, with a sigh of relief, like one of Tad's "Daffydills," "Yep, nothing to do 'til to-morrow."

THE BUTTERFLY

BY BERTHA BOURDETTE

Twinkling in the grasses
Flitting from flower to flower,
Fluttering about o'er leas unknown
Like softly tinted petal blown
From ancient wishing-bower:

Wavering through the sunshine,
Lightly as filmy fold
Trembling against a fairy's limbs
As it dances airily its whims
On sunny shafts of gold:

Quivering on a leaflet,
Whirling across the lawn,
Shivering away in wanton flight
Merrily—madly—feather-light—
Then,—Fickle-Wing is gone.

PHYLLIS, THE ADORED

By NELLIE R. ROBERTS.



MARCIA! MARCIA! Will you look at Dick Simons trying to catch that car! There goes his hat! I knew it would."

"Oh, never mind him. Come on in, Sue! The bell will ring in just a minute."

"He's got it again! No! Why, what *has* he got? Oh, pshaw! Why did that man have to come along just then? Now he's gone, and I didn't see. Oh dear, there's the bell, and I'm late again!" Sue's mercurial temper went down as fast as it had gone up, and she hastened after Marcia's departing figure.

Dick Simmons was a Romanticist pure and simple. As he settled back in his seat, he was conscious of the audible smile which went around the car. "Nice way to board a car," he thought sarcastically. Surely fate was hard on him. He was positive that he had caught a glimpse of Marcia as he tore past the Hall. What a figure he must have cut in her eyes! Marcia was his idol, but he feared she lacked the true romantic spirit, for had she not repulsed him, when he called her "Sweet Phyllis", with "My name is Marcia, Dick." And now she had seen him racing along in that undignified way. He sighed heavily.

"Great Caesar, Dick! Where did you get that 'bunnit'?"

"Oh, hello, Billy! Where'd you drop from? What ails my cap?" And he pulled it off to investigate. His jaw dropped, and he raised his horrified eyes to Billy, who stood before him convulsed with laughter.

"I thought it felt funny, but," with conviction, "I know I had my own when I left the house."

The thing which Dick held in his hand was soft and white and woolly. In fact, it was none other than a girl's white tam o'shanter, adorned with a perky, scarlet tassel. One side was gray with dust, and there were some dead leaves clinging to it.

"You're surely on the trail of that Romance you're always howling about. Come on, here's our corner."

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Billy hastened him unceremoniously down the aisle and out into the brisk March wind.

Dick stumbled absentmindedly toward the house. He sat down on the porch despite the cold and considered deeply. Thoughts of dreamlike affinities with white, wolly tam o'shanter that kept turning into halos floated through his mind. At last fate had winked at him. Billy's voice recalled him, and he went in to lunch with a buoyant spirit.

Next morning as Dick devoured his breakfast, an advertisement in the "College Times", which he was scanning, caught his eye.

"Lost: A white tam o'shanter with a scarlet tassel. Finder will please communicate with Phyllis French, 777 Orchard Lane."

Dick gasped and dropped his coffee-cup. Phyllis! Orchard Lane! What boundless possibilities those words held for a Romanticist! Forgetful of his breakfast, deaf to calls of "Hey, you! Come back with that paper," he hastened out of the room, and up the stairs. He went at his desk like a dog at a rathole. Papers, books, and "junk" of various kinds were sailing madly through the room; an ink bottle had just bedewed the bed and Billy's clean shirt with its contents when that individual came stamping in.

"Well, *say!*" he yelled. Then without further words took Dick by the collar and set him forcibly in the nearest chair.

"What in time do you mean?" he stammered, still keeping a wary hand on the struggling Dick. "The laundry won't come 'till tomorrow. I'm going fussing tonight, and that," looking at the ruin on the bed, "was my last fresh shirt."

"Quit choking me, you!" gurgled Dick, clasping the "Times" closely in one hand. "Never mind your old shirt; where's some decent stationery?"

With a wrathful grunt Billy released him. "There," he said, after a brief search; "there's some."

Dick snatched the paper eagerly, and began to write. It was not as easy as he had imagined it would be, and as he paused for words, he caught Billy's amused eyes upon him and grinned rather sheepishly.

"What's to pay, Dick?" asked Billy, as he slicked

his refractory, red locks into sleek order. "Is it Marcia, or what?"

"Oh, Marcia's all right, you know, but—" Dick scowled faintly. "She's so darned sensible I don't believe we could ever agree. Now I'm sure this girl must be the real thing. Just listen to her name."

"Name nothing," broke in Billy. "Let me tell you this, my son: you couldn't find a girl any nearer the real thing than Marcia in ten states."

"Well, if you're so keen about her, why don't you rush her yourself?"

"Because," was the serious answer, "I'm not keen about her that way. Sue's more my style, but Marcia was cut out for you, if you'd only get some of this fool nonsense knocked out of your head."

So saying, Dick grabbed his notebook and fountain pen and departed. Left to himself, Dick chewed his pen for a while and then wrote vigorously. He finished with a flourish, and began to reread his effort, adding careful commas.

"MY DEAR MISS FRENCH:—" (It sounded rather cold, but he didn't quite dare anything more just yet.)

"Having seen your advertisement, and being at present in possession of your cap, as I think, I take the liberty of writing to you. Fate seems to have thrown us in each other's path, and we can hardly overlook that fact. As soon as I saw your name I felt that you must be one such as I; that you must be disappointed in this age of hurry, which is so lacking in feeling and sentiment. It seemed to me, too, that I had known you in some previous time, and so was sure you would understand why I am writing this. Hoping that you *will* understand and appreciate this feeling and reciprocate it,

"I am, your very true and loyal knight to command.

"RICHARD B. SHERIDAN SIMMONS."

Dick surveyed his work with an artist's pride. Billy and Marcia would probably laugh. "Well let 'em," he thought fiercely. Then with the characteristic conceit of man: "They're jealous," he boasted to himself. "They haven't any sentiments higher than, than," inspiration failed him for a moment, "than chocolate fudge," he con-

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cluded with a grin. He sealed the letter, wrapped up the precious cap and went to mail them.

Next morning he cut classes to watch for the postman, hoping against hope for some answer to his appeal. Nothing came, and at lunch he was so despondent that he forgot to eat. He moped about through the afternoon, unwilling to leave the house for fear of missing the mail. At last it came, but there was nothing for him. He started to distribute the other boys' mail, when a peremptory ring recalled him to the door.

"Forgot I had a registered package for Mr. Richard B. Sheridan Simons. Is that you, Dick?"

Dick whooped with delight, and with quivering fingers wrote his name in the dirty book.

Billy glanced up at him in annoyance as he rushed into the room with a whirl that sent papers flying in all directions. Little cared Dick for that, for as he opened the package the delicate odor of lavender filled his nostrils. Somewhere he remembered reading that lavender stood for memories, and his romantic soul expanded with happiness. At last he had found the dream being whose soul was attuned to his. Within the package lay his cap, and snuggled down in that a wee pink note.

"For heaven's sake, what ails you?" grunted the unsentimental Billy. "You chortle like a steam engine. Can't you be in love without raising such a rumpus about it?" Then, as Dick continued to rock himself to and fro with the most exasperating chuckles of delight: "Will you shut up, I say?" and a formidable looking book launched itself toward his head. Dick dodged, and Billy made a lunge toward him. "Come out with it now," he admonished, but Dick eluded him, and fled.

Once safe from observation and pursuit in the backyard, he read the precious note again.

"MY TRUE KNIGHT:—(So it ran.)

"All my life I have been seeking for such a spirit as yours. You put it so beautifully when you say, that, since fate has thrown us in each other's path, we ought not to overlook one another's existence. I feel that we are not destined to meet merely as 'ships that pass in the night', but as twin voyagers on the sea of life. Our sentiments, our feelings, are so in harmony that the

future must hold something strangely sweet in store for us. Trusting that I shall hear from you again,

"I remain, yours in the cause of true romance,
"PHYLLIS FRENCH."

"P. S.—I am returning the instrument of fate to you."

Was ever man blessed with such blissful content as enveloped Dick's body, soul and spirit! If he could only meet this wonderful being! But how? To go to her house would be too prosaic. Such souls as theirs should meet in some fair woodland dell, far from the hurrying haunts of men. At that moment the dinner bell clanged. Dick shuddered at the common sound of it, but found that in spite of romance, he was undeniably hungry.

"Where have you been, Dick? I have hunted everywhere for you." Billy pounced upon him as he entered the dining room. "I saw Sue and Marcia a while ago, and made a date for us for tonight. You can go, can't you?"

Dick sighed. "Oh, yes," he said, in a rather disinterested tone. "I was going to write a letter, but I suppose I can go."

"You're darned disobliging about it, and I've half a mind not to tell you what the girls said. It's something you want to know, too."

"Aw, come on." Dick pushed the romance back into a corner of his heart, and looked up at Billy with his particular, crinkly smile that no one had ever been able to resist.

"Well," said Billy, mollified by the smile, "I guess I'll tell you." Then dropping his voice, "They know *her*."

Dick dropped his fork. "Who?" he stuttered.

"Why your new affinity, chump," snorted Billy.

"Oh!" Dick could say no more, and waited for further illumination. None was forthcoming except Billy's rather surprising statement, "They giggled when they said it."

Now why they should have giggled, puzzled Dick; but, as he thought contemptuously, girls were always giggling with no particular reason for it.

Marcia was collecting the ingredients for a new kind of candy when Billy and Dick arrived on the scene. They

entered enthusiastically into the preparation, Dick managing to spill a good part of the cream and burn himself in the bargain. By the time the candy had cooled their spirits had cooled, too. Dick and Marcia were knee-deep in a most serious conversation, while Billy and Sue were merely paddling in foolishness and ragtime. In one of their few pauses for breath, Dick's voice came out earnestly, "If you can arrange it, Marcia, I'll be eternally grateful to you."

Marcia looked at Sue with just the suspicion of a twinkle in her eyes.

"I'm sure Sue and I can manage it beautifully," she said.

"It means so much to find such a thoroughly harmonious being." Dick's voice was a trifle too soulful, but Marcia controlled herself sufficiently to answer with the proper amount of sympathy, "Of course it does, and I'm so glad you've found her. I'll call you up when everything is settled."

The conversation became general at this point, and there was no further chance for any thoughtful chat.

As the two boys walked homeward, Dick's face was quite serious.

"I've been thinking," he remarked, "and wondering if I am on the right trail."

"Oh, sure," was the unfeeling reply, and an unaccountable fit of coughing seized Billy. Dick peered at him in a rather worried way, and he managed with some difficulty to compose himself.

For the next two days Dick fairly shadowed the telephone, and, when it finally gave him Marcia's message, the ugly, wooden thing appeared to him as a divine tool of fate.

He was to meet Phyllis in the most secluded nook of the park, and she was to wear the fateful tam o'shanter, although, doubtless, as she had said, they would recognize each other without such artificial means.

The afternoon of the eventful day arrived. Dick arrayed himself carefully but nervously, and set out. Absorbed in his thoughts, he did not notice Billy coming after him. Indeed he was thinking harder than he had done before in his short, rattlebrained existence. He had begun to doubt whether his ideal of romance was the

right one or not. There was Marcia, too. Perhaps—but then it was too late to back out now. He crossed the park with the tread of a conquering hero and entered the little arbor.

"My Richard," came a gentle purr, and Dick stopped aghast. Could this be Phyllis? The airy Phyllis of his dreams? This object that filled and overran the vision? Oh, surely no!

"Madam," he stammered, "there—there must be some mistake. "I—I am not your son."

"Son? Son?" gasped the ancient damsel, then snatching off the fateful tam o'shanter, she stepped close to him. "See, see, Richard, *I am your Phyllis!*"

A strand of fair, befrizzled hair blew across his face. It was redolent of lavender—and—peroxide. Dick backed away. Romance within him had died of heart failure.

"Madam," he said, "I have something sad to tell you."

The object gasped. "What? Oh, what? Are you not my true knight? My Richard?"

"Ah, no, madam. The Richard whom you knew is—is dead." Then with a supreme effort. "He died blessing you for the revelation you had given him."

Backing away from the arbor, Dick gazed once more at the weeping creature and literally ran.

As Billy turned to put out the gas that night, he looked over at Dick, who lay placidly watching him.

"What about that affin—" he began, but a well directed pillow cut short his remarks.

"Shut up," growled Dick with emphasis. Then rather sheepishly, "Say, you were right, old man,—about Marcia, you know."

LOVE ON HIS ROUNDS

BY HARRY PAYNE REEVES

A throstle spies the sleeper, stops to sing;
The gay notes fall, and tickle Cupid's wing.
Love gently wakes from out his summer dream;
And straight he skips to bathe him at his stream,
A rilling silver thread from pebbled spring
Which round him gently winds, like jeweled string.
Then out he pops, a daisy petal smooth
His towel white, a bud his dressing booth.
He swings him down to earth, and strings his bow
With spider's spinnings weaving to and fro;
And with soft down, plucked from a tiny moth,
He feathers darts to speed shy lovers' troth.
Now forth in speed of sunbeam fleet flits he;
And, quicker than the hummingbird or bee,
Whirrs in among the trees and o'er the fields
In search of all the game the bright day yields.
A lazy goatherd dozing in the hay
He quickly shoots, then hurtles on his way,—
For well he knows that ere the lout doth wake
A dream of Joan will all his fancies take,—
On, on Love whizzes in his joyous flight.
The milk-maid meek, the shepherd unbedight,
And pudgy miller smoking o'er the wheel,
The fiddler bobbing head to rousing reel.
The mincing village dandy on his rounds,
The burly blacksmith singing as he pounds,
The blowzy tavern maids, the hostlers bluff,
The young lord sneezing o'er his first-tried snuff,
The stately dames impatient in their coach,
The pompous coachman loading with reproach,
The tugging teamster, stuck in miry road,
The peddler sweating 'neath his tawdry load,
The threadbare actor conning o'er his part:
All feel the potency of the mischief's dart.
Yet Love is still insatiate, and flies
Around the miser's hovel, whence arise
Faint sounds of stealthy clinking, counting slow,
And through the key-hole wide the elf doth go.

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Now soft he sails where all the gold is poured—
Where sits the fondling dotard at the hoard—
Up-perches on a heap of yellow crowns,
Takes bow, then stops and whistles, blinks and frowns,
Sticks arrow back into the quiver straight.
“O lucky dart, to miss so sad a fate!”—
His sudden murmur ripples in a laugh—
“Are those sunk lips for kisses made, to quaff
“The honey-dew, desire! Those quaking hands
“To weave the passion flower in the strands
“Of Beauty’ hair! . . . Those sunken eyes are dim.
“That bare pate glistens wanly. Now for him
“Await no warm embraces, and no fires
“Of wildly-leaping palpitant desires.
“Yet would I gladly mock him, make him smart
“In hopeless anguish—had the wretch a heart!”
—*From the Spanish.*

THE VALUE OF INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING

By A. E. HOLCH.

[*Note by the Editor:—There were hundreds of students who sincerely regretted the recent decision of the student council refusing to varsity debaters the right to wear an 'I' as an emblem of their services. It was the first authoritative decision of that tribunal, and it seemed, therefore, to carry additional weight and to form an inviolable precedent in the history of the sentiment of the undergraduate body. There were many, and doubtless a vast majority of the students, who felt that the emblem suggested was far from appropriate; but that did not still their resentment in believing that the refusal emanated from a conviction that athletics alone are worthy of the high and peculiar honor represented by the right to confer the initial of the institution. If such a conviction existed in the minds of the Union officers, several of whom are athletes, it is an illiberal and mistaken one, and should be expelled. Certain expressions of intellectual achievement, of which debating is perhaps the most readily distinguishable, are as infinitely superior to physical prowess as the cultivated European is superior to the benighted Hottentot. The question concerns not which form of student activity is worthiest of encouragement, for both are indispensable; but whether the University will delight to honor the one to the exclusion of any adequate recognition of the other. The following is a non-controversial statement of the position of the debaters.*]



GENERATION ago educational institutions paid so little attention to debating that it was difficult, if not impossible, to find a university offering systematic courses in argumentation and debate. Today most of our larger universities and many of the smaller colleges offer an opportunity for training of this kind. Yet of all the forms of public speaking which have been used for intercollegiate contests the debate is the most recent in development. It was preceded by the declamation and the oration, both of which are still in vogue. Each of these three forms has

a distinct purpose of its own. The declamer confines himself absolutely to the interpretation of the thought and expression of others. The orator interprets a composition of his own, a composition formal in nature and structure, and written for a particular time and place. The debate may be looked upon as a kind of oration in which the speaker must adjust his words to fit the immediate occasion and to refute the argument of an opponent. It is probably this extempore nature of debating that has made the debate so popular for intercollegiate contests.

Yet, regardless of its popularity, there are many who doubt the value of debating. Some claim that the debate is too formal, too rigid in rule, too artificial in aim, too unlike the contests in which the debater will find himself placed after graduation. Some doubt the value of the study given to the questions debated, on the ground that the propositions are often so vague and so cleverly phrased, that the time which should be spent on vital issues is wasted in quibbling over the meaning of terms. Others condemn the intercollegiate debate upon ethical grounds, arguing that the desire to win often tempts the debater to use dishonest methods, and that, at the best, the debater must often act the part of a hypocrite in supporting measures in which he does not believe.

But should not the department of public speaking in the university be provided with some adequate means of showing to the public what it can turn out in the way of finished public speakers? The success of the debater depends upon the same elements which make for the success of all public speakers; he must be able to reason logically and to express his thoughts orally in a clear, convincing, and persuasive manner. In order to do this, a careful analysis and an unprejudiced investigation of the subject are indispensable. Such habits of analysis, once formed, will be of inestimable value to the debater in later life. They contend also that the questions debated are usually great public issues, and that the study of such questions prepares the student for the most intelligent citizenship. Those who believe that debating has a positive moral value defend their position by arguing that the debater is put upon his honor; that he is taught self-control and respect for the opinions of

others; and that he does not act the part of the hypocrite by defending either side of a question, because of the fact that the public knows that this is only a necessary requirement of the game.

The secondary school succeeds in training the memories of students, but often fails to instill correct methods of thinking. It is to be greatly regretted that the opinions of most men are largely the result of personal interests, popular opinion, or other forms of prejudice. One of the highest aims of debating is to cultivate in the student such an attitude of mind that he will base his opinions upon sound reasoning rather than upon desire or caprice. Successful argumentation depends upon systematic thinking, which in its turn is based upon a strict adherence to the rules of logic. The debater soon learns to analyze questions carefully and to hold only those opinions which he has reached logically. The success of the individual depends to a great extent upon his ability to pick the essential things from those which are not essential. On choosing a vocation there are many who have not the power to analyze properly their own ability and to select the thing they are best fitted to do. The debater must examine his questions critically, he must learn to determine with precision just what the question involves, what is irrelevant and what essential. When he has once acquired this ability to analyze a situation, he carries it with him throughout his life. Debating, then, teaches the power of sound and independent thinking. The logical thinker is often placed in an awkward position if he cannot readily and fluently express his thoughts. Argumentation aims not only to produce logical methods of thinking, but also to train the student to express his thoughts orally in a straightforward and effective manner. He learns to adapt what he has to say to the immediate occasion and to a particular audience. He must not only convince but he must persuade; he must move his hearers into action. All of this depends upon a mastery of the art of speaking, an art which when once learned by the debater, will ever remain a valuable asset.

The educational value of the study of the question itself must not be overlooked. In making a thorough analysis of the propositions ordinarily used for inter-

collegiate debates, the student is preparing himself for useful citizenship. The questions used are usually public issues, problems which the student will be called upon to help solve in later life. A careful and consistent study of such public problems means simply that some day the debater will bring to the solution of these problems a well trained mind and a knowledge sufficient to produce good results.

The objection that the questions debated are not of the kind which interest the public might easily have been sustained a few years past, but today the cry of vague and unfair questions cannot be consistently raised. The Round Robin system of debating leagues eliminates all intentional unfairness in the phrasing of questions. What could be the object in trying to phrase a proposition so as to favor one side or the other, when by the Round Robin method each university sends out both an affirmative and a negative team? And as to the use of vague terms in the question, terms which might result in a quibble over their meaning, the debaters realize that to waste much time in this way means that less time will be left for the discussion of vital issues. They know that the use of any questionable methods only serves to antagonize both audience and judges.

It must be admitted that the debater may have to argue for a cause in which he does not believe, but so far as the intellectual appeal is concerned, if a man has a thorough knowledge of the subject and if he is fair minded, he should be able to present the arguments of one side quite as well as those of the other. The lawyer must be willing to plead a case whether he is sure of the absolute truth of his position or not. There is some truth on both sides of nearly every question, and in the case of the lawyer at least, the value of discovering and presenting the truth of either side of a proposition cannot be overestimated. It is only in the matter of persuasion that the questions of belief and morality assume any definite relation, and even from this standpoint there is nothing in debating that can really be considered immoral, for the public realizes that the speaker may be forced by circumstances to argue against his convictions. He is not practicing deception, but merely playing the game. Would it be consistent to argue that the villain

in the tragedy is a bad man simply because he plays his part to perfection? It is just as inconsistent to accuse the debater of hypocrisy when both he himself and the public know that he is merely playing his part. The debater wants the practice in sound thinking and effective presentation of his thought; all that the public wants is a thorough discussion of both sides of a live question.

Just as the football and baseball game represent the finished product of athletic training, so the intercollegiate debate represents the finished product of forensic training. Just as the athletic contest arouses enthusiasm for manly sports and inspires loyalty both in the athlete and in the onlooker, so the intercollegiate debate arouses a general interest in debating and other forms of public speaking, and at the same time instills a deeper loyalty into the hearts both of the debaters and of those who hear the debate. Both the athlete and the debater may be tempted to win by unfair methods, but both realize that they have at stake not only their own honor but also the honor of the institution which they represent. In the same way that the gridiron star learns to accept an occasional blow which he feels he has not deserved, and yet maintains his sportsmanlike bearing, so the debater learns and practices that admirable self-control which makes the intercollegiate debate a fair contest between men. The football game may be won or lost in a few seconds of keen playing, and in the same manner the debater may win or lose by the skillful turning of a single argument. So far they are alike, the athletic contest and the debate; where do they differ? Let us answer that question and conclude our discussion with the words of George P. Baker, for many years professor of argumentation at Harvard, and the first man to develop systematic courses in argumentation and debate. Professor Baker says: "The great superiority of debating lies in the fact that it adds to many of the elements of the present absorbing interest in athletics those educational values which contribute directly to the highest type of citizenship."

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By A. S. CHAPMAN



T WAS at Thanksgiving time in 1887, when Thomas Arkle Clark and I were local editors of the *Illini*, which was then published once in two weeks, coming out on Saturday afternoon. Usually it had a few columns of literary matter, some rather heavy editorial, for the editor-in-chief was wont to take himself seriously, some exchange paragraphs, and the local items. After the other stuff in type had been measured up, the remaining space—usually two to four pages—was allotted to local items. There were not many headed news stories in those days; short paragraphs were popular, and it took digging to get as many as were wanted.

We had a vacation from Wednesday till Monday, and Clark went to Rantoul to assist in the dismemberment of a turkey. He promised faithfully to send back a lot of copy so I should get it Saturday morning. Saturday came. No local items from Clark, and four pages yet to fill. I sat in the office and wrote till I could feel the collapse of gray matter in my brain. I warmed over all the stock subjects like the Boneyard, boarding club biscuits, the prep with his new uniform—all stand-bys that had done duty for many years; and still two vacant pages yawned before me.

The cry for "copy" rang in my ears. I have heard it many times since, but never more insistently. One of the student printers in the office was a red-faced chap who had seen service on a Mississippi steamboat. He kept in stock an assortment of plain and fancy brands of profanity for ordinary and emergency occasions, and I expected the shortage of copy would call for samples of the entire line. It did. I have heard some past grand masters of "cussing"; I have stood near a freight train when a coupling pin stuck in an old-style drawbar and heard the remarks addressed to them by a brakeman. I have read many rhetorical directions for imparting force to language and I have heard the art of expression expounded from the platform, but I never heard words

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uttered with more elemental earnestness than by the brakeman and the red-faced printer. I do not mean to imply that language of this sort was the rule in the Illini office. We had another printer who was a member of the Y. M. C. A. He could not hear such language without pangs. As this embroidered English surcharged the atmosphere, he would look at me as reproachfully as if I were responsible for it all. It was in all a painful situation.

I had—at that time—no experience in “faking” stories. Just as things were getting desperate, the foreman, Frank M. Bennett, brought out a lot of old electrotype cuts that had been in the office for years.

“Here, Chap;” he said “perhaps you can fill up with these.” He gave me proofs of the cuts and I went to work. I don’t remember now what they were, but I wove local stories around those cuts till the space was filled. Then we put a head over them, labeling the page “OUR SPECIAL THANKSGIVING EDITION.” The cuts and the stories seemed to hit the mark, for the edition proved a success, and no one guessed the straits under which it was produced.

Fraternities were not recognized in the University at that time. The consequence was that the spirit of rivalry found its outlet through the literary societies, the Adelpic and the Philomathean. During the winter of which I am writing, Philo seemed to be in the lead, and the Adelpics, of which I was a member, were making a hard fight to hold their own. The societies had occasional lecture numbers. Adelpic had engaged Justin McCarthy, English historian and member of Parliament, for a lecture in the opera house in Champaign on Irish Home Rule. It was a time when the Irish question was in the front of public interest. We pledged ourselves to pay \$250 for the lecture, and we realized that we had some work to do to play even. Father Keating, a Roman Catholic priest, took fifty tickets. If we had been favored with fair weather, we might have sold tickets at the door to make up the deficiency, but it poured all day. My remembrance is that we were eighty dollars behind. Some of the Adelpic alumni in Champaign advanced money for us to settle with the lecturer, taking a mortgage on the chandeliers in the hall as security.

A DREADFUL ALTERNATIVE

By ANNA SHEPHERD.



AYLORD HORNER dropped his newspaper to the floor with a yawn, putting his hands behind his head and stretching his feet out closer toward the crackling blaze. The open fire had been constantly growing hotter the last hour, and he had unfastened the collar of his coarse shirt, and relaxed far down into the depths of the comfortable old rocker. The warmth was just beginning to make him drowsy when suddenly there was a sharp me-ow and a scuffling noise. Turning he looked at the child sitting near him on the bare floor. "Why, Patsy, don't pull kitty's tail—poor kitty. Don't you remember how it hurts when Dad pulls your ear?"

Mira's deep brown eyes solemnly regarded her father for a moment, and then she siezed the cat again and energetically pushed its paw into the sleeve of a doll dress which she had in her lap. "Him's a doin' to have a dress on and I'm a doin' to wock him a sleep." Not succeeding, she let go of the cat for a moment, slapping it, and before she could catch it again it had jumped and run back of her crib out of reach.

Her father was looking at her, and for a moment she hesitated, and then began to cry fretfully.

"Pshaw, now, Patsy, I wouldn't do that. Come and sit on Dad's lap, and tell me what you've did today."

Her father lifted her from the floor and slowly rocked her until she grew quiter, gently smoothing her tangled curls, then whispered something in her ear which made her sit up straight and stop crying.

"What did you bring me? Thought you wasn't goin' to get nothin' this time—for me." Her voice was still jerky and a bit doleful, but she clasped her hands and looked at him solemnly.

"I don't know when you're such a cross little girl whether you ought to have it or not."

Mira coughed and her chin began to quiver. "My froat's awful sore," she half whined, and a tear started down one cheek.

Her father leaned forward putting his arms around her and drawing her up close to him. "Don't cry no more, Patsy, you just guess what Dad brought you." He looked at her as she lay back in his arms. He was glad he had asked the doctor to stop when he went by tomorrow and leave them some cough medicine. He thought of how she usually danced around and clapped her hands and guessed what he might have brought. Tonight all she could think of that she wanted was "white gum in hearts 'at had pictures on 'em."

"Well, we'll have to see about this." He stood Mira on the floor and started over to the corner of the room where his overcoat was hanging. In his heavy boots he measured over six feet two and his vigorous figure seemed fairly to fill the little room. He reached down into his pockets and pulled out two red apples. "There, Patsy, one of 'em is for you and one's for your ma."

But Mira was disappointed and the tears began to show again. "Me didn't want no apple—me wanted gum." She climbed back into his lap and snuggled up against him, but refused to take the proffered apple. "My 'froat hurts whenever I swallow," she whined putting her hand to it.

"Open your mouth and let's see if it's sore."

"It 'ud hurt, and me don't want to." She dismally shook her head and her voice ended with a little wail.

Just then the door which led from the one other room in the little house opened, and a spare, sweet-faced woman of about thirty appeared in the doorway. Her hair was combed very plain, except for the few stray locks which curled over her temples. She smiled at her husband and Mira as she puffed out the candle in her hand and set it on the shelf; then shivered as she stood before the open fire-place.

"It's going to get pretty cold tonight, Gaylord. I wish you'd had time to get the house banked."

Gaylord gave his wife's low rocker a push with his foot over nearer to her. Mira was beginning to breathe heavily, and as he glanced down he discovered that she was almost asleep.

"Why, Gaylord, where did you get those apples? They look just like those red Baldwins we used to raise at home." Tillie smiled inquiringly at her husband.

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"Oh, they just got a few in, and I thought maybe you and Mira would like 'em." He felt a little thrill of satisfaction, for he knew his wife was pleased. "Mira didn't care much about 'em," he went on, trying to be indifferent. "All she could think of tonight was that she wanted gum."

"They look real good, but I guess I'll save mine till some other time. I've such a funny sore throat—I can't hardly swallow."

Gaylord looked at her and unconsciously knit his brows. "Mira seems almost sick too tonight."

His wife sat down near them in her rocker and picking up her sewing. "Yes, and she's been so cross all day. Her throat's awful red, but she don't seem to have fever. If it wasn't for her throat and her restlessness, I wouldn't think she was sick much."

Gaylord looked at his wife and smiled. "Oh, she'll be all right in the morning. You know she always gets over a cold pretty quick," he tried to say cheerfully, "and besides you know I asked Dr. Ragsdale to stop and leave us some cough medicine tomorrow."

His wife glanced at the clock. "I believe I will lie down. I'm so tired tonight, and my throat has a funny feeling. Mira is awful restless." Tillie had given him the sleeping child, and now bent over her, pushing back the tangled hair from her forehead.

"You go long now, Tillie, and get some rest yourself, and I'll come as soon as Mira seems to be a little quieter."

Reluctantly his wife turned away, and slowly dragged herself over to the lounge near where the crib stood. "It'll be so cold in the other room tonight I believe Mira ought to stay out here by the fire, and I'll sleep by her. So you put her in the crib when she seems sound asleep."

"I think I'll try rocking her in the crib." Carefully he put the sleeping child in the cradle. Then, as his wife had now lain down, he wrapped the heavy shawl about her, and as she still seemed cold he put his fur overcoat on top of this. Mira muttered and coughed slightly. Pulling the cradle over nearer the fire-place he slowly rocked her back and forth, singing in an even, monotonous voice.

He noticed the pat of something soft against the window. It was snowing, the wind must have changed,

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for it was piling up against the south window. He listened to the plaintive sigh of the wind through the pines. Every few minutes Mira stirred and frequently asked for a drink. His wife, too, had now dropped into a light sleep and then roused again with a start, putting her hand half-unconsciously to her throat.

Gaylord bent over the cradle and awkwardly fumbled the tangled curls, then looked over at his wife. How tired and thin she looked now that the firelight was growing dimmer and ceased to glow upon her face. The clock struck twelve and he stretched himself out in his chair thinking to sleep there beside them. But sleep would not come. Once he seemed to sleep briefly, then awoke with a start. The wind had banged one of the shutters. He looked at the clock. He had slept but ten minutes. And so the night hours dragged by. He was glad when morning came, and he could slip outside into the invigorating air. When he came back Tillie was moving about getting their simple breakfast, and Mira had just awakened, and had begun to cry peevishly. He shook the wooden dolly before her, he whistled for the dog, Fritz, and he got her the kitty, but it was no use. Not even the little red calf in the barn would interest her.

"I'm glad the doctor's coming today. I wish he was here right now."

At breakfast after a mouthful or two Tillie leaned back in her chair. "It hurts so to swallow I don't believe I want anything more." Mira peevishly shook her head and gave the same answer to everything. "Me don't want anything."

After their meal was over Gaylord persuaded his wife to lie down on the lounge again, and donning her blue checked apron he clumsily washed and put away the dishes. Mira cried because she wanted to help, and then when she did carry the dishes, one at a time, over to the cupboard she cried because she couldn't reach the shelf. When they were finally disposed of Gaylord took her on his lap, telling her stories and rocking her until she fell into a light sleep.

Finally toward three o'clock in the afternoon Gaylord breathed a sigh of relief as he saw the horse of Dr. Ragsdale rubbing its nose against the tree to which they usually hitched, and the doctor himself coming

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toward the door. His round, beaming face seemed to light up the whole room as he entered. Tillie smiled weakly and held out her hand.

"Well, and how are things this afternoon?" He had stripped off his fur overcoat and seated himself between the lounge and the cradle. He was a short, fat, little man whose very presence made the room brighter. "And how's my girl," he inquired as Mira turned to look at him dully and then commenced to cry. "Oh, now!" Then suddenly he stopped speaking and for a moment his expression became grave as he caught a glimpse of Mira's throat.

"Well, well, let's see that throat again, little girl." He rubbed his hands together cheerfully and smiled at Mira, who this time, in response to a stranger, obeyed without resistance. "I'm afraid we have a case of diphtheria," he said slowly.

Tillie gave a little gasp. She had risen and stood leaning on the back of a chair. Gaylord was silent and for a moment there was only the tick of the big, homely clock.

"I suppose you can go to town again today, Gaylord," the doctor remarked rather than questioned. "We shall need to have some anti-toxin."

Tillie and Gaylord looked at each other and then looked away. Tillie trembled so violently that she could not help sinking back into a chair.

"Now don't be frightened, Mrs. Horner. Gaylord will get the anti-toxin and she'll soon be all right." After a moment of silence the doctor continued casually, "Looks like we might have snow that would last till Christmas. As I often tell Sarah, when it starts out squeally this way it generally means to do something."

After having asked a number of questions about Mira's general health he turned to Mrs. Horner. "And now I think you had better let me look at your throat."

He shook his head gravely as he examined it. "You ought to be in bed taking care of yourself. Gaylord, I believe it would be as well to get a couple of doses." Dr. Ragsdale pulled out his watch and glanced at it. "The days are getting awful short. It'll be dark now before you can get back, Gaylord," he remarked significantly.

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Gaylord Horner stood looking at the doctor. His face had grown a shade whiter and his fingers trembled slightly as they rested on the back of the chair.

"But doctor, who'll stay with them until I get back? It'll be a long ride—even as fast as I can go."

"I'll stay right here, Gaylord, I guess there ain't no great hurry about my goin' on. You better wrap up good and start before it gets any later and darker."

As Gaylord stepped out on the little porch the doctor followed him. "I don't want to frighten you, Gaylord, but their throats are in bad shape, and you must hurry with the anti-toxin, or it will be too late to do them any good."

"All right, Doc." Gaylord rolled up his collar with a jerk and plunged into the soft snow which still fell. He strode down the path toward the barn, and as he walked pulled on the coarse home-spun mittens which Tillie had knitted. Tobe whinnied as he opened the door, and while Gaylord fumbled for the bridle, the horse rubbed its nose against his pocket as if to remind him of something.

Seizing the saddle from its nail, Gaylord flung it on the horse's back. "Now, Tobe, old boy, you've got to go!" He led the horse out of the close stuffiness of the barn into the frosty air, mounted, and, digging his heels into the horse's sides, they set out on a long swinging lope. The snow creaked under Tobe's hoofs as the horse and rider disappeared under the row of evergreens which led from the barn to the house.

The road was largely barren. No scrubby pines sheltered it and the wind swept the snow into the faces of horse and rider. It was wet and plastered itself against Gaylord's cheeks with a cold sting. Hanging the reins about him he clapped his hands together to get them warmer. The snow was falling in larger flakes and the short afternoon drew slowly to a close. On the still air not a sound was heard except the creaking of the snow under the horse's hoofs, or the occasional distant bark of a wolf. When they came out at last upon the level stretch of sand which measured the last two miles to the station, Gaylord felt the horse's sides heave and realized that Tobe was lathered with sweat. He must let the horse walk a few steps. Sliding from the saddle

Gaylord plunged into the soft snow at Tobe's head. He would rather walk than ride slowly. At the first few steps he staggered. He was numb with cold and the cramped position of riding so long.

Just ahead he could see the roof of Drake's shanty and the curl of smoke which rolled lazily from its chimney. The very slowness of the smoke made him impatient. Springing into the saddle again he urged the horse on for the last half mile to the station.

The loafers about the stove in Jenkin's little store stopped spitting tobacco for a moment to gaze upon the snowy figure of Gaylord Horner as he entered and walked by them without a word to the counter. His face was white and drawn with worry and cold, and his eyes, with dark rings under them, were sunken.

A short, gray-bearded man rose from the circle and hobbled around behind the counter, nodding a pleasant "Good evening" to Gaylord. "What can I do for you? Kind of bad night, ain't it?"

Gaylord smiled grimly and then in a hollow voice said, "Our folks has got diphtheria and the doctor says to bring two doses of anti-toxin right off."

The smile left the other man's face as he queried, "Two doses, did you say, Gaylord?"

"Yes, Mira and Tillie's both got it."

"But one dose is all that's left. The Perkinses has it too, and they got all the rest about two hours ago."

"What, man! One dose!" For a moment Gaylord's tone was fierce, then suddenly he seemed to relax and to stagger, putting his hand to his forehead with a half groan—"Good Heavens!"

The men in the group about the stove were silent while the storekeeper inquired in a voice full of pity, "You'll take the one dose, I 'spose." He changed his weight from one foot to the other and nervously fingered his newspaper.

Gaylord was keenly alive again now. "Yes," he answered quickly and sharply as a creature in pain. "Give me the dose."

A thin, red-bearded man from the group asked in a quavering voice, "Be they very sick?"

"Pretty bad." Gaylord's hand trembled. Seizing the package he stumbled to the door and outside again.

There the snow blew in his face and he pulled the rim of his hat farther over his eyes. The words "only one dose" seemed to burn themselves into his brain and to dull it by their very brightness. Paying no heed as the horse rubbed its head against his arm, he fumbled with the hitch strap. Mechanically the knot was untied and he pulled on the coat which he had thrown over Tobe on going into the store, and sprang upon his back, turning him in the direction of home. Tobe set out on a gallop.

For the first two miles Gaylord rode dazed. Vaguely he felt the motion of the horse's body and knew that Tobe walked with his head low between his legs. Leaning forward, he patted his neck. "Poor old boy, you're tired," he half muttered. "It's been a hard day." The snow had stopped falling and the wind was rising. Gaylord's fingers tingled with the cold and taking the reins in his right hand he shoved his left far down into his pocket. Then suddenly he drew in his breath and squared his shoulders. Seizing the reins again with both hands he dug his heels fiercely into the horse's sides. With a spring forward Tobe stretched out over the road which was just beginning its upward ascent. The words "one dose" had seemed to blaze into Gaylord's mind when his hand had touched that little package.

Clearly he saw it all now—the little kitchen where the rays of light from the fire-place drove back the shadows to one dusky corner in which his wife was lying on the rough lounge. Beside her stood the crib and in it he saw Mira toss fretfully and heard her give that choking cough. Waiting beside them was Dr. Ragsdale, waiting for him. And he was bringing one dose, just one. He bent forward, muttering in a hoarse voice, "On, Tobe, old boy, we can't get there too soon." To which one would the doctor give the one dose? At the thought Gaylord felt himself grow weak and a sweat come out on his forehead. He glanced at the little bridge which they were crossing, but it only reminded him of the day last spring when the three of them had fished there. He could feel Mira's chubby hands clasp about his neck just as when they had played horse, and he could hear his wife's laugh as she had watched them. Across the bridge, he again put Tobe to the trot, and setting his teeth he resolved to think. Surely he

could do something. He drew in a long breath and squared his shoulders. Slowly and lingeringly a dozen scenes with wife and child passed through his mind. Usually it was Tillie sitting by the south window, sewing and keeping supper warm until he came, while Mira played with rag doll Betty and ran to meet him as he came up the path. Sometimes they ran a race and Mira always won, or sometimes she wanted to ride on his shoulder and play she was Mrs. Drake, who occasionally rode on horseback over to see her mother.

They were beginning to ascend the long slope toward home. The wind, raw and piercing, blew the snow into little rifts about the pine trees along the rough path. Ahead, just around the bend in the road, sounded the sharp bark of a coyote.

When Tobe stopped at the barn he realized with a shock half of relief and half of dread that they were home again. When he opened the door and led the horse into the stable Tobe whinnied as the smell of the hay and the warm stuffiness of the barn greeted them.

Going up the path to the house Gaylord stumbled in the soft snow. As he opened the door the doctor turned toward him. Without a word Gaylord handed him the package. He felt himself growing weak, everything was beginning to whirl, and he sank into the nearest chair feeling the cold sweat break out over him. It seemed that it was an age before the doctor would get the package open and learn the fearful truth. He rose and began to walk back and forth. He was glad that neither Tillie nor Mira seemed to notice him. Tillie or Mira? How could he live with either of them gone! He started to walk again as the doctor, who needed no explanation, turned toward him.

"Gaylord, which shall I give it to—Tillie or Mira?"

"Shall I give it to your wife, Gaylord?" The doctor repeated the question.

Gaylord pressed his hands to his head, and then with a half nod suddenly plunged out into the cold again, coatless and hatless, to pray that Mira might yet live—that they might not be left childless.

FRESHMAN THEMES

THE NIGHT ROAD

By LUCILE NEEDHAM



THREE miles before we reached the town we stopped for a last look at the pleasant lonesomeness. The golden light from the car lamps brightened the road ahead; but to either side of us the faint blue starlight dully silvered the fields. The chilly air occasionally drifted against our faces. The level fields, gray-green near at hand, stretched with deepening color to the purple horizon, broken to the left only by a broad-topped, giant elm, to the right not at all. Straight ahead lay the town, all black,—for it was quite late now—etched irregularly against the indigo sky. A steeple or two pierced slenderly into the blue; here and there a ponderous business building towered bluntly above the houses. Suddenly a far, clear whistle cut the clear air. Off against the horizon there darted a row of orange squares straight into the town and was gulped up, leaving thin, gray smoke that streaked against the sky like a witch's cap. We started on again, slowly. Gradually cottages and barns and houses detached themselves from the mass, and at length we glided noiselessly into the sleeping town.

WHEN THE VILLAIN DIES

By T. M. HEATH



EVERY seat in the front row in the gallery is occupied. The fat man in the right end seat is stretching his seventeen and one-half inch neck to such an extent that a fifteen collar would fit with ease, while the neck of the lean man on the left extremity has the general outlines of a matchstick. In the center a fellow who heretofore has looked uneasy in his stiff front shirt and high collar is bent forward in such a way as to give one the picture of

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misery. His elbows rest on the railing and his finger tips are lost in his disheveled hair. His hands press against his temples, till his brows are drawn to an oriental slant, and his sneering smile is one of wicked enjoyment. On his left an auburn haired miss of about twenty summers is staring into oblivion, wide eyed and open mouthed, while on his right a lad of about seventeen is sitting on the edge of his seat, with fists clenched, and one arm resting on the railing, the other hanging over it from the elbow. His half closed eyes appear almost glassy, while his mouth is skewed to one side, almost beyond recognition. The tall man in the black broadcloth English suit, his upper lip decorated with a little black French mustache, is the most striking of all the figures. With his chest against the balustrade and one arm slung over it, he clutches spasmodically into space, and with his distended nostrils and contorted features, he gives one the impression of a man in the last stages of epilepsy.

But almost as with one accord, they all give vent to a sigh and seem to relax their muscles by degrees. The tall man smiles, the lad scowles, and the lady moves uneasily in her seat. The man with the stiffly starched shirt smooths his hair with his fingers, and the men on the ends settle back in their seats. But the villain is behind the scenes, placidly inhaling a cigarette.



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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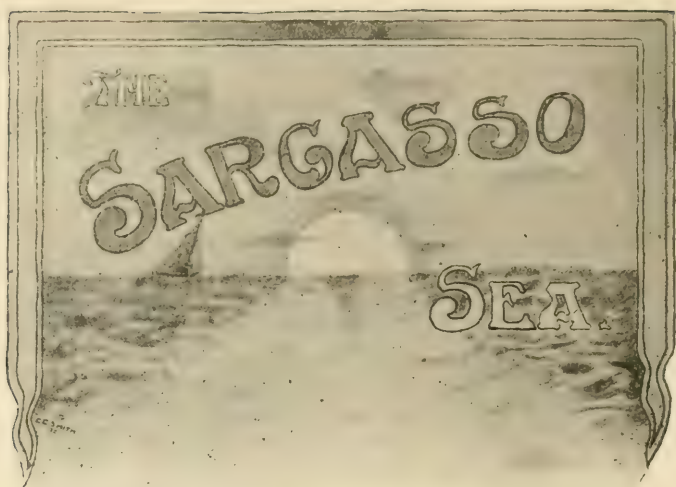
It has been estimated that the vaudeville houses of the Twin Cities can, if necessary, seat weekly some thirty-five thousand patrons; and as they are operating upon a profitable basis, it would seem a logical inference that their performances in reality attracted a large fraction of that total number. Their influence upon the youthful is admittedly bad, and the heavy attendance upon them during a season which, like the present one, sees little of the "legitimate" drama offered in Champaign, has given the advocates of a campus theater their strongest argument. The immediate problem, however, is less the provision of wholesome plays for the student body than the discovery of some inexpensive and effective amusement, no matter how simple, to counteract the Friday-night lure of the *Orpheum* and *Illinois* for the brain-fagged student. Good plays are a highly commendable adjunct in the broadest education, but they are by no means an absolute necessity to the healthy development of the American young man; and it is not often that students really crowd the house even when one is offered downtown. To check the ever-increasing student patronage of the cheap variety shows, however, is a problem that is seriously worthy

the attention of every social agency at the University. To arouse sentiment against any countenancing of the vulgarity that always marks them is apparently the first step required, but with a very large class of undergraduates public disapproval will be no bar. Regular counter-attractions, cheaper than any which a campus theater could offer, will alone suffice.

The University has at last fixed definitely upon the plan of the campus of the future, which is to extend south and west of the present

The Setting of the Campus

limits in such a manner as to complete a rough figure of the letter L; enclosed within its angle will be all the student section of Campaign between Green and Davidson, and Wright and First streets. It is the duty of the faculty, the undergraduates, and the townspeople to cooperate, after some more or less conscious fashion, in building up attractively this section of the town, upon the appearance of which the beauty of the surrounding grounds will directly depend. Land therein is already at a premium for building purposes, and all the available sites for large fraternity houses are rapidly being taken. It would be well if these houses, by Pan-Hellenic action, could be erected with some regularity of arrangement and of architectural design. Mercantile establishments and flat buildings should at the same time be excluded, in so far as possible; and the growth of trees and the preservation of parkings be held an object of public concern. Forethought and an orderly plan can accomplish almost as much for the residence district about the University as for the University itself.



AFTER COLLEGE—WHAT?



THIS is a rocky enough scamper for most of us to crawl finally into the precincts of graduation, let alone bothering our mental power-plants with thoughts of what to do afterward. It is understood, to be sure, that many students do not go to the trouble and anxiety of graduating at all, but simply pack up and depart when they feel that their intellectual dignities are expanding to the point where their knowledge is being sucked up by the professors.

However, for the sake of harmony in the party, let us assume that a senior has actually graduated—has paid his diploma fee, and has received from Prexy's hand the coveted document that has cost from four up to a dozen or so years of think-gymnastics. In this age of microscopic specialization, we may not proceed further with this typographical cortege without giving our hero-senior a name. Therefore, behold Walter, standing noble and unsullied in the dawn of worldly opportunity!

The said Opportunity is said to knock once at every man's door, but we will keep Walter's number a secret for the present, so that he will have to prove his aggressiveness without foreign aid. Observe that this sequestration of Walter precludes fraternal or maternal help—he is to pull himself together, whatever that means, and

gallop into the hurricane of competition. And, out of the myriad of activities, which shall he adorn with his support?

Many, alas, many, await his choice. Let us consider first the enlarged crayon-portrait canvassing trade.

Successfully to prosecute this stimulating calling, the seedling canvasser will need, of course, a horse and buggy. A horse advanced even unto dotage, must do at first. Almost every farmer has a stump-sucker of a skate, too old to be a credit to the oats consumed. Such quadrupeds are of no earthly or unearthly use to the busy granger, who will often make the beastly donation outright. A steed secured, Walter must now have buggy and harness. Let him attend a public sale on some farm during the winter months, and buy a rollable phaeton for twenty-five or fifty cents; with a set of harness thrown in.

Need Walter worry about getting a stock of frames? Most assuredly, no. The crayon-portrait supply houses will extend credit quicker than any other mercantile enterprise on earth. Then, too, Walter will discover that a spread-eagle gilt frame that would glorify the chromo of a jackpot legislator costs only seventy-two cents wholesale, and sells for \$5.50. This ill-gotten graft, added to the profit on the picture itself, runs Walter's net proceeds up to pleasurable altitudes. Being, of course, handsome and dashing, he can wheedle the farmer's daughter into having an enlarged crayon-portrait made from a catalogue cut of a stove-poker, if the center-table album seems barren soil.

But what if Walter should not prefer to enter the crayon-portrait profession? Not all of us can be great. Not all of us can be renowned. Not all of us can be famous. Not all of us can be tautology experts.

Might Walter accept a position on some farm? Truly a healthy place. Salary, twenty-five a month, including board, washing, and a cart and horse privilege on Saturday nights. Plug tobacco, socks, and gum boots, extra. Of course, Walter may be called on to break colts, ride ferocious hogs, or to dehorn bellowing cows, on rainy days. But he must remember that he is receiving twenty-five a month, with board, washing, and Saturday night cab service included.

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Possibly Walter would consider taking the agency for a vacuum cleaner. Dust-suckers are being used for everything. They have driven out the broom, the crumb tray, the rug-swatter, the currycomb, the— Why, it is only a question of time until the washing-machine—nay, the steam laundry, will be crushed to earth never to rise again! Every house will be fitted with vacuum cleaners powerful enough to suck a mouse out of a three-foot spiral hole. The good housewife can rid her rooms of flies, too, and—

Shall any other profession be recommended to Walter?

Hardly.

If he cannot be trusted to make a choice from the three highly-respected vocations heretofore arranged, let him amble hence, with all the velocity he cares to assume. When he lies gasping on his deathbed he will recall that Avon Bill once shrieked in anguish:

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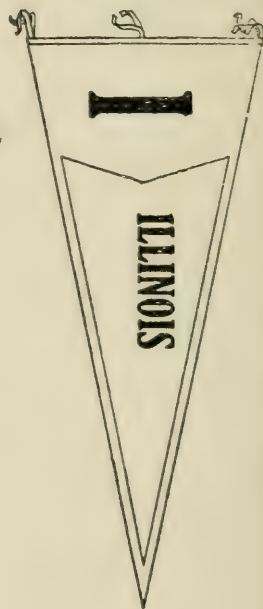
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THE MAY-TIME CAMPUS

THE ILLINOIS

VOL. III

MAY, 1912

NO. 8

THE MYTHOLOGY OF ILLINOIS

By W. A. HEATH.



THE ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY (so known until the legislature in 1885 changed the name to The University of Illinois) was formally opened on March 11, 1868, and the first certificates of graduation were issued in June, 1872. Early in the latter year the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity granted a charter to certain students of the University, under the title of Upsilon Prime Chapter. This organization continued to exist until 1879, when its charter was withdrawn, and during the whole period occupied the field entirely to itself.



W. A. HEATH

Tradition has it that in the college politics of those days the factions frequently lined up as "pro" Delt and "anti" Delt. It seems, however, that the society was not officially "discovered" for several years, for the first mention of it in the "Annals of

the University" (See Alumni Record, Edition of 1906) appears under date of June 6, 1876, as follows: "Discovery that a chapter of a fraternity had secretly existed for some time in the University led to a recommendation by the Regent and the adoption by the Board of this resolution: Resolved, That the Board condemn the formation and perpetuation of secret societies in the University as detrimental to the scheme of self-government attempted by the students, and that we trust a due

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regard to the best interests of the institution will induce our students to disband and discountenance such organizations."

Notwithstanding this action, the chapter continued to live, and first and last numbered amongst its members many of the best known and most highly honored of the sons of Illinois. The prairie poet, James Newton Matthews, Congressman "Jim" Mann, "Wes" Mahan and Professor Ira O. Baker are but a few of the well known Delts of that old chapter.

The year 1880 saw some renewed interest in fraternity matters, but it was not until May, 1881, that another organization was perfected. In that month Kappa Kappa Chapter of the Sigma Chi fraternity was established. Numbered amongst its charter members were Judge Clarence E. Brady (now dead), of Nebraska; John G. Wadsworth, of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Judge Henry L. McCune, of Kansas City, and several others then active in college life, and prominent in after years as men of affairs. These men have always maintained that the Regent was consulted with before the institution of the chapter, and that he countenanced its formation. The Illini and the local papers publicly announced the organization, describing a grand ball given the visiting brethren who conducted the ceremonies of institution and initiation. The members of the new chapter wore their badges publicly, and there was certainly nothing on the surface which indicated trouble ahead.

The new chapter seemed destined for a prosperous career. At the opening of college the following fall, most of its members returned, full of enthusiasm. They were popular fellows, and attained prominence in the student world. Their success inspired others, and soon petitions for charters were forwarded to Beta Theta Pi, Phi Gamma Delta, and perhaps others. Some of these would undoubtedly have been successful, for the petitioners were all representative men, leaders in class work and student activities. Then, without warning, the entire aspect of affairs was completely changed. It became publicly known that the Regent had, at the June session, reported to the Board the organization of Sigma Chi, and that the Trustees had resolved that the Regent and faculty should take steps to secure the abandonment of the

society. The Regent one morning in chapel delivered an address on fraternities, and at its conclusion announced that the faculty had taken a strong stand against their continued existence at the University. The "Annals" tell the story succinctly, as follows: Dec. ('81) "Regent reported to the Board that the faculty had passed rules providing that no student could enter the University until he had pledged himself not to join a fraternity, and that no student should graduate until he had certified that he had not belonged to any while in the University. The adoption of these rules had disclosed the existence of four societies, whose members petitioned the University to rescind these rules. The faculty turned the petitions over to the Board, who recommended that the request be refused. (It is well to state that members of the "four societies" were permitted to retain their membership, provided they were not *active* while in college.)

Jan. 9, (1882)—"Banquet of Sigma Chi Fraternity."

Mch. 14, (1882)—"Petitions from students requesting the Board of Trustees to allow fraternities to enter the University refused."

Mch. (1882)—"Student Government system abolished." (Students vote.)

June (1882)—"Board of Trustees voted to abolish student government."

The Sigma Chi was the only society already chartered, and the prospects of the others were, of course, completely shattered. The charter of Kappa Kappa Chapter was, however, never surrendered, but was held by resident alumni, who maintained the semblance of an organization during all the troublous years which followed. The present chapter legitimately claims continuous existence, therefore, for over thirty years. Perhaps the reasonableness of this claim will be more apparent when another bit of history is given. There had been in existence for years at the University a mysterious organization known as the "Ten Tautological Tautogs." It is said to have been originally conceived as a burlesque or take-off on college secret societies. Its meetings were called "bivalves," and but one was held each year. Its motto was, "*bono ostrea in sono ventre*" (which is by liberal interpretation, "a good oyster in a sound stomach") The personnel of its membership was

unknown save to the initiated, and each member assumed the name of some noted or notorious Tautologist. Outsiders knew of these bivalves only through the surreptitious distribution of programs on "the morning after." Many students of those days have envied Dr. Johnson, Mohammed, Lydia Pinkham, Tiglath Pilsner and other immortals who were depicted as feasting on the rarest delicacies, nectar and ambrosia, while listening to the oratory of Demosthenes, the divine strains from the violin of Ole Bull, or the dulcet tones of Adelina Patti. Yet under such alluring disguise did these college boys conceal their songs of "Michael Roy" and "We won't go home till morning", while devouring rye bread and cheese, smoking cob pipes and putting "the stuff that made Milwaukee famous" where it would do the most good. When the anti-fraternity laws were promulgated some of the Tautogs, in spirit of pleasantry, asked the Regent whether this organization would also come under the ban, and he laughingly replied that the new rules applied only to *real* secret societies. And thereby hangs a tale.

It so happened that at the opening of school in the fall of 1882, the only Tautogs returning to college were also Sigma Chis. It came about reasonably enough, therefore, that all Sigs in college were admitted to membership in the Tautogs. Another most natural sequence was that after graduation or permanently leaving college, the post-graduate degree of Sigma Chi might be conferred by the alumni on future initiates into Tautology. Viewed over the intervening lapse of twenty-five or thirty years, this certainly seems like an awful and unjustifiable strain on conscience, but it served its intended purpose, and those of us who were most guilty have long since made full confession to the University authorities and received absolution.

The "Annals" contain further information as follows:

Dec. (1885)—Mr. Fisher of Chicago (Walter Lowrie Fisher, now Secretary of the Interior under President Taft—at that time Grand Consul of Sigma Chi), appeared before the Board on behalf of "Secret College Societies" and requested the withdrawal of the prohibition of these societies at the University. Action deferred.

March (1886)—Board refused to grant the request of Mr. Fisher.

And finally

Aug. (1891)—"Board passed the following:

Resolved, That the pledge heretofore required for candidates for entry to the University in regard to college fraternities be omitted, and that the subject of these fraternities be referred to the committee on rules."

This article deals with ancient history, and therefore as the last quotation above marks the close of the "Dark Ages", should probably stop at that point. Following the action of the Board, however, in the summer of 1891, local alumni of Sigma Chi conferred with "Charlie" Kiler of Urbana, and Frank Carnahan of Champaign, who undertook the task of reorganizing Kappa Kappa Chapter, and the ensuing term witnessed the re-entrance of the fraternity into the University, with the consent and approval of the University authorities, thus bringing to a successful closing the long and almost unaided struggle for recognition which had been carried on by the alumni of the fraternity.

Several times in this article reference has been made to the system of "self government" formerly in force at the University, and strange to say the earliest recorded action of the Faculty and Board concerning the fraternity question was in connection with this same students government. Organized in 1870, it was supposed to be in actual control over the conduct of the entire student body, the faculty really constituting a court of appeals. All students were voters. There was an Executive Department with a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer; a Legislative Department or Senate, which enacted laws; a Judicial Department consisting of a Chief Justice and two Associates, who sat in judgment on alleged violations of the University code. There was a Prosecuting Attorney, a Marshall and a Secret Police Force (usually dubbed "snide" police by the unfortunate offenders who were caught red-handed by these minions of the law). It is needless to say that political excitement over the affairs of this government at times ran very high, and some of the most astute politicians in our state and nation received their first lessons in political intrigue during the elections held under the students government at the Illinois Industrial University. Some of the laws enacted by the Senate and enforced by the

Court would greatly amuse the present student body, and more than one old-timer who paid his fines for being caught at billiards or pool has been seen to smile broadly on witnessing these games in progress in the new Y. M. C. A. Building.

As a rule, the students were largely supporters of the government. There was, however, always a strong minority against it. A few of these were offenders who had felt punishment. A much larger number, however, and among them some of the most representative and influential students, were honest in their belief that it was wrong in principle that one set of students should be allowed to conduct a secret system of "espionage and report" against their fellows.

On that morning in the fall of '81 when the Regent stated in chapel that the University authorities had decided to take action against the fraternities, there was great consternation. These organizations, of course, did not take kindly to the news, their members maintaining that inasmuch as the students were supposed to be self governing, the authorities should not interfere on the fraternity or other questions until the students government itself had demonstrated its own incapacity or indisposition to properly handle the situation. (The fraternity men were by the way largely in control of the government.) A mass meeting of the students was accordingly called, and after the expenditure of much heated oratory, a vote was taken on the question of abolishing the government. The result was a small majority in favor of abolishment. The next week, however, the Regent announced in chapel that the vote was irregular, and that "the government still lives." Nevertheless, its subsequent existence was a farce. The following spring the students again voted on the question, this time regularly, and by a substantial majority declared against continuance of the system. The notations already quoted from the "Annals" show its finish.

The purpose of this article is merely to give some fraternity history "as it was in the making", with no thought to discuss the merits of the system itself. Nor is it the intention to magnify the importance of either of the societies specifically mentioned herein. Rather, if any inference at all is drawn, it is the fact that upon these

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two organizations—the one first on the ground—the other carrying the brunt of the ultimately successful struggle for recognition—rests unusual responsibility, that their records be above reproach, in order to insure the permanence of fraternities at the University. Thus far the workings of the system have not been in all respects above serious criticism, and it is reluctantly confessed that the chapters have not always measured up to the high ideals which their organizers had in mind. Believing that the fraternity system has great possibilities for good, the old-timers have welcomed fair minded criticism, and heartily second the efforts of Dean Clark and his colleagues, to correct the shortcomings, and to instil into the chapters and the individual members a keener sense of obligation to themselves and the University. In the last analysis, the fraternity system must stand or fall upon its own record. The fraternity alumni are becoming alive to the situation, and will co-operate in any movement to raise the standard of fraternity life at the University of Illinois; and this effort should not cease until the fraternity system is recognized as a positive element for good in undergraduate life.

AWAKE

By BERTHA BOURDETTE

Awake! Oh Heart, Awake!
For the spirit of love is nigh;
It has stol'n from its bower
In the heart of the hour
Where the last warm sunbeams lie.
It has culled in its joyous flight
The songs of the livelong day,
And fleeter than dreams to the closéd eye
It is speeding hitherward, hitherward, hie
Thee up, and awake, e'er it pass thee by!

THOSE THAT WALK IN PRIDE

By FLORENCE ROBINSON.



THE feather on the hat of the girl with the sea-blue eyes waved animatedly as she leaned over. She lowered her voice so that the substantial business man and the ethereal chorus lady who were finishing their sherbet at the next table caught only a faint murmur.

"I never could like a man as conceited as you say he is—never," giving a vicious jab to a piece of chicken that she had succeeded in discovering in the salad.

The other girl smiled. "I could, but I wish somebody would take him down a little. I like him too well to do it myself." She made a rueful little grimace.

* * * * *

Steve threw his cigarette down on the walk, gave the bell a short vigorous tap, and squared his extremely English shoulders belligerently, inwardly congratulating himself that even his first important assignment could not make his heart beat any faster than it would if he were ordering his usual Manhattan at his usual club after his usual game of billiards.

The card that he gave to the maid as he asked for Senator Blair was guiltless of any engraving except his name, and he walked past her into the big living room quite as though he were one of the rising young men who often happened in after dinner to talk politics and smoke one of the Senator's best campaign cigars. The handsome leather chairs, the tables loaded with uncut current magazines, the rich reds of the royal Bokharas that lay somewhat too thickly on the polished floor, and the oil portraits of the ancestors of some less fortunate family hanging on the wall, all went to prove that the honorable senator had resources outside the seventy-five hundred that the nation gave him. Steve selected the biggest and softest chair that he could find, and pulled out of his pocket a leather note book with a silver pencil attached, a Christmas gift from one of the "dear girls". A letter fell to the floor from the arm of the chair, the address in

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a fashionable boarding school hand showing boldly, "Miss Jane Blair".

Steve whistled. "Aha! The Senator has a daughter!" Then, in a speculative tone, "She's probably homely. All rich girls are." Steve yawned widely to express his disgust with the apportionment of the good things of this world, and wondered if the Senator could, by any chance, refuse to see him.

"Why! you here?"

Steve turned and stared. A girl was standing in the doorway. A girl with sea-blue eyes that looked out smilingly from under the drooping brim of an immense black picture hat. Her obviously expensive black furs were draped carelessly over a suit that showed all the elaborate simplicity of a Parisian creation.

"Why don't you say something? Have you forgotten me?" The girl pouted and came towards him, holding out her hand.

"I could never forget you." Steve's faculty for saying extravagantly complimentary things to and about every pretty woman he met had plunged him into trouble more than once, especially with the unsophisticated girls who took him in earnest. But he decided that this girl looked as if she were used to having men of all ages and dispositions make perfectly polite and insincere love to her. He pulled his chair closer towards hers, and smiled the engaging smile of a small boy with a guilty conscience.

"I suppose your father will—" he began.

"Oh, don't talk about father to me." The sea-blue eyes were expressionless as the ocean on a windless day. "He and I have just been having a long discussion. He thinks that I ought to do one thing, and I think that I think that I ought to do something else. And we just can't agree. Isn't it dreadful? You would be on my side, wouldn't you?" The girl looked out of the corner of those wonderful eyes just a second too long, and then her lashes swept her cheek demurely.

"I certainly would—always." Steve meant what he said, for the time being. "But you have made a mistake."

"No, I haven't made any mistake. He thinks that just because my eyes and complexion haven't changed much since I was a baby, my mind hasn't either. Now,

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if I had been cross-eyed, and big-nosed, and as yellow as a lemon, I could have been just as intellectual as I pleased and nobody would have cared."

The girl reminded Steve of a serious minded kitten, playing with a rubber ball and imagining that it was the universe. He laughed a little patronizingly. "You don't need to be intellectual. A pretty woman should be a rest and not a stimulus to the man who comes home tired after the day's work." Steve mentally noted this observation for a place in the next Sunday edition. "I wonder if your father understood—"

"No, he didn't. He doesn't understand that I—" The sea-blue eyes closed suddenly until they were mere slits in the uniform whiteness of her face. She jumped up suddenly, leaving her sentence unfinished.

Steve heard the sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs, then voices murmuring in the hall. Finally there was an amused chuckle and the slam of a door.

The girl's footsteps came loiteringly back. "Father went away," she explained, "and I just had to say goodby. He'll be at the Grand Central Station in ten minutes, and off for New York and Europe. His business takes him away so much." She sighed reflectively.

Steve, who had jumped up at the news of the Senator's departure, settled down again in his chair, smiling philosophically. It was in his mind that since the girl was Senator Blair's daughter, he could probably get from her all the information necessary for his paper, and have a good time into the bargain. Girls with sea-blue eyes and dimples are rather more pleasant to talk to than gray-bearded Senators whose tempers are as uncertain as the sources of their pocketbooks. His conscience did not hurt him because he reasoned that he had tried to explain. Easy-going, pleasure-loving people are fond of ascribing their faults to fate, though they are careful to keep the credit for their good deeds to themselves.

"What makes him go to Europe?" Steve was fingering a magazine negligently.

The sea-blue eyes looked up blankly. "Oh, just business matters."

Steve threw his head back and laughed silently. "That proves it," he said. "Women aren't intellectual. You can understand all about the cut of a gown, but

affairs down town are Greek to you, and always will be. What would become of you in a world where everybody is trying to fool you,—to get the best of you? I tell you, it takes a man to hold his own." Steve looked down at the girl pityingly from the heights of his superior masculine intelligence.

"Do you like awfully clever girls best, or just ordinary ones?" The sea-blue eyes gazed eagerly, and the red lips were parted.

Steve hesitated judicially. "Most men would doubtless prefer one of the 'just ordinary' ones, as you call them, but personally I like girls who are on the same intellectual plane with myself. But there are exceptions." Steve smiled down at the girl, casually admiring the long lashes that curved out on the rounded cheek.

"I wish I were very, very clever." The girl's mouth drooped disconsolately at the corners.

"Never mind." Steve moved his chair still closer. "The man of the family should have the brains and the women the good looks."

"Oh, but I like men to be good-looking, too. And all women aren't beautiful—I have an aunt who is a librarian who has prominent teeth and a receding chin. Poor thing!" The girl stared at the tips of her ridiculously small black velvet boots with the naive concentration of a baby playing with its toes.

"Women that work, work because they can't 'work' anyone into working for them." Steve's shoulders were shaking from the effort he was making not to laugh at his own cleverness. Then his tone became carefully expressionsless. "Don't you think so, Jane?" He expected her to call him "a horrid thing", or something else equally meaningless and usual.

The girl yawned slightly. Then she laughed. "Please don't let's argue. I know you will get the best of me if you do. Besides I need oxygen. Would you be very, very much shocked if I were to ask you to take a walk around the block?"

Steve picked up his hat rather reluctantly. In his opinion the ostentatious luxury of the mahogany, and the obvious expensiveness of the furnishings made exactly the proper setting for the little drama in which he was the hero and the girl with the sea-blue eyes was the

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heroine. Besides, it was cold and raw outside—the sharp, penetrating rawness of the foggy Atlantic brought in by the sea-winds, over the city.

The girl was already half way out, however, and Steve followed, closing the heavy street door carefully and quietly behind him, and helping the girl down the broad concrete steps even more carefully.

"Which way?" he inquired, his hand protectingly on her arm.

The lines of long narrow houses of stone or cement or brick stretched unendingly, packed in like so many sardines into a box. Conglomerate as to age and architecture, they still had an air of solid prosperity, even of wealth.

"This way," the girl turned at right angles down a cross street. Here the buildings were crowded together just as closely as on the avenue, but the dim light of the insect-haunted street lamps showed not prosperity, but shabby gentility. The houses were uniformly of sandstone, with long flights of steps leading up to miniature front stoops, where the families gathered of evenings to breathe the tainted city air. The old-fashioned French windows were hung with elaborate lace curtains, slightly torn here and there and draped in the taste of other days. On the corner was a little drug store, its windows gaudily decorated with piles of perfumes and powders and liniments. The girl opened the door and walked in. "I have to telephone," she explained, without turning.

Steve followed. He disapproved of the direction that the walk had taken, even more than the walk itself, but excused it on the ground of his youth and inexperience. He leaned over the counter and stared meditatively at the picture of a ruddy complexioned child reaching after a cake of somebody's soap.

The swish of a skirt aroused him. "Come on." There was rather more amusement in her eyes than pure friendliness would warrant, he thought, and her voice had a thrill of suppressed laughter.

"Well, I'm glad; I've missed you." Steve's tone had a caressing inflection. "Shall we go home now?—yours, I mean."

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"Yes." The sea-blue eyes looked up at him trustingly.

Steve held her arm a little tighter. They walked on in silence.

Suddenly the girl stopped in front of one of the shabby-genteel houses. "I live here," she said.

"What! Don't try to play jokes on me. I might leave you here." Steve's voice sounded more provoked than amused.

"It's no joke. Good night." The girl turned.

"Here, wait a minute." The man caught her muff. "Explain yourself."

"There is not much to explain. "I am Miss Brown, on the Morning Herald. I just telephoned in Senator Blair's story to my paper. Good night." The tone was distinctly cold.

* * * * *

The girl with the sea-blue eyes yawned and stared at the menu discontentedly. "It's always the same old thing in the same old way." She yawned again. "But everything's just lovely." The other girl drew the glove from her left hand, glancing furtively at the diamond on her third finger. "See. Isn't it pretty? And I don't mind Steve's being conceited. He's awfully smart, you know, so he has a right to be. And do you know, Brownie, he said he was glad that I'm not one of those infernally clever girls. Wasn't that funny? He said he would have the brains of the family and I the beauty. Besides, he doesn't seem so conceited now. I suppose it's love that changed him. Oh—I'm so happy." She turned her hand, watching the diamond flash as it caught the sun. There was a moment's silence, then she went on, "I wish there was another man just as nice as Steve, for you, Brownie, dear. Somebody who wouldn't mind you're being so clever." The feather on the hat of the girl with the sea-blue eyes waved convulsively as she studied the menu.

ILLINOIS CATTLEMEN IN 1911

By W. R. KENT.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS has been represented in Europe for the last three summers by students who traveled as cattlemen on the sea and as semi-vagabonds on land. Such trips have always proved valuable and pleasant to those who took them—they might well be considered a kind of extension summer school. *The Illinois* published an account of what occurred during the 1910 jaunt, and as more cattlemen than ever before were abroad last summer a report of their travels will not be out of place here, especially since several Illini are sure to undertake the experience in 1912.

Three squads were out on the long, fascinating trail last summer. One of them consisted of an Illinois student and his pal, both unknown to the men of the other parties. In the second squad were C. C. Willmore and J. F. Seifried, 1912. The third party, the largest, included A. L. Hall, 1912, P. H. Ward, 1913, John G. Isaacson of Waukegan, and myself. There may have been other Illinois men making the same kind of tour, but I know of only one—V. D. Cylkowski, 1915, who was traveling with companions from another institution.

The chronicle of the first party's experience is necessarily very short. We of the third group had just reunited at Heidelberg after two weeks of traveling separately, and were rather exhilarated during an eventful evening in the old university town. On the way to our *pension* Hall espied a man who wore an I. A. A. button in his lapel. We stopped him, shook hands, exchanged a reminiscence or two, wished him good fortune, and parted. He was alone at that time, but expected soon to rejoin the companion with whom he had worked his way across the Atlantic. We have since forgotten his name, but cannot forget the far-off, lost, homesick emotion which this encounter left with us.

The record of the second party is more complete. Willmore and Seifried, to be known hereinafter as Red and Oscar, had the estate of cattlemen thrust upon them.

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They had originally intended to earn their passages to England by peeling the plebeian potato on the *Minnetonka* of the Atlantic Transport Line from New York to London. Fortunately they arrived in New York too late to sign on, so went to Boston and became cattlemen on the *Sagamore* of the Warren Line. They were out eleven eventful days from Boston to Liverpool, apportioning their time among punching cattle, eating, sleeping, gazing at huge icebergs, and lobbying for food.

On the *Sagamore* were twenty-four cattlemen, ten of them college students. Red was made a sub-foreman in charge of two men, and according to all accounts a young Cockney known as Jonnie Bull carried most of the "boockets" for that squad. Oscar's diary contains a note to this effect: "Third day out. Passed a 300-foot iceberg; weather cold and cross-swell rising. That big Texas longhorn nearly got me this morning. Party *very hungry*." No wonder the party was very hungry—carrying water in hundred-bucket quantities and raising bales of hay two decks with a block and tackle every morning made real food highly desirable, to say the least. So the students among the "cattle stiffs", as the seamen call the unfortunates in that walk of life, conspired to better their condition. The meals served in the forecastle three times a day were miserable makeshifts in miserable surroundings. A pot of \$2.50 a head soon softened the hearts of the stewards, who provided good food from that day on, allowing the cattle stiffs to eat in the pantry for reasons of maritime policy.

From Liverpool Oscar and Red toured the Midlands, working toward London by way of Hereford, Somerset, Bath, and Windsor. At Somerset Red visited an aunt, who, he says, was delighted to see him. The good lady might well have been scandalized also, but cattlemen need only mention that they are Americans to explain whatever seems queer or wild. At London the two careless pilgrims wasted no time in finding the house at 23 Acton street, Kings Cross, where I had set up temporary bachelor quarters after the departure of my companions for the north.

The third squad did not start entire. Hall and Isaacson left Waukegan on the morning of June 23 and picked up Ward at Chicago. The three of them boarded

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a Grand Trunk express for Montreal, all having agreed to shun dining and sleeping cars for a month. The coach where they lived for the next thirty hours carried also a bevy of fair young things, who thoughtfully provided sandwiches and shawls for them. Three other college men from Western universities were aboard on their way to sail on the same ship. The whole flock was soon taken under the wing of a shoe salesman from Michigan.

I was waiting on the platform of the Place Viger station when the third section of No. 4 rolled in with my mates. Matthews, the salesman, guided us all to a dingy little hotel where the clerk was not above making party rates, and we were settled for a last night on shore.

In the morning the seven of us about to sail reported to the cattle agent who had reserved our jobs since March, and signed on as members of the crew of the *Monfort*, a Canadian Pacific Railway cattle, steerage, and freight boat bound for London. That night, after laying in a supply of cotton gloves and tobacco, we reported to Hughie Watters, a tall, red-headed, Irish cattle boss in charge of the gang in which we were to work. He pointed out a steward who was dealing out linen bags and blankets of doubtful appearance to some sheepish cattlemen. When our turn came we received complete outfits and were shown how to stuff the bags with clean straw to make mattresses. The next step was to turn in, for the boat was to cast off at three in the morning and drop down the St. Lawrence with the tide.

The cattlemen's quarters were in the forecastle on the port side, two decks below the air. We stumbled down a narrow ladder in a dark companionway, piling up in heaps at the bottom, while the awakened cattlemen greeted us with streams of the choicest polyglot Billingsgate of the decade. They were sprawled out in two tiers of little bunks, smoking, snoring, or swearing. The room was large enough to contain three horses at a pinch, and was ventilated by two portholes, presided over by the two best fighters of the crowd. A few bunks were left, so we promptly claimed them and crawled in. It was not long before all but two of us beat a hasty retreat to the deck. We who stayed were fortunate, for sleep soon removed all our troubles.

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The adventurous ones who sought the deck spread their blankets on some hawsers coiled on the forecask head, but were soon routed by the first mate and his men as they prepared to cast off. So they leaned over the rail and watched the cattle under the flaming arc lights of the pier. The poor beasts were driven bellowing up narrow gangways by howling French-Canadians, who beat them with goads. But even that pleasure did not last long, for one of the cattle bosses coralled the poor rah-rahs and ordered them to tie up the steers. They were given lengths of rope and made to enter the pens to prod the beasts into place, at the imminent risk of breaking a rib or two; the seamen stood by with pitch-forks to rescue whoever was caught between steer and wall. When the scared animals were finally tied to the cross-bars, with enough rope to allow them to lie down, it was too cold for the recruits to sleep. The ship had cast off and was slipping slowly northeastward toward Quebec and the Atlantic.

Early in the morning our work began. The twenty-two men of the cattle hands were divided into three squads, each under a foreman. One man was told off as steward and another as nightwatchman. Each gang had about two hundred cattle to care for, under the absolute authority of the foreman. On that first Saturday the poor steers must have suffered, for the men were all new at the work.

A cattleman's duties are not hard. The day is long and the work intense while it lasts, but the intermissions are conveniently arranged and just short enough to avoid monotony. The day begins at three-fifty, when the boss makes his first round to stir his lazy squad with a nail-pointed cattle-prod. For two hours the work just hums along the gangways of the two cattle-decks (the main and the spar decks). Water is passed by bucket brigades from hundred-gallon tuns to the steers until they are all satisfied. Then a bale of hay is shaken out for each fourteen cattle, and the straw is cleaned out of the alleys, which are finally swept. Last of all thirty or fifty bales of hay are hoisted from the hold for the next day's supply. After a seven o'clock breakfast, another ministration takes place. This time the mangers are swept and corn sprinkled in them. The early morning work is re-

peated at two o'clock and the later process at six, with the addition of a perfunctory bedding with straw and loose hay.

All this takes only six hours. The rest of the day may be spent as the cattlemen wish to spend it, provided they keep to their own part of the ship. But now and then a little extra work needs doing—a couple of steers with crossed ropes must be untied, more water must be carried to quench the thirst due to yesterday's salt, or two fighting longhorns require the smart application of goads and forks lest they gore each other to death.

The cattle are well treated on the ship. They actually take on weight. Of course, a few of them die each trip, but that happens on the range as well. Rusty nails are likely to give them blood-poisoning, and if that cannot be checked the beasts are killed. They are led to a hatch cover, where only the open sky is above; a cattle boss with a huge maul steps up to them, a heavy thud follows, and so the carcasses lie on the tarpaulins. The boatswain bawls out in mixed Norwegian and English, a donkey engine clatters, the bodies rise to the derrick booms and are swung outboard over the heaving sea. Then a few tons of beef drop to the water with a roar and the sharks close in from all directions. This measure must be carried out, according to the British Board of Trade, which has S. P. C. A. inspectors to watch for violations.

The men found on cattle boats are usually a rough, good-hearted crowd. On the *Montfort* most of them were Englishmen returning to see the old folks. We had two or three hoboies, an ex-Tommy Atkins, nine students, and an Austrian who spoke such queer German that nobody could understand him. On the whole the cattlemen got along well together, even singing on the deck at night and borrowing tobacco from each other. Only the stokers were our enemies—they had to be kept from money and clothes.

The food served in the cattle stiff's room was poor, very poor. After the officers, engineers, seamen, stewards, and stokers had been fed a few panvikins of stew or biscuit were carried in by our steward. For a minute there was a general *mêlée*. Each man filled his bowl and plate, and went to his bunk to eat what he could with the

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knife and spoon composing his kit. The salt and marmalade in gallon tins were always to be had, but nobody wanted them, especially since the biscuits were weevilly. Butter came once a day and lasted until half the men had been served. Tea was ever with us, but sugar was scarce and the synthetic milk nearly out of the question.

We had, however, saved a little money out of the fund turned over with our watches to the purser, and with this made shift to purchase some fruit from the store room. The first day out Euchre (Isaacson) had sneaked aft to beg for a pineapple, which he obtained after paying for it. Hall and I saw him as he crouched under the lee of the after deck house to eat it, and claimed a share of the spoils. Ward soon joined us, and then and there we hatched a plot.

The result was not very gratifying. Our plan was to approach the chief steward, to whom we had been recommended by the cattlemen, and fee him for better food. He did consent to have a drink or so at our expense, but would not be a party to any dangerous tricks. The attempt was not profitless, however, for the worthy official soon became playful and began to pelt us with figs, oranges, nuts, cookies and whatever else destined for the officers' mess happened to be within reach. The following feast was delicious, but we knew it was too costly.

The next morning Phil Ward and I were approached by a Belgian steward, who offered us "chuck" from the petty officers' mess if we would consent to do a trifling bit of work for him each day. We consented, and started in at peeling potatoes. There was about a barrellful to peel twice a day, and we proved astonishingly clumsy. After raising a prize crop of blisters we reckoned that we were working for four cents an hour, and quit.

That afternoon four of us formed a committee and met secretly in the baker's cabin. For the insignificant sum of \$2.62 from each of us, that worthy and his fellow conspirators, the butcher and the two cooks, would feed us like kings for the rest of the voyage. We closed the deal at once.

Thereafter, when we asked for more sugar the store-keeper never yelled "No! get forrard, ye bloody cattle stiffs!" but smiled and murmured, "Ay, sir, and I'll 'ave

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the butcher mike you a bit o' pyestry for tea, sir." So we left the cattlemen's mess and started one of our own. There were eight of us, two to prepare and clean up after each meal in turns as we worked. We made a raid on the forecastle and carried away all the plates and accouterments due us—possibly a few more. Thereafter we fed on the best the ship afforded.

The forecastle did not please us much better than the meals served there. The ideal place to sleep was on the main deck just abaft number three hatchway, where was a space eighteen feet square. The boatswain's mate rigged up a tarpaulin in front, the engine-room closed up the rear, and cattle flanked us on both sides. There was a light hanging from the plates of the deck above, and a board floor above half of the concrete below. On this we piled straw and made our beds. In front of the mast which divided our camp we laid a bale of hay for a table and surrounded it with buckets for seats. This, indeed, was comfort such as we had not dared to expect.

The crew was far from unfriendly. Three of our particular friends were Mac, the second steward, who guarded our luggage; "Lamps", the Cockney lamp-trimmer, and Jock, an old Scottish seaman. In the evening, when the work was finished, they would come down with Hughie Watters to smoke and tell stories. Many a wild tale did we hear from these old sea-dogs, and many did we strive to invent in return. Lamps would relate the epic of the Fascinating Cingalese Maiden and the Handful of Pice, or tell how he "once siled away on a bloody-big man o' war to Trincomalee." Jock would respond with a narrative concerning his feat of "ae breakin' three heads one braw nicht in San Francisco," while Hughie would shake his head and wink at us, whispering sadly, "Liars, the both of them."

Soon the officer on the bridge would strike four bells, the half-frozen look-out in the crow's nest would echo them and wail: "Four bells and all's well." Then we would walk up on deck to take a last look at the stars above and the phosphorescent sea below, before turning in.

Those were days we shall never forget. Even the captain paid us a visit, and incidentally caught us smoking below decks. The firemen would show us how to fire a

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furnace, the quartermaster taught us how to steer, and the seamen played euchre with us on bales of hay in the sunlight. Sometimes, howling with joy, we would throw pailfuls of cold salt water at each other to take off the itch of the hayseeds, then dry in the wind.

The best day of all was the Fourth of July. The last remaining delicacies in the storeroom, two fresh salmon, a special plum duff, a leg of mutton, and a cake sent down by the officers were all on the table. Lamps was toast-master and Jock and Hughie were the guests of honor. Such a banquet comes but once in a lifetime.

As the dusk faded into dark and we were still swapping lies around the board the Austrian appeared, waving his arms like a mad man. "Lont, lont!" he cried in the cosmopolitan dialect which connected him with the rest of our little world. Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the Bishop's Rocks Light. The ship veered off toward the south, and we went to bed feeling as Columbus must have felt one memorable morning four hundred years before.

All next day the *Montfort* skirted the southern coast of England. The cattle knew that the voyage was nearly over,—they could smell the moorlands along the shore, and the deck was steady under them. While they belowed we worked as if in a dream, noting the British Channel Fleet of twenty-nine ships, the pilot picked up at Dungeness, and the clammy fog that shut all out.

Early in the morning we were awakened by a glorious reveille blown on a silver trumpet by the bugler of a Chilean cruiser anchored in the Thames. We fed the cattle for the last time, dressed once again as respectable persons, and at the first opportunity went ashore.

The next day the crew of the *Monfort* met again in Wells street, where they were paid off at the Seamen's Home. The cattlemen were given a shilling each, and a pass from London to Montreal on the return trip of the same steamer. That afternoon we asked the shore captain at Millwall dock to extend our passes for two months, which he did very courteously. This was the last instance of cattlemen's passes being extended by the C. P. R., as we since learned. Other lines still do it, but success in obtaining extensions is by no means certain. Even on a cattleboat trip money had better be saved for emergencies ;

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consuls are sympathetic enough, but powerless in most cases to help stranded cattlemen, as we found by experience.

London proved a fascinating town for all of us. We soon learned not to ask for napkins or ice water, for the first cost a halfpenny and the second always caused amazed stares when we drank it in the same meal with tea. But the fun could not last long in any one town on such a helter-skelter trip, and the nine of us separated, some for a while, some for ever.

Our shipmates from Michigan and Iowa started for Belgium. Swede Hall and Euchre Isaacson sailed for Sweden and Finland to visit their respective ancestral homes. Phil crossed into Ireland, and soon found an old couple from New York who had returned to die in the old country, but had been stricken with a most grievous longing for Broadway; they took him home and made much of him, so that he could hardly tear himself away to travel east.

Meanwhile I stayed in London to transact some business. The trip was not entirely one of pleasure for me. Once a week or so it was advisable to wear a collar and make a business call. This necessitated an extra suit of clothes. And the whole party owes me thanks for that suit: when one man realized that he was actually beyond the pale of respectability he would borrow my spare raiment and have his own pressed and cleaned,—then the next man would take mine for a few days. However, the seedy days had not yet come upon me in London. I had removed from Hall's friend's brother's hotel to a place recommended by the 1910 cattle stiff. It was a little place on Acton street, Kings Cross, and the front room would hold three men. The next day Red and Oscar moved in with me, the three of us paying something like fifty cents a night.

But this combination, like the others, did not last. Red and Oscar left for Belgium, The Netherlands, the Rhine, Heidelberg, Munich, and Switzerland.

I worked slowly north through the Border County Lands into Scotland, visiting relatives and the country of Wallace about Lanark and Stirling, and so by Glasgow to Edinburgh, without adventure more exciting than a night in a room with a somnambulant Highland quarry-

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man. The traveling was very cheap—indeed, at Stirling I paid only sixty-two cents for three meals and one good lodging.

The king was about to enter Edinburgh. Consequently I stayed two days to watch the pageant of bare knees and bagpipes. Upon applying for passage to Rotterdam I was greeted as "Mr. Ward", and became uncommonly glad when old Phil walked up to claim his berth, never suspecting who was to sail on the same ship with him.

This meeting was the beginning of a good week. The *Eildon* was a stolid *North Sea* tub, but carried several typical Scotchmen and a few university students from Edinburgh. These latter thought us barbarians for playing football, but according to their tales, we belong to a later epoch than the Caledonian rah-rah. One of their favorite pastimes is to snub the instructors of highest rank and salary, another is to catch constables and turn them loose helpless because of a six-foot wand stuck in at one sleeve and out at the other.

The voyage ended, we parted from our Scotch friends and went together to The Hague and Amsterdam. Here Phil left to follow Red and Oscar up the Rhine. I fell in with Cytkowski and his gang, and together we managed to round up fourteen Americans on the Amstel Straat one night. The next day we left for Germany, where I stopped at Hamburg on business.

The next halt was made at Berlin. There, after two days of lonely sightseeing on my part, two rotund gentlemen from the north breezed in—Swede and Euchre. They reported themselves in fine fettle and thoroughly enamored of Scandinavian food and hospitality, but their funds were running low (I did not wonder, seeing their pockets stuffed full of razors and calabashes).. That night there was a celebration: they went on to Heidelberg, but it was not until next day that the hotel porter erased the "Herr Prof. Dr. Kent" with which he had dignified me, from the blackboard that served as a directory.

At Heidelberg our squad united for the last time, intending to travel together from there on. We began again to feel like companions, and soon developed a system of divided activity. Swede was to talk in German,

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I was to take care of the Frenchmen who crossed our bows, Phil was to carry bread in his pockets and a copy of Baedeker in his hand, while Euchre had the important function of beating down the prices of the hotel porters. Our difficulties were thus nearly eliminated, for we mustered six languages, and in addition could understand Cockney and *Visite de bagages* in anything from Russian to modern Greek (all of which had been tried on us) when we did not wish to realize that cigar-importing was illegal.

The financial situation became more and more acute. We tried fasting, but Swede sneaked off to buy goat's milk and Euchre inhaled a near-luncheon by pressing his face against the barred window of a hotel kitchen. Lodgings were often too expensive, so we traveled all night in railway third-class carriages. Our attempts to sleep were often frustrated by marvelous phenomena. One night in the Tyrol a man and six boys in costume yodeled their triumph at winning the cup for that same yodeling, until our weary half-consciousnesses yearned for the next act which never came. Another time a party of turners in white uniforms traveled with us all night. They would not sleep and did not care whether we wished to or not, so our sighs and groans never deterred them from doing their stunts on the hat racks. The worst night of all was spent in Berne; three of us were resolved to save hotel bills by spending the night in the open. The warm Swiss twilight soon faded into a biting cold Alpine night, and the sheltering hedge at the border of the park was far from wind-proof. After matching coins for the middle place and failing to find any comfort on the ground, hobo tactics were tried, resulting in a pointed invitation to leave the railway station unless tickets could be shown.

At Luzern, Red and Oscar were with us again. Three days in that beautiful city were all too few, but we had to leave it to make Geneva. Just before boarding the train we met a party of six Dartmouth cattlemen arriving. They reported a good trip, and passed on to the fray with hotel porters.

With us these encounters resembled auction sales. Upon entering a new town we were always besieged by an army of vizored caps and brass buttons, who all but carried us bodily to their hostels. The principal con-

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sideration was, of course, economy, and our final choice was usually the *pension* which made the best rate—unless the porter representing it appeared to be particularly filthy or extremely savage. Many devices were employed to induce the desired quotation. If the lowest was still too high we would pick up our luggage and make as if to move on or surrender to another porter. This usually brought out the lowest possible rate, and the runner for the hotel would sling our suit cases on a strap and trot half a mile to the place which he had said was “just around the corner.”

But as far as Paris we ordinarily stayed at houses recommended by Illinois cattlemen of other years. On the whole these proved very satisfactory and fairly cheap. but several times the proprietors would try to enforce a provision that guests not taking meals in the house must pay higher charges for rooms. Red and Oscar once had to decamp hastily to escape the police whom a Swiss landlord called to scare this tax from them.

The best souvenir of a cattle boat trip is a diploma of arrest by Continental police. This was denied to us, but we feel that we earned one apiece. The affair most nearly calculated to cause a breach of international relations occurred in Munich. The trouble started when we accosted a young German in an automatic restaurant because his clothes looked as if they had been made in Chicago. He was glad to meet us, even though we had been mistaken, and wanted to show us the town. Nothing loth, we followed him to the Hofbrauehaus, where hundreds of Mucheners were drinking the Royal Bavarian beer. Here another American, a Cincinnati man taking graduate work at Heidelberg, introduced us to his companions and took us in tow. He was an image of Raymond Hitchcock, and had all the vices of both German and American students. One of his friends was a young physician and the other an old German who loved Americans and hated Englishmen. All we had to do was to run down John Bull and drink what the old Anglophobic ordered. This grew tame, and the six of us who were students left to make a tour of the town. After several proprietors had objected to our efforts to show them how Americans danced when “Honey Boy” was struck up, our caricature of a compatriot took us to a

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place where a band of German students in green hunting shirts and spectacles wanted to fight the party with broadswords. Having seen too many scarred faces, we declined with thanks and had our fun indoors. Then a page ran out to the street and called the gendarmes. They escorted us to Karlsplatz and left us standing on the curb, watching the white suit and wide Panama hat of our new friend as they faded into dull gray under the flare of the distant gas lamps.

The next big time was at Paris. We took lodgings in the Latin Quarter near Red and Oscar. Besides them the party was soon increased by many others—a few Americans, two French dandies, a trooper of some dragoon regiment, and several nondescripts. Every evening this motley crew would parade the Boulevard St. Michel and visit all the places of interest, most of them not frequented by ordinary tourists. One little café was a favorite resort of art students and here we made our headquarters until the streets became more attractive toward four in the morning.

Our stay of a week in Paris was a round of uninterrupted novelties. One evening we fell in with some American women at the Opera and gave them a little tour through the Quarter. Red and Oscar took a boat ride in the sewers, and all of us spent a day or two at Versailles and St. Cloud. Professor Green gave us a little dinner. I can see him now beckoning to the waiter to ask, "Is this meat horse? No? These gentlemen desire to eat of the horse. Bring us some."

After leaving Paris we halted at Brussels, Waterloo, and Antwerp. At the last place we were to have taken the *Montfort* back to Montreal. But the strike in England had delayed the sailings two weeks, and we had to cross to London to see what could be done. Since our money was nearly gone, and several remittances from home had failed to reach us, we decided to borrow from Phil and come home steerage.

Accordingly, after a few days spent in London among cattlemen from various institutions, we parted from Red and Oscar and shipped at Southampton on the *St. Paul* of the American Line. The trip was monotonous but rather pleasant. The accommodations were good, and the passengers far more congenial than we had ex-

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pected. It was not long before we formed an inner circle. Several men who had been fired from a school ship, the cadets of the *St. Paul* (several of whom I had known in high school), and a few temporarily impecunious gentlemanly ne'er-do-wells proved good companions.

We could sneak up to the first-class deck at night, and often smoked as we lay on coils of hawsers above the second cabin saloon. The seamen and stokers traded food for our tobacco, and told us tales on deck in the evening. We were the "*St. Paul Glee Club*" in the series of steerage concerts, where the performers twanged strange instruments or sang in Irish. At noon we gathered the nickles for the pool on the day's run, and more than once drew prizes. And daily we braced Phil, as the Croesus of our crowd, for our allowance, to buy cigars and porter at six cents a throw.

After eight days New York hove in sight, and we realized that the trip was practically finished. It had succeeded beyond all hopes, and had cost no more than the original estimate. We had traveled some nine thousand miles on considerably less than two hundred dollars, and felt that the experience had been of more value than any other summer school work could be, at Urbana or elsewhere.

Landing at New York on August 20 was not the least difficult step of the trip. Only after threats, and the production of a letter which Secretary Knox had given to Phil, were we allowed to make our customs declarations on the pier. Then, after spending our last spare pennies for pie and watermelon, we crossed into Jersey to stay one night before separating to go home.

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IDLEMONT

By D. T. HOWARD

I stole the peace of Idlemont,
That changed to soul-devouring flames;
And dreams, that taunt of Idlemont,
Renew the torture with the name.
I fain would hear the word no more,
But in the still hours, o'er and o'er,
A sad voice speaks it as of yore;
In tones that haunt, and wildly flaunt
The bitter name of Idlemont.

The home-stead old upon the hill,
Whose terraced gardens breathe perfume,
Is stately still, upon the hill
Where as of old the roses bloom.
Still, from the sea, that breathes in sleep,
The southern winds their fragrance keep;
And in the valley, those who reap
Are singing still; they know no ill
Of Idlemont, upon the hill.

But they look up, with hopeful eyes,
And singing blithely, keep their way;
She lives and sighs, with down-cast eyes,
Among the dreams of yesterday.
But all her world must fade at last,
Into the darkness of the past;
Time-haunted, hurrying all too fast
It pales and dies, beyond her eyes
Into the gloom where silence lies.

I stole the peace of Idlemont,
That changed to soul-devouring flame;
And dreams, that taunt of Idlemont,
Renew the torture with the name.
They bade the beggar prince depart;
I went, but leaving, bore apart
The life-breath of her pleading heart,
To haunt and taunt, and wildly flaunt
The bitter name of Idlemont.

THE TRUE BASIS FOR INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS

By FRED LOWENTHAL.

[*Editor's Note: Mr. Fred Lowenthal, '01, achieved during his last three undergraduate years at Illinois, a reputation as a football player that has survived even to our own day; and for several years following his graduation he acted as coach for the varsity team. As one of Illinois' most prominent athletes, and as a representative of that large body of alumni who still retain their interest in intercollegiate athletics, the following careful statement of his views of the Conference tangle deserves close attention.*]



AT THE outset, I want to make clear that I believe in the Conference, and that Illinois should not under any circumstances withdraw from its counsels. Intercollegiate athletics would be of no value unless the participating athletics conformed to uniform eligibility rules. I am also convinced that the Conference Committee's conception is antiquated. And yet our natural athletic rivals are from the other universities that go to make up the Conference, and if Illinois withdrew from that body in order to make a law unto itself, it would find no worthy opponent to meet outside the members of that organization.

There is nothing that crystallizes dogmatism quite so much as a determined opposition from the outside. Within the Conference Illinois always has its word, and if it is for the better it is bound in time to carry conviction.

Shall amateurs only compete on college teams? This is the question that is continually suggesting itself to those in charge of athletics in institutions of secondary education. The chief difficulty in answering this question lies in the fact that no two men are agreed on what is meant by the term "amateur". Off-hand, one would say that an amateur is a person who exhibits his skill or talent for the amusement of others for the love of the thing itself in contradistinction to the professional who takes part in the game as means of livelihood. What is

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a vocation for the professional is an avocation for the amateur, is a common way of putting it.

In its practical application this distinction is unsatisfactory, to say the least. In every branch of sport, as everybody knows, amateurism has a meaning peculiar to that branch of sport. An amateur golfer may do things that would throw him into the ranks of professional as a tennis player. An amateur college baseball player may do things that an amateur basketball player may not.

In England, a man cannot be an amateur in its strictest sense if he does manual labor, irrespective of the nature of the prize for which he is competing. It is a far flight from the English conception of amateurism and one that is not uncommon in this country, an illustration of which came under my observation about ten years ago. I coached the Newtown, Indiana, team for one week before its "big game" with the Rob-Roy Eleven. The teams were billed according to announcements to play for "a purse of three hundred dollars and the *amateur* championship of Fountain County, Indiana." It was curious how this mistake was made. "How," I asked a Newtown player, "can you consider yourselves amateurs when you are playing for money?" "Well, we are amateurs," he replied. "You don't think we're professionals like you college fellows, do you?" Clearly, this boy looked upon skillful players as professionals and those without skill as amateurs. The difference lay in the proficiency of the players.

Outside of sports, the prize competed for at theatres, on amateur night, is money. Here the difference between the professional and the amateur is that the former has stage experience—the latter little or none.

Now that we can see that amateurism has as many meanings as there are branches of sport, and inasmuch as the Conference colleges have utterly disregarded the rules of amateurism laid down in some of the branches, it seems to the writer that this meaningless term should be dropped once for all. A man should be eligible to take part or not eligible without regard to professionalism or amateurism, and this to be determined by his scholastic work alone and his university residence. If a man does the required university work, what the world is the difference whether he is a professional or not?

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This leads me to another thought. How can a man be a professional and do his university work? If a man at one time receives money for running a foot race, is he a professional the rest of his life? On entering a university as a bona fide student it cannot be said that foot racing is his vocation. Suppose this student became a professional in the orthodox sense by receiving money for running a foot race, say in his fifteenth year before he really knew the significance of his act, should he later as a university student be foreclosed from any participation in intercollegiate athletics? Who do you think is the more worthy to participate in college athletics, the boy who received money as pay before he entered his university, or the captain of the football team in a large eastern institution who never received money for his athletic ability, but who worked his way through school on commissions received from the sale of well known brands of cigarettes?

Oh, you Pharisees, do you think well known athletes in universities receive commissions from clothing dealers and haberdashers on account of their ability as salesmen? Do you think during the summer well known college baseball players get positions at fashionable summer resorts because of their hotel experience or because they can play ball? Do you think college men receive appointments at state hospitals where they have a baseball team because they are experienced attendants or because they are experienced baseball players? Do you believe men join hose teams because they are firefighters or sprinters?

How absurd we are in our attitude toward the college athlete! A member of a baseball team or a hose-company receives five dollars a day as expense money and he is a simon pure amateur, but let him receive five dollars a day for his services and no expense money and he has the leopard spots of professionalism. I daresay that there is scarcely a coach in the country who does not wink at the sporting past of some athletes in his department until his attention is called to them by a rival institution, and then the offenders are cast out while the faculty cries, "Shame, shame!" Why is it that the members of the athletic board of control are ignorant as members of the board of what they know full well as men?

There is, however, a strong underlying reason why

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fellows otherwise honest deliberately lie in order to conceal their athletic histories. They feel that the distinction between professional and amateur is obsolete. They feel that rules are propounded by a body who worship an idol—a senseless, meaningless idol—amateurism. This meaningless word is the fetish to which these Conference doctors cling, who are endeavoring to cleanse college athletics.

Summer baseball seems to be the great source of trouble. The quality of baseball played in Conference universities falls little short of that played by recognized league teams. In fact I am not sure if it is not better than that played in the lower class of minor leagues. Therefore, it is obvious that when a fellow goes home for his vacation, unless he lives in one of the larger cities, he has not the opportunity to play with other men in his baseball class. Why should he be forbidden to improve his skill as a baseball player by taking part in games with men of the same ability on the diamond as he?

If he does want to play with men of equal skill, he must seek a berth on that misnomer—the semi-professional team.

To call a team a semi-professional is only another way of saying it is professional, but outside of organized baseball. And your student receives expense money and remains an amateur, while non-student members of the team are paid a salary.

Let us be fair with each other in this matter. Inter-collegiate athletics are the result in one form of specialized physical training in our universities. After all is said and done the school athlete is always the student. If he is a registered undergraduate doing the required work in his course why should he not have the same privileges that every other student has? Why should he be foreclosed from one form of physical activity—intercollegiate athletics? No man who is not interested in receiving an education will labor through a course just to take part in sporting events. I cannot conceive harder work for a man to undertake. As long as we have the one-year residence the danger of proselyting is eliminated.

Cut the Gordian knot—Do away with all the rules but two, viz: (1) Every student must do the work required of him in his course before he shall be allowed to

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participate in intercollegiate contests. (2) Every student must have a residence of one year in the university before he shall be allowed to participate in intercollegiate contests. These rules could be easily enforced by a casual examination of the registrar's books in each university, and the key to the situation would be always in the hands of the faculty of each university instead of in that of an athletic committee.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

[*Editor's Note:—The three men's literary societies, two of which are as old as the University itself, seem to have entered upon a stage of senile decadence which threatens their early extinction. Their meetings are spiritless, their organization haphazard, their standards of membership low, and their appreciation of the ends they should serve apparently hazy. It is evident that the need of reorganization is urgent: three men, one representing each of the societies, here undertake to diagnose their ills and to prescribe measures for their betterment.*]

THE NEED OF SPECIALIZATION

By A. E. HOLCH (Philomathean)

That the men's literary societies do not occupy the place they once held in the affairs of the University is very evident. That they cannot expect to hold the place they once held is quite as easy of determination. The time has passed when the literary societies can dominate affairs social, political, and athletic. That time belongs to our past history. With the growth of the University there have risen up a multitude of organizations, and the thing most to be noted is the fact that all of them have specialized; each has picked out a definite work to do. The main trouble with our literary societies is that they have not kept pace with the rest of the organizations in this one point of specialization.

It is true that our men's literary societies have been slightly misnamed. From the time of their organization they have had oratory and debate as their chief interest, and yet their name would lead one to believe that all kinds of literary endeavor is included in their work. It is well that they should remain friendly to all the literary activities of the institution, but at the same time, even this one field of activity is so large that the literary societies cannot work effectively in all of its departments. These societies are the only ones here, aside from the Oratorical Association and Delta Sigma Rho, which aim

to stimulate interest in debate and oratory, and in order that they may properly fulfill this function they must realize that their efforts must be concentrated; they must, at least to a greater degree than at present, leave social activities to other organizations; let Mask and Bauble keep up the interest in dramatics, and allow the English Club, Scribbler's Club, and allied organizations to attend to activities in the study of English and composition.

NOT LITERARY. BUT DEBATING SOCIETIES

By C. M. KENNAN (Ionian)



THE opinion is prevalent that the literary societies are sick. In a sense this is true, because few societies are able to secure a fair regular attendance, even though an absence involves a fine of ten or twenty-five cents. The fact that the most careful enforcement of rules dealing with fines and the use of other persuasive measures fails to increase the attendance, or inspire laggards to better work, indicate the slight hold the societies have on their members. Rules are only ropes of sand that they break at will. Not infrequently severe punishment is forthcoming, but still the question of attendance remains.

Alumni tell us that compulsory membership in a literary society was once a university regulation. Only recently the literary societies held the only keys to the political portals. Enthusiasm ran high in those days, if history is correct. Non-attendance was then unknown.

Other things helped to drag the society from its place of eminence. The Scribblers Club has taken the best writers; the Mask and Bauble the best actors. The student may get more real training in rhetoric in one year than he will get in four in a society. Many cut the corners. Where the literary society formerly held a literary monopoly, a half dozen other societies are competing for the same product.

The literary societies are somewhat like the poverty-stricken aristocracy of the South. They cling to

the name but no longer have the substance to uphold their position. In this sense the societies are sick, but the tendency of the Ionian society is to attempt nothing except debate and oratory. When it has come to realize fully that its special field is in these branches the old sluggishness will disappear. This in a measure has commenced. The short story is practically unknown except in a joint program, and then the men avoid it. On the other hand, an open debate will call for a dozen speeches, even though the topic is dry. The society is rapidly developing into a debating club. Among the members who take part in the debate an absence is almost unknown. It seems therefore that the only remedy for our weakness is not to attempt anything except debate and oratory. If you have literary taste, attempt to make the Scribbler's Club; if you have dramatic instincts, attempt to make the Mask and Bauble. It is in this specialization that the hopes of the societies lie.

THE SPIRIT OF WORK

By F. B. LEONARD (Adelphic)

What is the matter with the literary societies?

If we mean by this, why have they lost the prestige and position which they held from 1867 to 1895 or 1900, I should say the decline is natural, due to the influx of so many new activities. In the period mentioned above there were few or no fraternities and intercollegiate athletics were almost unknown before 1885. Under these circumstances literary societies were everything.

But today the charge is made that literary societies are discharging their functions so feebly that unless there is some change they may soon die. The attendance at the ordinary regular meeting is often not over 25 per cent. of the membership. Four weeks have gone by without a meeting in one of the societies. Members on the program fail to show up on Saturday night, and unprepared substitutes cannot take part in an interesting way. Yet the societies have a function today which is as important as ever,—the training of university men in clear self-

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expression. Their weakness is not an atrophy for want of useful purpose.

The ills of the literary societies arise from two sources. In the first place, they are not sufficiently aggressive, especially in the matter of advertising themselves and their open meetings. No genuine campaign is made to interest the freshmen, especially those of other colleges than the Law and Liberal Arts, in their weekly work. In the second place, the increased emphasis upon social affairs in the University has reacted to the detriment of the societies. The number of dances has increased out of all proportion to the enlargement in registration at the institution. Athletics, journalism, debating, and the many forms of activities have been a heavy drain upon the working spirit in the societies. No one beyond the few enthusiasts who make the university debating or oratorical teams—men who are regarded as artificial fountains able to gush forth words upon almost any occasion—cares to expend much labor upon public speaking. And in the shape of banquets, stags, and intersociety receptions the social spirit has invaded the literary societies themselves. In organization, administration, and procedure they should be businesslike bodies of businesslike men.

STRINDBERG: PHILOSOPHY IN TRAGEDY

By J. A. N.



THIS is one of the complaints of the modernist H. G. Wells that the English-speaking nations lag far behind their Gallic and Teutonic cousins in the rate with which they assimilate ideas marking the slow trenching of the world's thin line of thinkers upon chaos and void; and even the Anglo-Saxon self-complacency which he blames for their inertia cannot well shield itself from the rebuke. It is possible to buy along the quays of the Seine translations of the significant books of every nation while the ink is yet scarcely dry upon the originals. The Frenchman of the last decade knew the work of Ibsen, Tolstoi, Henry George, William James—to mention only lamps of truth that have winked out in that period—at the moment when their essential doctrines still flamed vividly in the inspiration of a coldly hostile atmosphere; the latest treatise by Bergson, the latest novel from Bazin, the latest play by Bernstein, were no more truly “new” to him; his intellectual kingdom was cosmopolitan and world-embracing. With less of superficiality and rapidity and more of thoroughness the German people show the same receptiveness to novel concepts and new combinations of social, philosophic, or artistic ideas. In America and England, however, the new is represented to the rank and file by the latest atrocity in the field of the popular novel, while even the scholarly few, if our critical journals be any index, delight chiefly in measuring the classically worn and its up-to-date imitations by stereotyped critical formulae.

Even when new philosophic ideas are sugar-coated in fictional or dramatic form their appeal is none the less slow—unless, indeed, there be something outrageously sensational in this outer husk. In the recently politically-separated kingdom of Sweden this last year has seen a popular and national movement to bring out in a set of fifty volumes a commemorative edition of the works of August Strindberg; and the first attempt at his translation into English is simultaneously made in

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America in the shape of a thin volume containing three of his plays, the oldest dated 1877. It is not merely in the fact that Strindberg has been for thirty years the literary emperor of that northern country that we need reproach ourselves for this tardiness in making his acquaintance; but rather because he is one of the most passionately radical and progressive of thinkers, and one of the voices that most fully represents the seething cross-tendencies, the yeasty aspirations, the alternate rebellions and espousals of the life of his time. Through his voice are to be caught manifold notes—one of Nietzschean ruthlessness in the field of endeavor, one of Tolstoyan resignation to the past, one of pessimism in all but the realm of artistic strivings, and one of naturalistic belief in the ugliness and nastiness of the material world—all expressed in a new symbolism, that is not vague but realistic, and that gives them unity in one clear and distinct message.

His dramatic conceptions are all as tragic as their symbolistic nature will permit. In the union of poetic imagination and naturalistic power in each there comes a moment when reality leaps forth in all its nakedness, and bears home to the reader the impressive realization of the writer's philosophy of the sorrow and monotony of life,—a philosophy impossible to summarize, and difficult to express in even a half-dozen of its various phases. "See what the sea has taken and spoiled," says the Daughter of India in *The Dream Play*. "Nothing but the figure heads remain of the sunken ships—and the names: *Justice, Friendship, Golden Peace, Hope*—this is all that is left of *Hope*—of fickle *Hope*—railings, stoles, bails! And last the life-buoy—which saved itself and let men perish." Yet in so far as the mere progress of events in the two major plays of this volume goes they are scarcely to be classed as tragedies, for each ends with a quiet movement of relief from the sustained agony of the preceding action. It is part of the modernism in literature which Strindberg represents to use the drama in ways wholly unjustifiable from the standpoint of any classic theory of the stage or of dramatic technique as the vehicle of philosophical doctrine. There is a connection between the fact that the *Dream Play* represents at once the height of symbolism and the fulness with which

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metaphysics may be injected into drama; while *The Dance of Death*—an unadorned section of life, thrown into the sombre lights, and but slightly unified—would less fully represent Strindberg's tormented theory of life if it were not so incisive, so detailedly realistic, and so full of verisimilitude as to violate every law for the beginning, the end, the climax, and the natural divisions of drama. Yet both plays are alike in their sense of the hopeless monotony underlying life's superficial disturbances.

Even the rare bits of unreality in his plays are steeped in the essence of philosophy. In the *Dream Play*, an apotheosis of Buddhism in its application to the sick hurry of modern life of the doctrine of happiness in passivity, and a demonstration of the relation of the Oriental creed to the doctrines of Schopenhauer, he declares that "the world, existence, mankind, may be nothing but a phantom, an appearance, a dream-image; and that in order to free themselves of the earth-matter, the offspring of Brahma seek privation and suffering." But this extreme of mysticism seems a tentative groping, and is one seldom touched in his plays. Strindberg's proposed outline for the conduct of the individual life is a part of his philosophy which may be more definitely described. It seems to lie in a combination of the conception by his countryman, Swedenborg, of hell as a state of mind with the Nietzschean ethical ideal of unrecking self-concern. Peace of the soul and a ruthless, self-confident attitude toward the future are alike impossible to Hamlets over-addicted to contemplation of the past. "My understanding of the art of living," he makes the Captain say in *The Dance of Death*, "has been—elimination! That means: wipe out and pass on. Very early in life I made myself a sort of bag into which I chucked my humiliations, and when it was full I dropped it into the sea. I don't think any man ever suffered so many humiliations as I have. But when I wiped them out and passed on they ceased to exist". This is Strindberg's ultimate ethical creed: "Wipe out and pass on."

In such a statement of his daring self-assertion amid the evils of the world is probably compressed the moral essence of his own life, for few lives have been so vicissitudinous and so individualistic. Born amid squalid surroundings, his first rebellions were those of a high-strung and finely-organized child against the ill-treatment of a

step-mother and a harsh lack of sympathy on the part of his father. By tutoring in his youth he scraped together \$22 with which to enter the University of Upsala, where, wretchedly poor, he existed one whole winter without wood to heat his garret or books to cheer his mind; and he finally quarreled so bitterly with the academic system as temporarily to leave school. Falling in love at twenty-six with the wife of another man, he won her only through an unsavory scandal; and this union proved but the first of three, all thoroughly turbulent. His most conspicuous quarrel with constituted authority culminated in his unsuccessful prosecution for religious liberality. Intermingled with these and other storms of his life were periods of threatened insanity, and other seasons of a mental inquietude so severe as to leave his inventive and literary faculties barren.

Yet in the three plays we have his work reflects a life earnest and sincere, and even in moods of arrogance and melancholy there is evident the stress of a mind searching for truth. It is easy to believe him, in words of his own, simply "a vivisector who has experimented on his own soul, always going around with open wounds, until he was ready to give his life for the sake of knowledge". From a life so full of hardship and pain, whose richness of experience had generated such a wealth of nebular ideas, contemplative wisdom, and individualistic activity, must inevitably have been born a pessimistic and bitterly self-assertive philosophy. He has nothing really constructive to offer toward the betterment of this "wretched scheme of things entire", for the world, human nature, and the divine plan seem to him too wretchedly awry for the achievement of any but accidental harmonies. He preaches only those doctrines that can consistently arise from pessimism and revolt; blind aggression, the annihilation of the personal past, resignation to what is inevitable in the buffetings of the world, and the blessedness of ultimate surcease in death.

Even love, the "transitory principle" which Shelley made the avenue of escape from human ills, the "permanently-binding principle" which idealists like Browning and Stevenson and transcendentalists like Emerson assigned the same divine function, he frowns upon. "I shall go out on the highroads and into the woods," says the

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Baroness in *The Link*, her home ruined and her honor smirched in a divorce suit, "so that I may find a hiding-place where I can scream—scream myself tired against God, who has put this infernal love into the world as a torment for us human creatures." To him its tenderness opens the human heart to all the ills of man's inhumanity to man; and under the guise of making permanent a happy but temporary affinity it welds between individuals links that become galling and poisonous fetters. It is the jarring discords of his moral world, in which everything moves as in a horrible dream—his minds that stand blank and despairing before their incompatibility with other minds, and their agony under the goad of various circumstances,—that makes his every play a tragedy. Before his sense of the cold, gray, hopeless monotony of inhuman life, lit only by punctuating flashes of violence and injustice, is blasted the common religion whose sentiment makes the universe seem sane, with the natural affections, and the ordinary motives of ambition and idealism; his philosophy is a dark canopy through which no rays of real affection and real joy or hope penetrate. The unhappy heroine of *The Dance of Death* summarizes it;

Alice—Have you ever known anybody who was happy?

Captain—Let me see! No—Yes—the Ellwards.

Alice—You don't mean it! she had to have an operation last year—

Captain—That's right. Well, then I don't know—yes, the von Vraffts.

Alice—Yes, the whole family lived an idyllic life, well off, respected by everybody, nice children, good marriages, right along until they were fifty. Then that cousin of theirs committed a crime that led to a prison-term and all sorts of after-effects. And that was the end of their peace. The family name was dragged in the mud by all the newspapers. It was impossible for them to appear anywhere."

There is indeed one moment of fleeting rapture presented in *The Dance of Death*, when Allan and Judith became engaged, but it melts into the pain of an immediate parting and a sense of the fleetness of human joys. "I suffer, I suffer," cries Judith, as Allan is taking leave, "What have you done to me? I don't want to live any

longer! Allan, don't go—not alone! Let us go together—we'll take the small boat, the little white one—and we'll sail far out, with the main sheet made fast—the wind is high—and we sail till we founder—out there, way out, where there is no eel-grass and jelly fish—What do you say? But we should have washed the sails yesterday—they should be white as snow—for I want to see white in that moment—and you swim with your arm about me until you grow tired—and then we sink." This is the height of Strindberg's romantic interpretation of human sorrow, and it falls immediately into the characteristic vein of flatness and naturalistic disgust. "There would be style in that, a good deal more style than in going about here lamenting and smuggling letters that will be opened and jeered at by father—"

There is but one of the three plays—the single act of *The Link*—that can remind us in its moral and social emphasis of Ibsen, and in its simple narrative realism of Bjornstern. It gives in the space of thirty pages the story of the unavoidable injustice of the law and of court-procedure in their attempt to regulate the striped yarns of human existence, and of the pitfalls into which flesh falleth when it attempts to restrain its own prejudices and to walk with firm tread the very brink, of its most violent dislikes. A noble married couple of the north country agree upon a civil separation, with every element of compromise possible; but under the judicial examination they fly into the most violent extremes of mutual accusation, laying bare to a jury of yokels the inmost scandals of their hearth, and against their better wills so villifying one another that their only child is taken from them and given to the guardianship of Ignorance and Poverty. A sort of double fate plays upon the keyboard of the drama: the *fate* of the psychology that remorselessly pushes fallible man into crime and evil against all the strivings of his conscience and the promptings of his reason; and the *fate* of legal system, a machine that deals in inexorable uniformity with all the diversity of beings that are drawn into its cogs. The horror of the first is intensified by the beauty with which some of the most common emotions are described, at the very moment when they are being crushed by man's perversity. "Are you thinking of our child also?" asks

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the Baroness of her husband when it begins to appear that neither may ever possess the little Emil. "Yes," he replies, "now and always! And do you know why? Because he is our love that has taken flesh. He is the memory of our beautiful hours, the link that unites our soul, the common ground where we must ever meet without wishing to do so. And that is why we shall never be able to part, even if our separation be declared—Oh, if only I could hate you as I want to!"

In this element the play becomes a social thesis attacking the divorce of those whom Nature has united by children. The soullessness and injustice of the law is similarly accentuated by the minute realism of the procedure; some of the passages are like a literal transcription from the notes of a court-stenographer. The young judge, trying his first case, suffers like a noble given to perform a hangman's office. "It is horrible to see two persons who have loved trying to ruin each other; it is like being in a slaughter-house," he exclaims. "I recognize the utter hopelessness of seeking justice or discovering truth. I shall give up my place and choose another profession." The whole tragedy as nearly approximates the sentimental naturalness of the frères de Goncourt as drama can; and its ending strikes a far deeper note in an echo of the curse of Macbeth—those who murder the peace of households "shall sleep no more."

The Dream Play is an attempt to focus under one lens every aspect of human mood by making use of the whimsical illogicality of the dream. "Anything may happen; everything is possible and probable," says the writer in his foreword. "In an insignificant background of reality, imagination designs and embroiders novel patterns; a medley of memories, experiences, free fancies, absurdities, and improvisations. But one consciousness reigns above all the characters—that of the dreamer; and before it there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, no laws. And as the dream is most painful, rarely pleasant, a note of melancholy and of pity with living things runs through the wobbly tale." The enuironing atmosphere is that which Alice met when she passed through the looking glass; there is the castle which, when properly manured, grows higher and higher and puts out a wing on the sunny side; the background which mingles red pig-

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sties with Italian villas, pavilions, and statues; among the characters are the portress who has worked twenty-six years on a bedspread, and the officer who calls 2555 times at the castle for the girl who is always fixing her hair. The play passes as a kaleidoscopic fantasy—a moil, a haze, a confused vision of places and situation, from which it is impossible to pick the genuinely symbolic from the merely fantastic. Its mood of contradictions is well expressed by the poet: "Man was created out of clay on a potter's wheel or a lathe—or any damned old thing! Out of clay does the sculptor create his more or less immortal masterpieces—which mostly are purely rot! Out of clay they make those utensils which generally are named pots and plates—but what in thunder does it matter to what they are called, anyhow? Such is clay!" From it all emerges as from a sense of helplessness the cloudy scheme of a "proto-Christian doctrine of enlightened resignation and passivity," as Strindberg himself has expressed it, and with this his recurring philosophy.

In *The Dance of Death* there is no such haziness overshadowing the implied message. The movement of the play is as slowly progressive and as little varied as life itself, and it is studied with a minuteness which heightens the general effect of bleak and hopeless monotony. In the first part the events of painful months describe a circle that brings the characters once more to the circumstances and relations of the opening scene; in the second Death appears as the agent of escape from such a treadmill, and as he brings the dance to a close brings also peace, forgiveness, and charity, elements before unknown in the action. Out of the tumult of life seems to arise only futility—the futility of a useless strife against the fates governing the universe, who stir our activities into a mad whirlpool for the purposes of some inconceivable entertainment. Yet there is the underlying creed that for the satisfaction of the soul the individual must become ego-centric and self-assertive, and that it is the superman who enjoys the most of those momentary joys which may be snatched from existence. The captain, who is such a superman, dies trying to draw his saber, and muttering amid squalor and hatred, "For fifty years I have fought against a world—but at last I have won the game—by

perserverance, loyalty, and energy"; and in the very belief that he has won something, however unfounded that belief may be, we see him enjoying a measure of triumph.

It is good to be reassured that the saturation of drama by symbolism and philosophy, while giving it added poetic depth, need not greatly detract from its tensivity, its incisiveness, and its verisimilitude to real life: this is what Strindberg has done.

A PHANTASY

By B. BOURDETTE

Note: In the Titanic disaster there were many bridegrooms separated from their brides, and husbands from their wives; and it was the pathos of such separation that suggested this poem.

Faint shadows tinge the mist,
Trembling upward from the sea,
While the night wind softly breathes
Through the lattice; over me
The silken curtains float and twist
And flutter tremulously,
And weary of the day I fold me in reverie.

Frail phantom forms arise,
Murmuring, moving round my cot,
'Til there cometh *one* who feels
My unuttered eager thought.
A world-deep sorrow dims those eyes:
O Love! that you should stand
So free, yet powerless to call across the borderland.

Yet though it be denied,
Fearlessly I'd give my soul,
Without question, and unasked,
Reverently, as willing toll,
To wander at *your* side,
And soothe away *your* pain,
And shield *your* troubled heart against mine own where
it has lain.

FRESHMAN THEMES

“CARISSIMA”

By LUCILE NEEDHAM.

“Eyes-of-the-sky” most people call her. But it is not those merry baby eyes, nor yet the shining hair that crinkles around her face in threads of gold, nor her blush-rose complexion, nor her angel disposition, that make her the charmingest little six-year-old in school. Without all these she would still be beloved, just for the sake of her laugh. The heartiest, gladdest, suddenest laugh! She tips her head back, a little to one side, parts those straight little lips till two discs of white baby teeth are disclosed, and laughs—high, clear, rippling, infectious. For that adorable laugh and what it discloses of her happy, affectionate, impulsive nature, I call her Carissima—dearest of all.

THE DYER’S HAND

By ALLAN KERR



PEOPLE are wont to say that by a man’s face you shall be able to tell his character, or that his friends will be a sure signum of his soul. Like all platitudes, this has a grain of truth, and, like all epigrams, a shell of falsity. Yet if this be surely the case, we must admit a second and far more relevant factor in this problem of the discovery of the faculties of our fellow creatures—that is their occupation. But the world is illogical and we do not follow the rules of the syllogism. The poor dust-man who early amidst our morning slumbers gathers up the refuse from the streets, who makes our cities beautiful, has not the credit for the artist-soul which he possesses. We judge him, alas, by his blackened, ash-covered face, and say he has no soul, no poetry; in short, he is little higher than the beast.

But lay aside this murky rogue, give him a bath,

scrub him until his very skin shines resplendent with our efforts, for we have another part for him to play. He shall be a florist. Now, reader, your imagination is afire, you see an aesthetic gentleman wearing a tie of most artistic tendencies; he is pre-Raphaelistic amidst a limbo of blossoms. Perhaps you see him radiant, all be-showered with rose petals, o'erhung with wild clematis, even foreshadowed by a coronal of wild, mystic lotus leaves. But stay your imagination; "this thing cannot be." A florist is a sane, sensible man, with coins jingling in his pocket and a hand begrimmed by mother earth, and most likely even grown large around the waist from too prosperous a business in exotic orchids. Genteel as he may be, the florist is not a celestial creature—he does not live alone upon the fragrance of his flowers.



THE ILLINOIS

Of the University of Illinois



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The largest of the western state universities have often been credited with the development of a more aggressive and individual type of graduate than the eastern colleges, whose emphasis is upon social finish, and whose school life insists upon fashionbale conformity to accepted modes in thinking, manners, and dress. **The Illinois Man** A lecturer here, in defining the American ideal of manhood as one of working efficiency, the British ideal as one of gentlemanliness, and the German ideal as that of *personlichkeit* or spiritual individuality, recently insisted upon the necessity in true culture for preserving virile personality and self-answerability throughout all the relations of life. The very crudities of our social systems, together with the practical cast of most of our university work, have prevented western students from denying their real individualities, and from putting the restraint of total negation upon the natural impulses which would differentiate them from the type. They are not merely forceful and capable, but they may as often as not be expected to do the unexpected. From the very fact that their initiative and their ambitions bow to no law or precedent their chief possibilities for service are disengaged. "It is Princeton's virtue," says one of her

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seniors in a school publication that is seventy years old, "that she fits her graduates for the very best social life. When a freshman enters, he is an individual; he is likely to antagonize people by differing from them. But before graduation all such idiosyncrasies have disappeared, and he is prepared not to irritate anyone. He is no longer hindered by those rough edges of individuality; he is polished. He is fitted to take his place in the world that plays bridge and golf and tennis, and attends child-welfare exhibits and automobile shows. At least, if he does not answer this description, the fault is not Princeton's; it is his own." The graduates of Illinois are not men who have consciously prepared themselves to enter the world of whist parties and automobile shows, or who are characterized by smug conformity to the laws of *quid debeat*. When Charles Zueblin, speaking at a Philadelphia lyceum, remarked that no man ever attained a considerable station in the world of affairs without transgressing the rules that hedge about a "gentleman", he meant not that such men lacked a deep and abiding sense of propriety, but that the intensity of their energy and egoism placed them above the parlor conventions of a Lord Snobleigh or a Nassau clubman. The citadel of self must not be capitulated in an attempt to smooth away idiosyncrasies; it is to be hoped that as our college life develops its traditions and its characteristic atmosphere, and as our curricula become more liberal, the student body will not erect an exacting and anti-individualistic social standard, failure to imitate which its inner circles will heavily penalize.

The prime object of a college monthly is the diffusion of a tincture of literature among the undergraduates, and this object the present volume of

About Ourselves

Illinois believes that it has partially compassed. For the first time in its history of a decade it has distributed from five to eight hundred copies monthly about the University community; for the first time since 1902 it has been widely read; and for the first time since 1901 it has declared for its management a considerable profit. Its chief successes, however, have admittedly been journalistic rather than literary, and the present editorial management believes that its chief

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progress in the future can only lie in the greater popularization of its literary elements. Those numbers of which we have been least ashamed have been the three which, featuring really distinguished contributions—*War As An Education*, by Stephen A. Forbes, *The Growth of the Story in the Mind*, by Mary Tracy Earle, and *In the Footsteps of Dickens*, by Raymond M. Alden—have at the same time contained the best stories and essays by students. We do not think that the *Illinois* should ever close its pages to the careful discussion of current student affairs, whether athletic, social, or political, or to those alumnus reminiscences which must always do much to keep alive a consciousness of the distinct personality of the University; but we hope our successors will recognize them but as supplementary to their central purpose of encouraging students to write with an artistic aim and to read widely and well, and chiefly useful as material aids to an adequate circulation. In time to come we trust that the necessity for printing in our college magazine anything other than student productions purely and highly literary will utterly disappear.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



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